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Earl of Guilford
Wroton Abbey

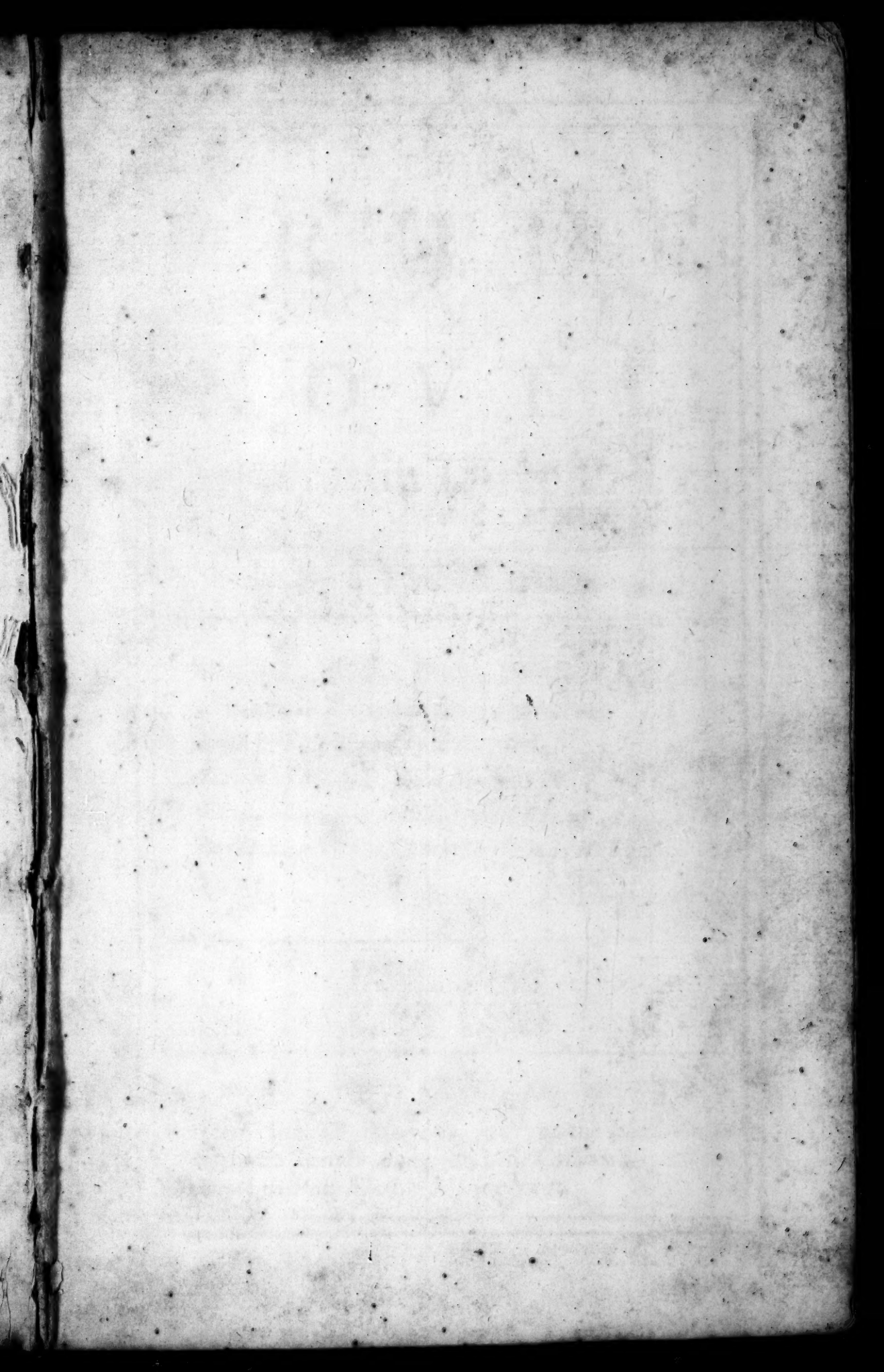
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THE
PRUDE;
A
NOVEL:

Compleat in Three PARTS.

A. Ma.

By a YOUNG LADY.

*Love, like a Meteor, shews a short-liv'd Blaze ;
Or treads thro' various Skies a wand'ring Maze :
Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led ;
Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled :
But fix'd by Obligations, it will last ;
For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it fast.*

LANSDOWN.



L O N D O N ;

Printed for D. BROWNE jun^r. at the *Black-Swan*
without *Temple-Bar* ; and S. CHAPMAN, at the
Angel in *Pall-Mall*. M.DCC.XXVI.





To the Incomparable
Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

MADAM,



LATTER being so common in a Dedication, I resolv'd to chuse a Person whose Merit the World was too well acquainted with, to cause the least Suspicion of my being guilty of that mean Vice.

Riches and Power being what I always less admired, than those Excellencies which adorn the Mind; (particularly when I am so fortunate to find 'em in my own Sex) I shall have reach'd the height of my Ambition, if you but read this little Book with any Pleasure: not but I am conscious, if I should attain that Happiness, it will be owing more to your Complaisance than Judgment; it wanting that easy flowing Style, which in your matchless Writings, like Orpheus's Harmony, rouses the dullest Minds, to (till then) unknown Pleasures, or generous Pity; which before they were as little capable of, as his dancing Groves, Stones, or groveling Brutes.

The Misfortunes of your Fair-ones, are represented with so forcible, so natural a Delicacy, particularly of Emanuella; that in Tears we confess as great a Concern for her cruel relentless Fate, as she seems in never-ending Sorrows to bemoan that one false Step that robb'd her of her Fame, her Repose, and at last her Life.

A 2

Above

Above all, who can read without being inspired with uncommon Delight, her maternal Tenderness for little Victorinus, when she descends to such mean Offices so unsuitable to her Birth, or the Delicacies of her Frame and Education? Yet in that Distress her Character is the most exalted, as if her noble Mind strove by those intolerable Difficulties to make him some amends for the Severity of Fortune, in the cruel Inhumanity of a Father, and her too fond Credulity.

But tho' I am willing to express with what Pleasure I have been agreeably amused several Hours in reading your delightful Works, I am sensible it has, and ought to be the Theme of a Judgment much better skill'd, with a Genius infinitely more refined than mine; Not but I will venture, with a prophetick Boldness, to assure you, that incomparable Play you were pleas'd to show me part of in Manuscript, will be esteem'd by the most excellent Judges, a matchless Piece, and make your Fame as immortal, tho' in a different way, as the never-dying Sapho.

All I have mentioned of your Perfections, is already conspicuous to the World, but the affable Politeness of your Conversation, is what only can be known, and enjoy'd by an Intimate; and indeed that excellent Good-Breeding so apparent in your Writing, adds an uncommon Lustre to your other good Sense, which is still greater, by being joined to such an open Candour and Sincerity, by which the Rough and Unpolish'd often endeavour to atone for their want of that Accomplishment. I am, with that Respect due to your extraordinary Merits,

M A D A M,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

M. A. A.



T H E
P R U D E.



THE Politer Part of the World were assembled in Gardens of the Royal Palace to view each other, and the gay Beauties of the Spring, which then began to throw forth all her Sweets; ten thousand different Objects attracted the Sight, thro' the spacious Walks; *Brilliant*s, and the more sparkling Shine of Lovely Eyes, created a bright Track resembling the Milky-Way, and *Beauty* shew'd itself in all the various Changes which Time makes, from the opening Bud of early *Youth*, to its falling *Autumn*; nor did that lovely Goddess vary less in her many Arts to engage, than those whom cruel Time had caused such ill-natur'd Distinctions between: for there you might at once behold, according to their peculiar Genius's, the indolent, the haughty, the condescending, and the lively *Coquet*, that by a thousand airy Affectations invited to the Chase those who wanted only Amusement,

B

usement; whilst the severe *Prude*, with fullen Blushes, and now and then an unaware Glance, bid the Beholder to more solid Joys.

Nor were the Gentlemen less skill'd than the Ladies, either in the Art of Dressing, or Affectation, it being now-a-days the most powerful Magnetick by which the Fair and Brave strive to attract each other: but, as it has been observ'd, that *Valour* is always more esteem'd by the Softer Sex than *Wisdom*, so it is certain in this Assembly there were more *assur'd* than *wise* Looks.

Of the first Stamp is *Polonius*; his chief Accomplishment is an inimitable Assurance, the Indulgence of a great Person who was fond of his childish Prattle, contributed towards his attaining so high a Perfection that way: None ever had so ready an Art as he, in drawing into the Cheeks of the Fair the finest Vermilion, tho it is not in the power of human Art to create the least Tincture in his. It was in this gay Assembly he attack'd two young Ladies, in the company of another more advanc'd in Years. The conscious Shame that appear'd in their Looks at his loose Nonsense, shew'd they were not so refinedly bred, as to enter into a fashionable Parley; 'till *Emelia*, the eldest, perceiving the Company began to observe them, turn'd to him, and with Looks which express'd her Resentment much more than her Words, said, Sir, have these Ladies or I given you any Offence, that you presume on these unusual Liberties with us, who do not expect this sort of Treatment from one that has the appearance of a Gentleman? To which the confident Youth reply'd, Beauty like theirs will never offend me,
if

The PRUDE.

3

if they have but the Good-nature delightfully to heal the Wounds their Eyes have made. It has been very offensive to themselves, *answer'd Emelia, in a more angry Accent than before,* since it has caused you to treat them in a manner they are Strangers to, and desire still to continue so. You may perhaps be mistaken, *resum'd he pertly,* and the Ladies may not desire to continue so ignorant as you would persuade them: And why then, *added he,* are you so cruel to hinder me from imparting that happy Knowledge to them, I am sensible your Ladyship's Experience can be no stranger to *Emelia,* stung to the quick at this Insolence, told him his Tutor should be acquainted with his audacious Follies, to prevent his receiving a severe Chastisement else-where. The bold *Polonius* finding by *Emelia's* last Reply she knew more of him than his Dress, was just returning her a shocking Answer, when *Lysander,* who had heard what pass'd between them, (tho' a Stranger) approaching *Emelia* with an Air of Respect, said, Ladies, be pleas'd to give me leave to wait on you to your Coach. She readily offering him her Hand, they went some Paces from *Polonius,* whom they left muttering his disappointed Resentment, in a Tone somewhat more cautiously. When *Lysander* addressing himself to *Emelia,* said, Madam I took the liberty to approach you, as if acquainted, judging it the most effectual way to free you from the Uneasiness which I perceived the Indiscretion of *Polonius* occasion'd. We think ourselves indebted to you, *reply'd that Lady,* for your uncommon Complaisance, being too little used to the Town, to enter into such

Chevalier Conversation ; and indeed own I am so very ill bred, as to wonder how Women can possibly bear his. But let us leave this Place, *continued she*, which is very unfit for us. On which they quitted the Walks to go directly to their Coach, whither *Lysander* attended them. Most of the Discourse thither was between him and *Emelia* ; the respectful Distance with which he treated the Ladies, not at all assuming on the seasonable Civility he had render'd them, caused *Emelia* to express herself in a manner so obliging, as shew'd she was not insensible of the Favour, Decency seeming only to hinder her from desiring to commence an Acquaintance with him : And *Lysander*, who had full Modesty enough for so accomplish'd a Gentleman, thought he should resemble too much the confident *Polonius*, to make the least Attempt that way. For tho' the Beauty of *Bellamira* (which was the youngest of the two Ladies that accompanied *Emelia*) had created stronger Desires, and more violent Emotions in his Soul, than he ever had been sensible of before ; yet there was something in *Emelia* that made him timorous, and afraid to offend her by presuming too far. Just as she was stepping into her Coach, she told *Lysander* she thought the Lady and herself so much oblig'd to him for so opportune a Relief, that she was confident, should either of their Families ever have the Happiness to know him, he would find their Acknowledgements equal to his Merits. On which *Lysander* reply'd, that he deserved too little to recommend himself to so great an Honour, whatever his Ambition was ; and with a respectful Bow withdrew, though he
so

so perfectly comprehended *Emelia's* last Words, as to judge his Acquaintance would not be displeasing, were it in his power to be introduced in a way fit for them to receive him. To that end, having first observ'd the Arms and Livery, he dispatch'd a Courier he knew, there being Numbers who wait about those Places, and are known to Gentlemen that frequent them; *Lysander* strictly charging him not to lose sight of the Coach, till he had learnt all their Names, and where each one dwelt.

The Messenger soon dispatch'd the Affair, with a Skill peculiar to that sort of People; and returning, came where *Lysander* appointed, acquainted him the Coach went directly home, where he learnt from the Servants themselves, that *Emelia* was a Country Gentlewoman, intrusted by the Parents of the young Ladies, who had been dead many Years, with the Care of their Education, because she was esteem'd a very prudent Person, and was Mistress of a great Estate; that since then, *Elifinda* the eldest Sister had a vast Fortune left her by a Grandmother; and as soon as she became of Age, she had her own Equipage and Servants, living by herself, tho now whilst they staid in Town they all were at *Bellgrand's*, Brother to *Elifinda* and *Bellamira*. With this Account *Lysander* return'd home, fully satisfy'd he had discover'd enough to find the means to be introduced to their Acquaintance, this Day's trifling Adventure having made an unusual Impression on him. The Charms of *Bellamira* now supplying the place of balmy Rest, which indeed were too powerful to behold with indifference; her Shape and
Features

Features being exactly form'd, with a Complexion inimitable by Art: But where is the *Titian* Stroke, that can describe her matchless Mein, which at once inspires Love and Respect, with an Innocence so perfect, that a Savage Heart might as well attempt to hurt a harmless Infant, as give her the least Offence; and if she wanted the poignant Wit and lively Airs some are so agreeably Mistresses of, yet all she said was mixt with such an obliging Sweetness, and her Words flow'd with so soft an Accent, as with irresistible Force seizes on the Faculties, and quite disarms the Mind, like the most harmonious Instruments, when touch'd by skilful Hands. *Lysander* had already gazed too long, not to feel all their Influence; the pleasing Infection had seiz'd too strong, for any Difficulties or even Dispair to cure, tho' he was conscious her Birth and Fortune were far above his Hopes; nor was he insensible that Love and Ambition are the two fatal Passions that oftner hurry Youth into irreparable Miseries, than raise them to an envied Height; for which reason he resolv'd to curb the Reins of his, and tread with cautious Steps, that if he did fall, it might be gently and unperceived. Amidst these various Reflections, he could determine on nothing more, but to further his irresistible Desires of getting acquainted with the Ladies, and leaving the rest to Fortune, which hitherto had favour'd him in an extraordinary manner; he having been very liberally educated by a Gentleman that gave no other reason for it, than that his Father was his particular Friend, and as soon as he was capable, purchased him

a very considerable Employment, still keeping him in his House as his Son. This Gentleman, whom I shall mention by the Name of *Olarius*, was the younger Brother of a noble Family; and having a Genius more inclined to Contemplation than Activity, enter'd into Holy Orders, by which means he had a large Benefice to his own Fortune, which was not inconsiderable for a younger Brother. He had all the Virtues and true Devotion which the World expect in a Clergyman, and reproach the want of, his Instructions being blended with as much good Manners as Sense; and there appear'd such an affable Politeness in whatever he said or did, that the Young listen'd to him with Respect and Pleasure: The Poor of all degrees were his Care; through his House was seen an hospitable Plenty, without the least mixture of Debauchery. He never married, which, some young Ladies related, in freedom used to tell him, was owing to the perverse Treatment of a Beauty he loved when younger. He had for *Lyfander* all the Tenderness of a real Father, having brought him up from between two and three Years old, and indeed the Virtues and Ingenuity of that young Gentleman recompens'd his Care: but what most surpriz'd *Lyfander*, was, he never made the least mention of his Parents or Relations to him, tho' he often took an opportunity, by expressing his Gratitude, to introduce a Discourse that might lead *Olarius* to say something of them; but, on the contrary, he found he still artfully avoided it. This was the state of his Affairs when he first saw *Belamira*, whom he resolv'd with all his Address

dress to get acquainted with. He had often met *Bellgrand* in publick Assemblies, but had no particular Intimacy with him, which was owing to his not desiring it; he knowing his Character and Turn of Temper too well to fear any great difficulty in the accomplishing his new Design that way: tho' *Bellgrand* is so extremely proud of being born to a great Estate, that he looks on all whom Fortune has not made so happy that way as himself, as if created with inferiour Faculties, and form'd of coarser Materials, not that his Looking-Glass has not often convinc'd him of the last Error. However, ancient Birth, Titles, and a polite Education have all their force in making him think he is something extraordinary, as indeed he is, his native Country having nothing in it but what is too low, too plain, and insipid for his refin'd Genius; who has not a Picture in his House, or a Statue in his Garden, which most of the Princes of *Europe* have not strove by immense Sums to purchase, which he by out-bidding obtain'd. Youths as effeminately soft as those that guard the *Asian* Fair, gaily dress'd in graceful Order, wait in each Apartment thro' which the Visitants pass. Musick is his chief Delight, in which he has exquisite Skill, and so nice an Ear, that the harsh Crack of a Country Fiddle has often made him ready to swoon; which Accomplishment *Lysander* knowing, contriv'd it so as to make it the means of his obtaining his Designs on the Ladies: He having a Violin, which most of the great Artists in that heavenly Science esteem'd so excellent in its kind, he took care to fall, as if accidentally, three or four times in *Bellgrand's*

grand's way; where Musick being at length the Theme, he mentioned the Excellence of this Instrument, which firing *Bellgrand* immediately with a Curiosity to hear it play'd on, he desir'd *Lyfander* to let one of his Musicians try it. But the other answer'd him, That in a few days *Olarius* intended to entertain some Ladies with a Piece, he believ'd, of good Musick, in Concert with this Violin; and he was confident that *Olarius*, as well as himself, would be extremely proud if he would honour them with his Company: which *Bellgrand* accepted, in Terms that shew'd he was obliged by the Invitation.

Lyfander, who had laid this Bait to commence an Acquaintance, resolv'd to have a more powerful one to continue it; for which reason, he prevail'd on *Olarius* to invite *Ariana*, a great Fortune, to this Entertainment; knowing *Bellgrand* valued himself too much to look with regard on any Lady, who was not liberally endow'd with that Accomplishment. *Olarius*, who had the Concert, in compliance to *Lyfander's* Request, left the ordering of it intirely to him, who took care to have all things managed with a Politeness suitable to *Bellgrand's* refin'd Taste: Nor did he fail to omit one Opportunity of insinuating all *Ariana's* Perfections, join'd with so vast a Fortune, which had the desired Effect: for he was so transported with the Musick, and her Charms, which shone thro' the additional Lustre of ten thousand Pounds worth of Jewels, so sparkingly bright, not only to dazzle his Eyes, but all his Senses.

It was now that he began to think *Lyfander* a Person of nice Judgment, and wonder'd how it was possible he had not made an earlier Discovery of so many accomplish'd Parts: He paid all his Devoirs to *Ariana*, who is prodigious fond of the Compliment, how despicably soever she thinks of the Addresser; and with a secret Pride strives to ingross all the Gallantry to herself, whilst several discontented Ladies surround her unregarded. This Humour of her's gave *Bellgrand* such encouraging Hopes, that never Man parted from Company better pleas'd than he; not but he felt himself a little enviously touch'd, to find a plain home-bred Gentleman should have almost as elegant a Taste of living as himself.

The very next Morning he made *Lyfander* a Visit, telling him he was so charm'd with *Ariana*, that he came to intreat his Assistance towards the obtaining her; which must be done, *added he*, by your influencing *Olarius* to be my Friend; who, I understand from *Ariana*, is particularly acquainted with her Father. Nothing could be more pleasing to *Lyfander*, than this Discourse of *Bellgrand*'s; who answered him, with a Promise of all his Interest in *Olarius*, if, when he had thought more seriously on it, he found himself inclin'd to pursue the Design. On this, *Bellgrand* took him in his Arms, protesting there was nothing he more earnestly desired; and if he would but lend his Aid, he was sure to accomplish it, which would eternally bind him his Friend. *Lyfander* returning these Compliments with all Assurances on his side, *Bellgrand*

grand would not part with him that Day. They went out together; and after they had spent the Morning in the usual Amusements of the Town, *Bellgrand* carry'd *Lyfander* home to dinner with him.

It's now time to return to the Ladies: *Emelia*, who from the first Moment she saw *Lyfander*, had taken an uncommon liking to him, did nothing but talk of him as she was returning home, praising his handsome Address, the Graces of his Person, and above all, his Modesty and Respect: In short, she said so much to his advantage, that the Ladies began to rally her, by telling her if she had been as young as the handsome Stranger, they should have suspected she was fallen a little in love with him. To which *Emelia* answer'd, I know not but I might; but as it is, were his Birth and Fortune suitable, I should wish he were a Husband to *Bellamira*, whose Happiness I desire equally with my own. *Bellgrand* had been in the Ladies Apartment that Morning, before he went to *Lyfander*, and told them how agreeably he was entertain'd the Night before by him, of whom he spoke so advantageously, as rais'd a Curiosity in the Ladies to see him. But *Emelia* was pleasingly surpriz'd, when, being soon after brought, she found he was the same that not a Fortnight before had freed them from a troublesome Adventure; and approaching him with an Air that express'd her Satisfaction, said, Sir, I promis'd if ever we had the happiness to be acquainted with you, you should not find us insensible of the Obligation we then receiv'd: And I am certain, continu'd she, *Bellgrand* has too great an E-

steem for *Lysander*, not to be infinitely pleas'd to find it is to him he owes the Protection of his Sisters. *Lysander*, arm'd for this Encounter, express'd a Surprise equal to that of the Ladies, returning the Compliment with how much he thought himself honour'd in serving Persons of their Merit, and *Bellgrand's* Relations: the young Ladies, joining the Discourse, *Bellamira* told him with an Air of Sweetness peculiar to her, on his terming of the Service he had render'd them as a Trifle, it was a Civility none there had the Good-Nature to attempt besides himself. At Dinner the Conversation was wound up to a very agreeable Height; *Emelia* was never heard to talk so gaily bright as then, and *Lysander* convinc'd the whole Company he had a Genius that deserved to be regarded by the politest Part of Mankind.

Emelia, before they parted, let him understand his Visits would not be displeasing to her, which was thoroughly delightful to *Lysander*; for, besides the hopes of seeing *Bellamira*, in whom all his Desires were center'd, yet he found in himself a Regard for *Emelia*; which, tho' it could not be Love, had something too respectfully tender for even Friendship, mix'd with an Awe and Fear, to offend her.

The Lady's Visitors beginning to come, *Lysander* withdrew with *Bellgrand*; who renewing his Sollicitations concerning *Ariana*, he promis'd speedily to open the Affair to *Olarius*; which, *said he*, as I desire it should prove successful, I must try to insinuate with some Artifice, which, I am certain, will be necessary to
in-

incline him to move in it, because he is very cautious of meddling in any one's Affairs, especially Marriages; not that I intirely despair of prevailing on him: and so, for that Day, took his leave.

Lyfander did not fail in the least Tittle of his Promises to *Bellgrand*; he soon spoke to *Olarius*, representing to him the Advantage of *Bellgrand*'s Birth, which was much superiour to *Ariana*'s; besides a considerable Estate in that Family, she would have no Examples which were not of the strictest Virtue; making large Encomiums on the Merits of *Emelia* and *Bellamira*: but for the Piety and Devotion of *Elifinda*, it was known to the whole Town: adding, In his private Opinion, he thought *Le Merchant*, the Father of *Ariana*, ought to esteem himself honour'd in the Alliance of such a Family as *Bellgrand*'s. These Reasons, with the Influence he had on *Olarius*, easily inclin'd him to speak to *Ariana*'s Father about it, who was pleased with the Offer; and *Lyfander* carried the delightful News to *Bellgrand*, before he imagin'd he had so much as mention'd it to *Olarius*. The intended Bridegroom met the Father at his House, a Treaty of Marriage went on between the two Families, with a Success equal to the Lovers Wishe; and *Ariana*, whose Ambition was fully gratify'd by this Match, receiv'd *Bellgrand*'s Visits by the Command of her Father, now only waiting the Lawyer's settling the Jointure and other Writings.

In the interim, the Ladies who were brought acquainted on this occasion with each other, deter-

determin'd to go together to the Masquerade, except *Elifinda*, whose seeming Piety was of too pure a Strain to admit a Thought of her entering into such a Place; for which reason, the same Day, as soon as she had dined, she retired with *Stanissa* her Friend, to a little Seat she had three Miles out of Town, there to give a greater Loose to their Contemplations; but of what sort, the Reader will easily judge, by the following Relation, being forc'd to traverse backwards into this Lady's History, before she can be brought into the Scene of present Action.

Elifinda is tall, her Shape free and easy, with a Complexion of the purest White, without the least Tincture of Red; her Hair is of that golden Colour so celebrated in the Poets Songs, with Features but indifferent; her Eyes, moving with a heavy Deadness, are generally fix'd on the Ground, with so conscious a Shame, as if afraid to advance their Lids, as dreading to encounter Looks too amorous, and too warm for so cold Chastity and so strict a Virtue, as that which she professes. This excessive Modesty in her Looks is correspondent to all her outward Actions, each Week several Days are set a-part for Prayers and Fasting; and such is her Abhorrence of Vice, that no Persons of what Quality soever are admitted within her Doors, that have the least Taint on their Reputations. Then to prevent the Scandals of the Malicious, her Chaplains are always old, and only come at fix'd Times to perform their Office: Tho' *Emelia's* real Virtues were the Original from whence she so artfully copy'd all her seeming ones; yet

yet she carry'd her's to so great a Height, that the other, like a feeble Light, appear'd almost extinguish'd by the Attraction of her superiour Brightness.

Elifinda's great Fortune, which is already mention'd, left by a Grandmother, occasion'd her being desir'd in marriage by a number of considerable Families, which she still refused; fearing, as she said, that in this lewd irreligious Age it would be impossible for her to find a Husband, that in the least could match her exalted Virtues: But alas! how different were the real Sentiments of her Heart, being fill'd with Desires quite contrary to all this outward Piety? It is not to be determin'd whether it be owing to her Constitution, that certainly has more Fire in it than is natural to so cold a Climate, or the good Instruction of *Stanissa*, who has experienc'd as many Lovers as Religions; she is a distant Relation to *Elifinda*, and from her early Youth they were Companions. She had not been with her long, before one of *Elifinda's* Footmen captivated her, more by the manly Beauties that appear'd thro his whole Frame, than by the Delicacy of his Features, or the Excellency of his Understanding. She generously experienc'd him first herself, and then perswaded *Elifinda* to partake of the extatick Pleasure: All the happy Moments between the Lover and the Ladies were at *Emelia's* House; tho' the Secret was divulg'd to none, *Stanissa* was too cunning to let even a trusty Chamber-maid into it: for the Lover having the Freedom of the lower part of the House, as soon as the Family were wrapt in
found

found Sleep, he without Shoes, in a white Sheet, took his silent Walks up an unfrequented Pair of Stairs, which for many Years had been esteem'd haunted. He was once or twice met by some of the Servants, which had this happy Effect for the Lovers, that on the most emergent Occasions none of them could be prevail'd on to go nigh that part of the House after it was dark: Nay, *Bellgrand* himself, who came to see his Sisters after his Travels, and had heard several unaccountable Stories, which the Peoples Fears had magnify'd, tho he seem'd then to turn it into ridicule; yet they made so great an Impression on him, that one Night, returning late from the Garden, as the nearest way to his Apartment, he went up these Stairs; where, meeting this Picture, it so dreadfully frighten'd him, that he fell in a Swoon, and had like to have dy'd for want of Help.

This rather increas'd their Mirth, than caused them to be the least alarm'd, not but they pretended a Fear greater than the rest, especially the Fellow on whom no Bribe could prevail to go nigh that Part of the House after it was dark; yet it's certain he often felt secret Fears of meeting in reality what he but represented. However, he was so aw'd by their Power, and flatter'd by their Gifts, as not only to be secret, but faithfully divided himself between them, till he fell into a Consumption, of which he dy'd; his charitable Mistress, in her great Compassion, having a tender Care taken of him, being even at the Charge of sending him a great distance for the change of better Air.

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The Joy to find her Reputation had so happy an Escape, very much ballanc'd the loss of him who she for some time past had esteem'd a useless Lover; and now being at age, by the Advice of *Stanissa*, she chose to live by herself, to be under the less restraint, not omitting the setting up an Equipage, tho very unusual in a Lady so young: yet her prudent Conduct, with Virtues so excelling, was so far proof against every Scandal, that the Young and Gay look'd on her with Fear and Envy, hearing eternal Reproaches from their Parents and grave Relations, for being wanting in those pious Perfections which shone so conspicuously in all her Actions.

This exalted Character, her great Fortune, with a Person tolerably handsome, in spite of all her Repulses, created a Crowd of Matrimonial Lovers, that strove who should be the happy Man that might obtain the Honour of being bound in her golden Chains. Amongst these numberless Lovers, there was one whose soft pliant Temper shew'd more of a sweet Disposition, than any great Depth of Understanding. This was the only Person *Elifinda* ever had thoughts of making a Husband, which she imparted to *Stanissa*, with the Reasons that induc'd her, (as having already had some Proofs of Pregnancy.) Such a Husband might not be amiss to father her Children: But *Stanissa*, who at that time was better acquainted with Mankind than herself, told her, Marriage would be a Bane to all her Happiness; For a Husband, *said she*, is too near a Spy on your Actions, let his Capacity be ne'er so weak, for you

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possibly

possibly to amuse him with those gilded shows of Virtue, which easily pass on the distant World; he has a Right to exact from you where you go, and how long you stay, and, on the least Suspicion, you must move like Clock-work at his Will and Pleasure. You have now, *added she*, no other Care than that of inventing, some plausible Business to employ your People when you have not a mind they should be prying into what you are doing: but when you are married, they are his Servants, and to conceal from him, you must lie more open to them. Now should they discern any thing, the fear of being turn'd out of doors will make them blind as you could wish; but when they know there is a Power superiour to your's, if you do not humour their Insolence, and gratify their greedy Covetousness, which will grow daily on them, they'll first whisper it round to his Relations, who will irritate him to bring you to publick Shame; and in his great Generosity, perhaps he may be brought to allow you one *per Cent.* out of your own Estate. Besides, *pursu'd Stanissa*, should that Miracle happen of never being discover'd, do not imagine his Folly will be any Security for his not wandering. Fools have no Idea beyond Sensation, which must be gratify'd by Variety; he'll soon loath that constant insipid Feast of a Wife, and on some unknown Flirt, lavish not only the Love that should be your's, but your very Fortune must go to make the gaudy Thing, with an Equipage, stare you in the face; whilst, without hope of Redress, you must then in earnest fly to your Closet, and
pray

pray for Patience; and there are too many *Grissels* in this Age, for you to expect by all these Sufferings to have your Name chanted in *English* Ballads, or more melodious Songs by the *Italians*: No, *continu'd she*, the Woman that expects Happiness in Marriage, must have an Understanding as conformable to that of her Husband, as Echo is to the Sound; she is only to think the same thing o'er again, he has thought before; and love him with so entire a Fondness, as to imagine his very Follies superiour Perfections to the rest of Mankind.

Elifinda was sensible there was too much Reason in what *Stanissa* said, not to divert her from every Thought of Marriage, resolving from that moment, like the great Queen *Elizabeth*, to have it writ on her Marble Monument, *She dy'd a spotless Virgin*.

Thus all her discarded Lovers were left to comfort themselves under so great a Disappointment, according to their several Inclinations, though it's certain most of them chose rather to forget her by the help of sparkling Champain, than in distracted Plaints mourn her Loss by the soft Murmurs of a silver Stream. *Stanorius* happening to be in company with some of these despairing Swains, heard them curse their rigid Fate, and her more rigid Scorn; at the same time admiring the exalted Virtue which had blasted all their ambitious Desires. He, on the contrary, had met such resistless Success in all his Adventures with the Fair, as fix'd in him a general ill Opinion of their Chastity; tho' he had as uncontroll'd a Daring in Love as War, yet

he always soften'd his Addresses with so much good Manners, that imperceptibly he gain'd their Hearts. It was impossible for him to hear so much talk of *Elisinda's* cold Indifference, without being fired with a desire to try if she could prove a Rock against all his artful Batteries: he had seen her, and fancy'd there was too knowing a Modesty in her Looks. Besides the common ill Opinion, his own Experience had convinc'd him, her colour'd Hair was rather a Symptom of Flames, Raptures, and Darts, than so much Ice. He had the Skill to turn himself into every sort of Lover, agreeable to the Nymph in pursuit; and imagining the way to prevail on *Elisinda*, if at all, would be in the following manner; accordingly contriv'd, in an unknown Hand, to send her this Letter.

To *ELISINDA*.

Madam,

THE Contempt with which you have so justly treated all who have presum'd to court your Fortune, under the ancient honourable Pretences of Matrimony, shews you have a steadier Courage, and Genius exquisitely more refin'd, than the rest of your Sex.

But tho' the fair *Elisinda* despises those sordid Wretches, are there no Hopes for him who only seeks your lovely Self? I am confident that you, who have so nice a Discernment, and have squar'd your Actions with so solid, so excellent a Judgment, must have a Soul form'd of quicker and warmer Materials.

‘ rials, than appears in those frozen Looks.
‘ Yes, *Elifinda*, your happy Lover would enjoy Delights as far above what all your
‘ Sex can give, as your Understanding is superiour to their’s. What Bliss then must
‘ he be fill’d all o’er with, that can press you
‘ close, close to his fluttering Heart ! The
‘ very thought makes me ready to run mad,
‘ and do extravagant Things to obtain you.
‘ Did I not know it were the certain way to
‘ lose you for ever, I swear by the Honour
‘ that to a Soldier is sacred, no Tortures, nor
‘ Pleasures, shall force me to reveal the least
‘ Favour the lovely *Elifinda* shall bestow :
‘ Then throw off the Disguise, and receive
‘ a Lover that loves, adores, and doats without the least view of Interest ; for I, alas !
‘ am already gall’d with a Matrimonial
‘ Chain : but eternally, by Inclination, will
‘ be your’s.’

Never was Surprise equal to that of *Elifinda*’s on her reading this Letter ; she imagined it was sent to affront her, and concluded some of her secret Rambles with *Staniffa* were discover’d, having had no particular Amour since the loss of him on whom she bestow’d the glorious Prize of Virgin Honour. What most amaz’d her, was, how possibly the Person that sent the Letter, should be so perfectly acquainted with the very Sentiments of her Soul : she flew with it to *Staniffa*’s Chamber, to try if she could unravel the meaning ; who, after she had read it over three or four times, told her she thought there appeared more of a bold irregular Passion, than any design

sign of Ridicule, or Affront : however, *added she*, send an Answer negligently scornful, instead of resenting Anger ; but on Enquiry, they found the Messenger staid for none. She took it to her Closet, where the oftener she perused it, the more she desir'd to know the pleasing Author, having hitherto only tasted the grossest part of Love, contrary to her Sex, who with the loss of their Innocence descend by degrees to that Meanness she begun with : and tho' the distant Bows and awful Cringes of her matrimonial Admirers, were too insipid for her Ladyship's high Gust ; yet she imagined unknown Joys, in a Lover that would seize her like a bold Ravisher fired with eagerer Desires than what were meerly owing to Constitution : Nor was it long before her Wishes were accomplish'd ; for within two Days *Stanorius* sent a Letter by one of his own Servants to this effect.

STANORIUS to *ELISINDA*.

Madam,

I believe your Ladyship within this three days received a Letter of such a Nature, as none ever presumed on the like to you before ; if you please, I will punish the Offender for you, or put it in your power, by acquainting you who he is, to treat him as you shall judge he deserves.

Your Ladyship's

most Obedient

Humble Servant

STANORIUS.

Stanorius was not without the Reflection, that if *Elifinda* was in reality such as she appeared, he should hear from her by a grave Relation; which if he did, he resolv'd to lay it on a young Gentleman that was lately run mad, and the first Symptoms that discover'd his being infected with that Disease, was writing of Letters to Persons of Quality, whose Names were only known to him. At first they determined to have sent a Relation, when considering it more closely, she and *Stanissa* reflected, he was really galled with that Clog of Matrimony so heavily complained of in the Letter, they wondered a Man of Pleasure should be so busy in what so little concerned him, he being very slightly acquainted with them; besides, his Morals were known to be too loose, to make Things of this nature a grave Business; all which Circumstances caus'd them to mistrust he was the Offender, who would put himself in *Elifinda's* power, to be treated as she should judge he deserved: Which made them presently resolve, *Stanissa* only should visit him from her. What inclined them so willingly to enter into a Correspondence with him, they were sensible, tho' very uncommon, he always had the ill Nature to leave the Ladies at the trouble of exposing themselves, without contributing in the least his Help.

The very next Morning *Stanissa* visited him, and in violent Terms exclaimed against the insolent Presumption of him, who dared to offend *Elifinda's* chaste Thoughts by such an indecent Treatment. The Crime, answer'd *Stanorius*,

norius, were unpardonable if known ; but as it is, *added he*, I hope the Fair *Elifinda* is not much offended. No ! *replied she* ; how can you imagine she does not resent it, as the most egregious Affront that could be offered her ? And how is it possible, *continued Staniffa*, it should not be known since it has already reach'd you, and no doubt, by the same means will spread thro' the whole Town ? My being acquainted with it, *resum'd Stanorius*, has no more danger in it, than if I had told my self I adored the lovely *Elifinda*. On hearing this, *Staniffa* started, expressing a great Surprise : but he pursuing the Discourse, said, I am the guilty Offender, and these Gentlemen (putting into her Hand a Purse of a hundred Pieces) intreat you not only to plead to *Elifinda* for Pardon, but to tell her my ardent Love could know no rest 'till I fold her thus ; and then embracing her in the most passionate manner, that she began to think him a Lover worthy of *Elifinda*, they soon perfectly understood each other. All she now stagger'd at, was Reputation, and the fear of her being expos'd, which *Stanorius* dispers'd by bitter Imprecations, wishing he might be blasted with the Character of Coward, and Fool, if he so much as whisper'd it to the Winds : No, *said he*, I adore her as much for the Excellency of her Understanding, as all her other Charms ; she has a refin'd Genius beyond her Sex, who generally are such Fools to give up every Pleasure for this one : She knows how to enjoy each, whilst, with insulting Pride, she tyrannizes o'er the fond Girl, that perhaps for a Song, or the amorous Nonsense
of

of a well-dress'd *Beau* has lost all the regular Happiness of Life ; then she can tower it with the self-denying Dames, who rail at others for that which with such difficulty they restrain themselves.

Confirm'd in her Opinion of his Secrecy, she return'd to *Elifinda*, to whom she related all that pass'd, except the Purse ; which inspir'd her to say so much to his advantage, that *Elifinda* soon agreed to a Meeting, and a Day of Devotion was set apart, which she went to perform with him, they liking each other so well, that he continu'd her Lover till his Employment called him out of the Kingdom. He was the best Gallant for *Stanissa* that ever *Elifinda* had ; for his liberal Presents, join'd with hers, made her a Fortune not inconsiderable. *Stanorius*, faithful to his Promise of Secrecy, after a whole Winter of Love, continu'd so passionately fond of *Elifinda*, that when she went to *Emelia's*, which she constantly did every Summer, staying about three Months, he made a Visit to the nearest Acquaintance he had in that part of the Country, which, tho' full twenty miles distant, he frequently rid it to and fro in a Night ; she giving him a Key to the Garden-Door that was nighest her Chamber, to which he mounted by a Ladder of Ropes. It's certain stolen Pleasures are the sweetest, for had *Elifinda* been easier of Access, she probably would have worn the Willow much sooner, as several beautifuller Ladies had done successively before, by his inconstant Changing.

One Night, expecting him, she retir'd earlier than usual, under pretence of per-
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forming

forming her Evening-Devotions. The Servant that was sent to the next Town to fetch the Letters from the Post, happening to return later than ordinary, *Emelia* receiving one from *Bellgrand*, in which was something of Importance, that she imagin'd proper to acquaint *Elifinda* immediately with, she went to her Chamber-Door, where rapping pretty loud, *Elifinda* was forc'd to slip on her Night-Gown, and let her in ; but the Confusion that appear'd in her Looks, for fear he should come in the mean time, caus'd *Emelia* to ask if she was well. I am frighten'd, said she (just then beginning to hear the Noise he made in mounting, which she easily distinguish'd, tho' too little for the other to perceive) for I dreamt Thieves were breaking into my Apartment when you wak'd me. She spoke this in a very loud Accent, in hopes he would have heard her ; but *Stanorius* was too intent on the pleasing Business he came about to mind it, and throwing up the Sash, took *Emelia* about the Neck, (her Back being towards the Window) kissing her with the eager Transports of a famish'd Lover. At which *Elifinda* immediately fell a crying, Thieves !—Thieves !—Murder !—Murder !—*Stanorius* presently took the Hint, and flung himself down the Ladder, whilst *Elifinda*, in her great Fright, push'd *Emelia* from the Window ; and, letting down the Ladder, renew'd her Screams, by saying, Take the Ladder up ! Take it up ! He turn'd and obey'd her, immediately making off ; she still continu'd her Outcries, as if confus'd in her Wits, holding *Emelia* so fast, that she could neither let the Servants in, nor tell them what

what the Matter was for a considerable time, still roaring out, the Garden was full of arm'd Men. She said so on purpose to have the Garden search'd first, knowing he would soon get from thence, and whilst they were employ'd there, he might get off unperceiv'd.

The Servants having examin'd the House, Gardens, and nearest Roads, without finding the least Track of Man or Horse, imagin'd the Ladies out of their Senses, or else had seen a Spirit; tho' *Emelia* was convinc'd, by his manner of accosting her, it could not be the last; which, join'd with every Circumstance, caus'd her soon to guess what sort of Robbery he came on. *Elifinda's* Confusion, her Dream, with her loud Relations of it, and what follow'd, occasion'd her calling to mind, that not long before a Countryman, going out early on his Morning-Business, found a Horse, with handsome Furniture, tied to a neighbouring Tree, and on Inquiry it was discover'd to be a Gentleman's at some distance, suppos'd to be stolen out of the Stables, and left there on some occasion by the Thief, or perhaps a Fright, join'd with the Care *Elifinda* took to hold her so fast, that she could neither stir to the Window nor the Door, while the Servants strove in vain for Entrance; all which *Emelia* put together, not at all to *Elifinda's* advantage, to whom she took no other Notice, than on hearing her People say, What a happy Escape they had! She answer'd, No, we prevented their Theft for this time. Which Expression, though it stung *Elifinda* to the quick, she had too much Discretion to seem to understand; not but this Accident so

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alarm'd

alarm'd her, that, by the help of *Staniffa*, she let him know she could no longer receive his Midnight Visits: on which he return'd to Town, and she found in less than three Weeks a plausible Excuse to follow him; her Sister *Bellamira* always staying with *Emelia*, to whose Wisdom *Elifinda* paid the Compliment of her improving more than with herself, though the real Motive was very different; for the early Spring of that young Lady, promis'd too rich a Summer of Beauty for her to behold without Discontent and Envy: She was not ignorant one tolerably handsome, accompany'd only with the Ugly or the Old, has some Influence; whilst such superiour Charms as *Bellamira*'s must needs eclipse her inferiour ones, as she after found to her Cost.

Before the end of the next ensuing Winter *Stanorius* was called out of the Kingdom by his Employment, and *Elifinda* a second time left in a widow'd State; the Success she hitherto had in concealing her Intrigues, made her more venturous, not that as she increas'd in Vice she did not pretend to do so in Vertue: and that excellent Satire which the ingenious Lord *Rocheſter* writ many Years since on a Lady of the same Stamp, may justly be apply'd to *Elifinda*.

So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery;
Of what important Use Religion's made
By those that wisely drive the cheating Trade!
As Wines prohibited securely pass,
Changing the Name of their own native Place,

*So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame.
Where-ever so much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villany :
Whose-ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
If Man, suspect him Rogue; if Woman, W—.*

Her next Lover, for it would be endless to relate all the Rencounters she and Staniffa had with accidental ones, was a broken Tradesman, the Excess of whose Lewdness had ruin'd his Fortune. If there be any thing in Sympathy, of which the Ingenious have writ so many learned Volumes, it is certain she felt all its Power on the sight of *Thomasso*, who happen'd to be talking to her Lace-man, as she pass'd by in her Chariot; yet, in that slight view, he made too great an Impression for her to resist the new-born Desire she had to know him. She stopp'd her Coach (perceiving he left the Person he was talking to, without minding her;) and under pretence of having some Lace sent to her, enquir'd who he was that then parted from him: But on hearing his wicked Character, she express'd her Detestation in such Terms, as could leave no suspicion of her Inclinations. And having learnt as much of him as she wanted, soon went to the most distant Part of the Town from where she dwelt, in a Habit that shew'd more of plain Plenty, than the Grandeur she liv'd in; sending from a publick House to speak with him, at first pretending some trifling Business, where she entertain'd him so well, he was not long insensible of her Meaning, the Quickness of his

Parts

Parts lying chiefly that way; who was so successful in the happy Art of pleasing her, that three whole Days and Nights were employ'd in Love, before they could resolve to part: all which time, *Staniffa* was left to the care of amusing her People with her being out of town. At parting, she gave him a Purse, in which was a liberal Present to his Wants; then settling Affairs so, as often to meet by appointment, still taking care to supply him with just enough to support him, but nothing more; whilst the expectation of attaining to higher Pay, made him do Wonders in her Service.

One Evening, as they were a-bed, she happening to fall asleep, he softly slip'd her Pockets from under the Pillow, where she always carefully laid them. The Motive which induc'd him to do it, was, to enquire the strength of her Purse, that accordingly he might enlarge his Distresses; where he found, to his great Amazement, a Letter directed to *Elifinda*, with the Copy of her Answer, in the same hand she used to write to him; the sight of which caus'd him to fancy his broken Fortune restor'd with advantage, tho Experience convinc'd him otherwise. With great Caution he laid the Pockets from whence he took them, resolving certainly to know if she was really *Elifinda*, before he would discover his knowledge to her, till then never taking her for better than a rich Tradesman's Wife, which she by a thousand Artifices had endeavour'd to make him believe, enlarging on the Difficulties with
which

which she struggled to procure him so much Money.

Thomaso did not rest after this Discovery, till he enquir'd what Church she used, it being impossible for him to see her in any other place; when he was soon convinc'd *Elifinda* and his unknown Mistress were the same: which put all his little Wits to work, to contrive how he should acquaint her with his knowledge of it, being sensible she would be irreconcilably angry with him, should she mistrust his presuming to touch her Purse; so great an Awe had the power of her Gold over him, contrary to the Nature of his Sex.

But in the midst of these Meditations, he was unhappily seiz'd by a Creditor, and clapt into Prison, where he soon made a Confidant, to whom he imparted this Secret; it being often the nature of wiser People than himself, in deep Distresses, to lay open all their Affairs and Expectations, in hopes to find in others that lucky Advice they imagine themselves incapable of. He was perswaded, the speediest way of redress would be to send directly to *Elifinda*: And that the Reader may have a better Idea of this pious Lady's Taste in a Lover, the following Words are exactly the same which he sent to her on this occasion.

Dear and Highly-honour'd Lady,

I Hope your charming, charitable Ladyship will pardon this Presumption in your profound Adorer, for sending so directly to your good Ladyship. My dear *Maranda*, or rather, divine *Elifinda*, I have long conceal'd

' ceal'd this pleasing Secret in my Breast, for
 ' fear of offending my lovely *Cyprian* Queen, by
 ' letting her know her Divinity was reveal'd to
 ' her Adorer; which now, by an unhappy
 ' Embarrassment, I am forc'd to divulge to your
 ' fair Ladyship, because I fear so much time
 ' would elapse, as might make an Eclat a-
 ' mongst my Ceditors, on hearing of my un-
 ' fortunate Seizure, which happen'd Yester-
 ' day exactly at the Hour of One, should I have
 ' staid till I had let my dear *Maranda* know
 ' this cruel Disaster, which must inevitably
 ' detain her dying Lover from her, with every
 ' tender extatick Rapture, which she can so
 ' elegantly distinguish: Unless my shining
 ' *Maranda* will stir up in your Ladyship the
 ' remembrance of those thrilling Joys, which,
 ' I trust, will incline your Ladyship to pity
 ' this unhappy Catastrophe in the State of,

Your Constant,

And Passionate Adorer,

THOMASO

' P. S. The Debt is Thirty Pounds: Dear
 ' charitable Lady, don't let me stay a
 ' Moment after the receipt of this, but
 ' consider my uneasy Languishment, till
 ' I see your adorable Self.

Had *Elifinda* been struck indeed with a
 Thunder-Bolt, she could not have been more
 stupidly amaz'd, than for some time she was
 on reading this Letter: when a little reco-
 vered,

vered, she went immediately to her usual Oracle, to consult what was to be done. *Stanissa*, who was never pleased with this Intrigue, told her, she look'd on his finding her to be *Elifinda*, as the most unfortunate Accident that could befall her. Your Reputation, *said she*, now lies at the mercy of a needy Fool, whose Vanity, you may depend on it, will expose you to the inferiour World of his Acquaintance; and, if you do not supply his Wants more largely than you have hitherto done, will do some impudent thing to blaze you amongst those of your own Sphere. *Elifinda*, extremely griev'd and perplex'd, reply'd, Reproaches are in vain, let us try, with our best Skill, to manage this Affair: which, whether it was owing to her Tenderneſs for him, or her Fear, she was for having done by gentle Means. *Stanissa* violently oppos'd her owning herself to him. After much debating, it was resolv'd *Elifinda* should order the Messenger to be sent for up, and *Stanissa* representing her, answer him; which she did, by telling the Bearer the Person was either mistaken, or out of his Senses; tho, on hearing his unfortunate Circumstances, to soften the Rigour of her other Treatment, she bestow'd a handsome Charity on him, still insisting on the Mistake, tho she kept the Letter.

Thomaso's high-flown Hopes were all dispers'd when the Messenger return'd with this account: sometimes he thought of flying out, and openly exposing her; but there was Danger in this Attempt, besides it would get no

F Gold,

Gold, which was his only Aim. However, before he could fix on what to do, *Elifinda*, never designing to let him run to Extremes, went to the House where they should have met by appointment, had not this Accident happen'd to him; and, shewing a very great Uneasiness at his not coming, sent to enquire for him, where she imagin'd soonest to hear of his Misfortune; which having learnt, she immediately dispatch'd a Letter to him, bemoaning, in very tender Terms, his unhappy Fortune, promising all her Assistance, at the same time complaining how little was in her power, tho' nothing she could do should be wanting.

This surpriz'd *Thomaso* to such a degree, that he doubted his Eyes, and all his Senses; not but it convinc'd him, to continue his knowledge of *Elifinda*, would lose him the Friendship of *Maranda*, whose Favours he was forc'd to receive, as she was pleas'd to bestow 'em, in the desperate State he was at present. After she had amus'd him for above twenty Days with Hopes and Fears, with much pretended difficulty she at last releas'd him, on condition he would quit the Kingdom; with an additional Sum which she gave him, that she might have time to recruit this extreme Expence, as she said, before he went. She took her leave of him, without seeming to have the least knowledge of the Letter sent to *Elifinda*; which he, for fear of giving offence, made no mention of. They parted from each other with all the tender Endearments usual between the fondest Lovers;

Sta-

Staniffa, in her great Regard, seeing him safe on board.

This happen'd nigh the time when *Emelia* and *Bellamira* came to town to stay the Season, *Emelia's* regard for that young Lady having drawn her thither, which she had not been nigh for fifteen Months before; and if the Adventure of *Polonius* made any Impression on them, in relation to *Lysander*, it had more powerful Effects on *Elifinda*, on his own score, who was so extremely charm'd with his agreeable Confidence, as she term'd it, that no respect to her idol Reputation could in the least resist her impetuous Inclination. *Staniffa*, violently against it, laid open to her, in vain, all the Difficulties: He will infallibly know you, said that subtle Woman; and, with pride, blaze such a Conquest, by which you will fall beneath the most despicable of those Follies you have treated with so severe a Contempt in others. But *Elifinda*, who had as exquisite a Taste of Variety as any of the gay *Beau Monde* Sparks, cry'd, Let me but possess him once, and I shall be satisfy'd: Is there no contrivance for that once?

Staniffa perceiving it in vain to oppose her, set her working Brains to find the securest Means: at length, hitting on the lucky Opportunity, the *Masquerade*, they resolved to make that the Place of Encounter; not but the Design was at first a little damp't, by the Ladies intending to be there, as has been mention'd before; which they soon got over, by concluding in so vast a Crowd, assisted by her Disguise, it would be impossible for her to be

distinguish'd. Thus full of their Design, on the Day fix'd for the *Masquerade*, immediately after dinner, they retir'd to *Elifinda's* Country Seat; where, being arriv'd, Orders were given to be deny'd to all Visitors: and a Maid, that by this time was let into part of the Secret, was left to amuse the Servants with their being only with-drawn to their Chambers for that Evening; when, in another Dress, they slip'd out at the back Door, returning to town in a Hack, to a House she kept for these Designs.

Where, whilst *Elifinda* was employ'd in disguising herself with all the advantage that Art or Fancy could invent, to charm the Eyes and Heart of him that daily wanton'd amidst the select Beauties of a whole Nation, *Stanissa* was busied with the care of delivering *Polonius* a Letter. In a Hack, she went directly to the Place where he dwelt; which, admitting neither Masque nor Porters to enter, oblig'd her to enquire without, where possibly he could be found. The Person then in waiting, to whom she happen'd to apply, being better acquainted with his Clothes than his Person, told her, that, not three Minutes since, he saw him go out of a Coach into a House he pointed her to.

On hearing this, she order'd to be drove so nigh to the Place, that she fancy'd she saw him through the Window; and, pleas'd with so lucky an Opportunity of meeting him, immediately sent in *Elifinda's* Letter, with a Present; and, without staying for an Answer, flew to her with the successful News
of

of having deliver'd it as she imagin'd. But, by an unhappy Mistake for the pious Dame, it was *Lysander* that receiv'd it, who happen'd to be dress'd in a rich Habit, for the *Masquerade*, of the same Colour which *Polonius's* Clothes were of, that he had on that Day: and, by an odd Chance, whilst the Milliner was mixing Ribbands and Feathers suitable to his Dress, he came to this House to call on a Friend that intended to accompany him to the Mask, ordering the Milliner to send the things after him. And if his Dress occasion'd *Stannis's* Mistake, the Present which *Elisinda* sent with the Letter, to prevent *Polonius* from taking her for a common Intriguer, caus'd *Lysander* to open the Letter, believing it some trifling Direction with the Feathers, where he found these words in *French*, as nigh as the Translation can render them.

To the too Charming *POLONIUS*.

PITY a Stranger, who has strove in vain to guard the Accesses of her Heart against your conquering Eyes, and every engaging Look. Sure Love has form'd you all o'er for Delights, nor am I insensible you are acquainted with all the various Joys that Deity can profusely bestow; then resist not his Summons, who courts you still to new Pleasures. Yes, Love conjures you to haste away, the Vanquish'd entreats you would distinguish her

' her Conqueror at the Masque to-night by
 ' this Trifle ; which she dress'd with plea-
 ' sure, in hopes to have it worn by the
 ' loveliest Youth that e'er adorn'd a Court ;
 ' where if you can permit a Stranger the least
 ' Corner in your Heart, already environ'd by
 ' the hostile Fair, she'll, unresisting, yield to
 ' your victorious Arms.'

Lyfander immediately, on reading it, per-
 ceiv'd the Mistake, tho' too late to be re-
 dress'd, and, with a Curiosity peculiar to
 Youth in Love-Intrigues, began to examine
 the Present, which prov'd a Cap so richly
 adorn'd, as could not cost less than thirty Pie-
 ces. This rais'd in him an uncommon Desire
 to know the lavish Donor, being sensible it
 could come from none whose Fortune was
 not at least considerable. This caus'd him
 to wonder they would trust their Reputa-
 tions with *Polonius*, which he resolv'd, by
 the Assistance of the Cap, to represent ; and
 making the usual Excuse of Business to his
 Friend, which this Letter had given him no-
 tice of, left him ; a second time changing
 his Habit for the *Masquerade*, taking care,
 as nigh as possible, to resemble *Polonius*,
 which was easy to be done, their Shape
 and Height being very like : which caus'd
 him to be late before he came to the Mask,
 where the only Object that fix'd his At-
 tention was *Bellamira* ; *Ariana* having shown
 him her Dress, by which he might know
 the other who was to be with her. But
 he needed not to have had that Notice,
 his

his Eyes and Heart were too well acquainted with all her Charms, not easily to distinguish her from the whole Company; who was dress'd like a Shepherdess in a beautiful grass-green Sattin, trim'd with Silver: The Sleeves and Shape being close, so exactly fitted her fine-turn'd Limbs, as shew'd them a Masterpiece of Nature's Work. On her Head was fix'd a little green Hat somewhat aside, the other part being set out with Flowers, whilst her abundance of lovely light-brown Hair was ty'd back with Ribbands, the Ornaments and Tassels intermixing with it, which fell down low as her Waist in a natural Ring; but the lesser Curls by the help of gentle *Zephyrs* wanton'd on her Neck, too exquisitely for faint Description to give the least Idea of its unparallel'd Beauty. To all which Charms were join'd such a resistless Air and unaffected Motion, that all the Company beheld her with a pleas'd Amazement; whilst *Lysander*, too well acquainted with the matchless Face the envious Mask conceal'd, gaz'd on her with a motionless Surprise, the manner of her Dress disclosing ten thousand Charms, which till then had pass'd unheeded by even the Eyes of enquiring Love.

The Letter and Present were quite banish'd his Thoughts, wholly possess'd by *Belamira*; nor was it possible to resist the Desire he had of ingaging that lovely Maid into a Conversation; the sight of her uncommon Charms raising his Passion to such Height, he found Words yet form'd too poor to express any part of the passionate tender Sentiments
of

of his Soul: And approaching her with a trembling cautious Respect, which he strove to mix with an Air of Gallantry, said, Madam, your Appearance is too Celestial not to create a Desire in a presumptuous Mortal to intreat you would let him know by the Name of what Deity he ought to address to you his humble Adorations.

I am a simple Shepherdess, that tend a few harmless Sheep, *reply'd Bellamira*; and as such you treat me, to imagine I have the Folly to hear a Compliment so like Ridicule, without a Frown. How can the loveliest of her Sex, (since you are a Mortal) *answer'd Lysander*, be so cruel to think that any who behold the matchless Wonders of your Beauty, would treat you with aught but the softest, tenderest Transports of respectful Love? *Bellamira*, surpriz'd at the passionate manner with which he utter'd these Words, said, You talk of Love with too much Skill for a silly Shepherdess to understand you. No, *reply'd Lysander*, (seizing her gently by her Garments, as she was withdrawing from him) you have made me too sensible how little Skill I have, that cannot persuade you even to hear the humblest Addresses of a Heart, however you use it, as inevitably fix'd to your every Perfection, as the Loadstone is to its known Pole. Perhaps, Madam, *continu'd he*, perceiving her uneasy, Fate may never give me another happy Moment to speak the Anguish of my Soul; but wherever I carry this wretched Load of Earth, no Time, no Place can raise your lovely Idea from my

my Breast; it's too strongly imprinted there, for aught but Death to efface.

Scarce did she hear him out, when turning from him with an Air of Coldness, said, This is too particular to divert; leaving him conscious he had too soon discover'd his too violent Passion. Amidst ten thousand tormenting Thoughts on her Usage, and how to recover a farther Conversation, he found himself pluck'd by the Sleeve; and turning, perceiv'd it was done by a Lady richly dress'd, with an agreeable Air, and a Neck perfectly white, on which were dispos'd, in easy Order, Tresses of dark-brown Hair. She spoke to him in *French*, which he easily distinguish'd, had not the Accent of a Native, saying, Are you not too thoughtful to suffer Company?

Lysander, who presently reflected that this Lady must be the Donor of the extraordinary Cap, reply'd, Madam, I wish you would be so obliging to convince yourself of the contrary. What I do, reassum'd she, is in mere Compassion; for, methought, you appear'd too sensibly touch'd at that handsome Shepherdess's leaving you, and am come to tell you from the Destinies, that no friendly Star will assist you there, but eternally will meet with Opposition from a malicious Female Planet.

I begin to be of your Opinion, reply'd *Lysander*, only with this Difference, that I think you fairer than it is possible for you to be malicious. To which the Lady made such advancing Replies, that he was present-

ly convinc'd this was the Lady to whom he should act the Person and languishing Air of *Polonius*; which he did in such lively Terms, that their Conversation was soon wound up to such a height of Obsceneness, as caus'd *Lysander* to think her too well experienc'd for any but a common Practitioner; and sooner would have quitted her, had he not often fancy'd there was something in the Tone he was not a Stranger to. And tho' this Curiosity detain'd him longer with her than any Inclination, yet he often answer'd her confus'd, his Heart and Eyes being imploy'd in looking after *Bellamira*, who was attack'd by a Person that seem'd to make her uneasy; and expressing by many Gestures her Dislike, she at last fled to *Emelia* for Refuge, who accompany'd her and *Ariana* thither: which the Lady, that entertain'd him, taking notice of, said, It is but a false Fire you express to me, all your real Love is for that Idiot Shepherdess. Too much out of humour to be on her guard, she spoke this in her own Voice, especially at the Conclusion, which *Lysander* immediately knew to be *Elifinda's*; and turning his Eyes on her, from Head to Foot, discover'd her Height, her Shape, her Mien, all but her dark-brown Hair, which he was not ignorant she might be beholden to her Tire-Woman for.

It was some time before he could do any thing but look at her, which the more he did, the more he was satisfy'd it was indeed the pious *Elifinda*. What were his Thoughts,

in

in those Moments, of her excelling Devotions and superiour Vertues? By degrees he recover'd himself enough to renew the Discourse, by telling her, There appear'd so obliging a Jealousy in her last words, that he was ready to put himself in her power, and let her use what Means she pleas'd, to be satisfy'd how much he prefer'd the sprightly Joys she could give, to those of a silly Girl.

This restor'd her to so good a Humour, that they immediately began to treat; and, without much Ceremony, a Hackney-Coach was concluded to be the Scene of Action, on condition he would reserve the seeing her Face to the next Meeting: which, *said she*, I conceal now only to have still something new to entertain you with.

Lysander, who had carry'd this Affair to as great a height as he desir'd, violently oppos'd that Article, believing it the only way to escape her, the Sister of *Bellamira* being the last Person he was willing to enter into such a sort of Amity with. Besides, Ladies of her coming Strain rather damp than add Fuel to the Fire.

He was not long perplex'd with the Difficulties of handsomely avoiding her, when there happen'd an Accident that effectually did it; for the Person who engag'd *Bellamira*, who shunn'd him with a Dislike equal to his Desire of pursuing her, began rudely to press the seeing her Face, in the usual Fool's Cant, of *I know you, and You need not affect this Coyness to an old Acquain-*

tance; which she answering with a scornful Resentment, he insolently offer'd to force her Mask of: when *Lyfander*, whose Eyes were perpetually on her, perceiving it, immediately flew between them, telling the insolent Offender, that was not a Place to take such Liberty in.

The Person, heated with Wine, which, if possible, added to his natural Boldness, reply'd, And who are you that pretend to hinder me? I am, *answer'd* *Lyfander*, very ready to tell you if you'll go hence, it not being my way to make Broils on purpose to frighten Women with the Pretences of Valour. The Company interposing, soon parted them; in the Rencounter, *Lyfander's* Vizard fell off, and several knew the other to be *Polonius*, who was forc'd, by the Command of his Friends, the next day to ask pardon, imputing his Indiscretion to the Excess of Wine he had been drinking.

Whilst *Elifinda*, staying where *Lyfander* had left her, saw, to her inexpressible Grief and Confusion, all that pass'd between them; had the Devil, in reality, appear'd with saucer Eyes and Claws, it could not have rais'd a greater Terror in her Soul than finding it was *Lyfander* who wore her Present, and whom she had entertain'd in such a way. Soon as the Quarrel was appeas'd, too much terrify'd with the Thoughts of him to have the least Design left on *Polonius*, she convey'd herself out of the Masque, and return'd to *Stanissa*, where the Shame and Fear of being discover'd, join'd to her Disappointment,

ment, caused her to rage beyond any Description of the Furies: she tore her Hair and wrung her Hands, calling *Staniffa* betraying Slut, and all the despicable Names her Passion could invent; and so great a Quarrel arose between them, how possibly the Letter could fall into *Lysander's* hands, that from Words they came to Blows: tho' neither of their Wit or Skill could fix on any thing, but that it was no Contrivance between them, by what afterwards fell out; nor could she help resenting extreamly, as she stil'd it, the sawcy Neglect with which he treated her, tho' *Staniffa* strove by that to persuade her he did not know her.

The Ladies whom we left at the *Masquerade*, not a little frighten'd with what befel *Bellamira*, immediately withdrew under the Care of *Lysander*; who proud and pleased with his Charge, conducted them safe home, where *Emelia*, in very obliging Terms, return'd him Thanks for *Bellamira*, expressing a great Concern for fear of a Quarrel, assuring him of *Bellgrand's* Interest to make *Polonius* sensible of his Error. Which *Lysander* answer'd with a Gallantry suitable to the Occasion; but *Bellamira*, on whom the Discourse at the Masque, and his succeeding Action in her Defence, began to make some Impression, said to him, as he protected her through the Croud to her Coach, I think, *Lysander*, I am to be eternally indebted to you for saving me from the Insolence of *Polonius*. What I have now done, reply'd he, was only due to your Birth and Sex; but were it in my power, my Heart, and all the Actions of

of my Life should convince you there is no danger or difficulty I would not with pleasure encounter to serve you. *Bellamira* could make no Reply, the Ladies were so nigh; but neither her Looks, or Expressions, show'd any Resentment, nor much Encouragement; not but from that moment she look'd on him as a dangerous Lover, from whom, if possible, she resolv'd to guard her Heart; for besides her own Inclinations, which were partial to his Perfections, the respect she had for *Emelia's* Judgment, caused her to think he deserved her in all Things but Fortune, which was far beneath her Birth and Expectations; yet for all that, when she did not lay a Restraint on herself, and call the Thoughts of his inferior Circumstances to her aid, she found she was too favourably inclined to think of him, which with a modest Reserve she strove to conceal.

Lysander on the other side had the melancholy Thoughts, that he knew not to what all this tended, not having one Hope that could reach so high as the obtaining her in Marriage, and all other Views were impossible. Besides, his Love was mix'd with too much Honour, and tender Respect, to have a Thought he imagined would offend or hurt her, not but the late Carriage of *Elisinda*, seem'd a Contradiction to all pretences of Virtue: the Reflection of which so surprized and startled him, that had he seen an Angel adorn'd with all the glorious Rays of celestial Light, transform'd in a Moment to the ugliest foulest Fiend, it could not have fill'd him with greater
 Horror;

Horror, so much more odious is the Discovery of Vice when hid by so fair a Semblance of Virtue. However, he resolv'd to conceal his Knowledge of it not only from the World, but *Elifinda* herself; not that he trembled at her Threats pronounced under the Title of a malicious Female Planet, which tho' design'd against *Polonius*, he did not question would be fully executed against *Lysander*. Nor was he mistaken, for she had conceiv'd so great a Hatred to him, for his Neglect and Insensibility to all her profer'd Love, join'd with the fear of his having discover'd her, that she raved with all the Grief, Despair, and Pride of an infernal Fiend. Sometimes she fancied she heard him exposing her to *Emelia*, and painted in her Mind all the stinging Reflection which must naturally fall on such a Discovery of her detested Hypocrisy: *Stanissa*, who now with difficulty was heard, strove in vain to pacify her, by telling her should she be so unhappy as to be known to him, it was a greater Escape than the putting herself in *Polonius*'s power, which nothing would have restrain'd, while the other will be silent out of his Principles of Honour, by which I know, said she, he is strongly guided, unless he has a design to make a Merit to you in concealing this important Secret; by which means, perhaps, he may have hope to gain your Assistance in the obtaining *Bellamira*, with whom, if I mistake not, he is violently in love. That is plain, answer'd *Elifinda*. But, continued she, that odious Creature shall know to his Cost I will revenge the Contempt with which
he

he treated me, by blasting all his romantick Hopes on that unthinking Idiot. When the Violence of her Passion was somewhat abated, *Staniffa* perswaded her to sound *Lysander*, who was above such mean Artifices as the base Turn of their Mind caused them to expect from others; and by generously concealing the Knowledge from her, laid himself open to her implacable Malice.

It was three Days before they return'd to Town, where the Ladies acquainted her with the Adventures of the Masque, and what happen'd to *Bellamira*: On which *Elifinda*, with her usual Reservedness, said, Would it not have been much happier, if, like me, you had refrain'd from these idle Diversions, and prevented the Noise and Scandal that it must needs make, and, perhaps, have it said, that such an insignificant Person as *Lysander* was in love with you? *Emelia*, stung at this Discourse, as thinking it aim'd at her Conduct, who not only favour'd *Bellamira*'s going, but went herself; (she being one who, judging rationally, knew, too much Restraint oftener causes Youth to fly out and take Liberties unknown, more to their Prejudice, than it's possible for them when guarded by the Presence of such as herself) answer'd *Elifinda*, That *Lysander* was too intimate a Friend to *Bellgrand* to create any Suspicion on his side, and *Bellamira*'s Conduct was unquestion'd.

She had just ended these words, when *Lysander* enter'd, to whom *Elifinda* address'd herself with a more obliging Air of Freedom than

than usual in her, and said, *Lysander*, I have been hearing the fresh Obligations which all of us have to you, in putting a stop to the Ill-Manners of *Polonius*; and after hearing a little more of the past Actions of the Masque repeated, ask'd him, How the Lady he entertain'd, took his deserting her, to render *Bellamira* that piece of Service, who, by the Description of her Dress, must be a Person of Distinction. *Lysander* prepar'd for this Encounter, answer'd her courteously, He believ'd indeed by her Conversation she had been distinguish'd more than was to the advantage of her Reputation, not but her Person was very agreeable. He spoke this with so perfect an Indifference, as made *Elifinda* conclude he had not the least Notion of its being her; by which she thought she was at liberty fully to revenge his insolent Neglect of her.

Nor was she long without the Opportunity, an Incident happening that destroy'd all the Scenes *Lysander* had laid to establish a Friendship with that Family. The Marriage between *Bellgrand* and *Ariana* had hitherto gone on with such Success, as if it were not in the power of Fortune to prevent it: But that fickle Goddess now thought it time to shew a little of her Instability; for one Morning, before *Bellgrand* had quitted his Chamber, a Letter was brought him up, which prov'd a Challenge from a Gentleman, named *Honorius*, who claim'd *Ariana* by a Pre-contract, demanding of *Bellgrand* either to resign her, or give him the Satisfaction of a Gentleman; ending the Letter with menacing that no Restraint

H should

should oppose his Revenge, if refused both. *Bellgrand*, who was inclined to do neither, was so alarm'd with the Conclusion, that the Blood ran cold to his Heart, and Paleness covering his Face, as if *Honorius*, with Death, had already been there ; which *Elifinda*, who was in the Chamber, perceiving, press'd to know what it was that had caused so great a change in his Looks. He immediately acquainted her, consulting what he should do, being conscious the Figure *Honorius* lately made, claimed, according to the general Opinion, the Satisfaction he requir'd, or to resign *Ariana* ; and she happen'd to be too agreeable and too great a Fortune for him easily to part with, and Fighting was what he cared less for: All which *Elifinda* perceiving, whose Pride made her careful for the Honour and Interest of her Family, was as unwilling as he to part with *Ariana's* Fortune, tho she did not spare to lash her severely on this occasion ; nor was she less concern'd how to evade the Scandal of his refusing *Honorius* : And having already form'd a confused Scheme in her subtle Brains, only wanted *Stanissa* to contrive the putting it in practice. She bid *Bellgrand* answer the Challenge, appointing the Time as far distant as the nature of such a thing could bear, assuring him she would prevent their Meeting, tho she would not let him into her Design, saying, It might be inconsistent with his Honour to know it ; which, Heaven is my Witness, added she, I do to prevent the Crime of Murder, which would fill me with a double Horror, to have any of my Family stain'd with it. Ending with

with this pious Speech the Conversation, she withdrew to *Staniffa*, to consult the putting in execution her Design; having remember'd that not long since, she had told her a Relation of hers was like to suffer very much by trusting *Honorius*, he having laid down his Equipage, and withdrawn from the troublesome Dun of his Creditors. This *Elifinda* laying hold on, sent *Staniffa* to buy the Debt in the Name of a Person unknown to their Family, and at the very Place design'd for the Rencounter, as the greater Affront, had him arrested.

Never was any Distraction equal to *Honorius*'s on this unhappy seizure, tho he did not fail to tell *Bellgrand*, not to think of escaping, for were it a thousand Years, his Revenge would still be alive to pursue him; who now smiled at his Threat: For tho he had not Malice, or Skill enough to put this in practice, yet applauded it done; not at all believing himself obliged to wait the Leisure of the Unfortunate. Whilst *Honorius*, doubly oppress'd by Love and Fortune, as soon as he could compose himself to think at all, sent for *Lysander*, (whom from his Childhood he had been intimately acquainted with) and in the most moving terms related his Misfortune, and the Falshood of *Ariana*; assuring him they had long since been solemnly contracted to each other, tho, *continued he*, it's now above a Month since I either could receive a Line, or obtain the least Answer to any of my pressing Intreaties, which I imagin'd was only owing to some Humour: till going to my Lawyer about Business, which he excus'd the not having done, by informing me of the hur-

ry he was in to draw up the Writings for this Marriage, it was some time before I could believe him, till he gave but too convincing Proofs. I leave you to judge, *pursu'd the unfortunate Honorius*, what must be the tormenting State of my Soul, who cannot tear her from my Heart, false and unworthy as she is! I know, *added he*, it is a Weakness below the fondest Folly in a Woman, but I cannot help it; in vain do I struggle, she is riveted here, *said he, pointing to his Breast*, too fast for aught but gloomy Shades of eternal Night to extinguish. Here he stop'd, as seeming to be too far o'er-charg'd with Grief and Shame to proceed; whilst *Lysander* heard him with a generous Concern, as having been the ignorant Cause of his Misfortune, not imagining in the least he had engaged so deeply with that lovely Lady; tho he was not without his Suspicions, that formerly he made her some Addresses, which he thought were ceas'd with his declining Circumstances: To whom on this Occasion, he did not fail to offer all the Assistance of a sincere Friendship, in what concern'd his Love or Fortune. Which *Honorius* accepted, intreating him to try, if it was possible to regain the Heart of that fickle Lady. Who readily comply'd, tho he very much doubted the succeeding; not being ignorant of her Turn of Temper. For never any of her inconstant Sex had so great an Inclination to Coquetry as she, Nature having furnish'd her with every agreeable Charm, fit to accomplish her always successful Mischiefs; for besides a Person extremely Handsome, there was something in her
Air

Air and sprightly Eyes inexpressibly inviting, to which was join'd a most entertaining Wit, mix'd with so soft a Flattery, as charm'd all who heard her, whilst she fill'd them with delightful Ideas of themselves: But these engaging Humours would vary like *April's* fairest Days to cloudy Storms and chilling Winds, that the Lover, who one day was wrap'd in a thousand pleasing Hopes, which she knew how modestly to insinuate, perhaps the ensuing Morn found his warmest Transports blasted by sullen Frowns, and so frozen a Neglect, as would drive out Love and his fiery Arrows, by uneasy Doubts, and all the Damps of cold Despair. But tho this Usage had worn out the Constancy of many an attempting *Hero*, yet *Honorius's* steady Love was proof against every changing Humour; and indeed so violent was his Passion for that lovely Inconstant, that it seem'd destin'd by irresistible Fate: he having, before he came acquainted with this Lady, an Estate that amongst the highest Rank of Mankind claim'd the Respect due to a Gentleman, which a cold Look from her would make him lavish out in rich Presents, which for that time obtain'd a favourable Reception, who never express'd the least Hint or Desire to any sort of Diversion, let it be ever so Expensive, that he did not so extravagantly heighten, as both surpriz'd and charm'd her. Which she did not fail to return with the most solemn, endearing Assurances of her Affection, till she found he was undone, and then by degrees grew cold; and *Bellgrand* was too tempting a Bait for her Ambition, not to resolve intirely to

to shake off this generous, unhappy Lover, which she imagin'd she could with ease accomplish, being a perfect Mistress of her own Actions, having no Mother, and a Father infinitely fond of so engaging a Wit in an only Child, indulg'd her in every thing she seem'd to like.

When *Lyfander* told her of *Honorius's* Misfortune, she heard him with the same Indifference as if he had related a melancholy Story of some Stranger; which he perceiving with Indignation, endeavour'd to rouse her by putting her in mind, how fatal it might prove to her future Peace with *Bellgrand*; but it had no other effect, than after a little pause, she resuming the Discourse, said, *Honorius* has deceiv'd me, I always thought I was too secure in his Love, ever to suspect he would do any thing prejudicial to my Repose or Honour.

Lyfander, not a little amaz'd at her odd way of Reasoning, let fall some Expressions which shew'd how much he thought her in the wrong, to have so cruelly deluded him as she had done, and then imagine any Tendernefs or Respect could restrain so just a Resentment as was due to his Injuries. But that Lady by no Arguments could be brought in the least to seem to understand Reason, and only concluded all *Lyfander's* Disputes thus; That if the Return of *Honorius's* Presents, or the Value, would be of any service, she would render them back, on condition he would never see, write, or speak to her more.

Which dismal Account of her Ingratitude and Falshood, when *Honorius* heard from
Lyfander,

Lyfander, he broke out into such violent Transports of Rage and Grief, as it wanted little of eternally depriving him of his Reason : he raged, he storm'd, he swore, he rail'd, calling her ten thousand times perfidious, deceiving, base, unworthy, all the Names his Anger could suggest : But in vain, Love was still predominant, that soft Passion had seized with all its Subtlety too securely on his Heart, for any Injuries to raise. Sometimes he vow'd to tear her from her Husband's Arms, and commit unheard-of Murders, and then in the next Moment would entreat *Lyfander* to go again, and try if her fickle Heart was not by this time changed into more favourable Sentiments for him. I know, *added he*, her only fault is want of Steadiness, and, perhaps, by this time, she may repent, and return to her Faith, her Vows, and all her enchanting Tenderesses, by which she has subtly wound herself into my Heart, as fatal ever to be sever'd, as the Life-Blood that wantons in it. *Lyfander*, who found all Persuasion of raising up his Courage, and striving to forget her, of no effect, promis'd the next Morning a second time to attack her more closely, which could not be done that Night, it was so late ; and the impatient Lover, to whom *Ariana* had made soft Rest and Happiness a Stranger, after revolving a thousand different distracting Thoughts how to retrieve or bring back her Heart, at last resolv'd to send her a Letter, and with the Impatience that attends a Mind raised in such an Uproar, unhing'd to all Reason, he gave positive Order to the Bearer to deliver it if possible,

ble, and not return without an Answer. Accordingly the Messenger carried it to *Ariana*, who was in her sweet Morning-Slumpers, with her Repose little broke about him; and it happening to be the Day in which her Father had promised to meet *Bellgrand* to sign the Marriage-Writings, he rose sooner than usual, and accidentally being in a Parlour next the Hall, heard *Honorius's* Messenger press very earnestly to have the Letter deliver'd, which *Ariana's* Maid refused to take; saying, She wonder'd the Gentleman would be so troublesome, knowing her Lady had long forbid her receiving any Messages, or Letters from him. This rais'd a Curiosity in *Le Merchant* to come out, and ask some Questions; and finding the Maid surpriz'd, and would fain evade and divert him, he took the Letter, and opening it, read the following Lines:

HONORIUS to the Perfidious
ARIANA.

‘ **L**Y *SANDER's* surprizing Confirmation of your inhuman Inconstancy, has
 ‘ filled my Soul with every tormenting Passion:
 ‘ Love, Anger, and Resentment, alternately
 ‘ prey on my vital Spirits, and will soon free
 ‘ you from the now hated *Honorius*; yet e'er
 ‘ Distraction, or more kind Death, divide me
 ‘ for ever from the falsest of her Sex, I would
 ‘ fain know what Excuse your cruel Heart
 ‘ can find for driving the most sincere and
 ‘ most passionate of Lovers thence. Ungrate-
 ‘ ful Maid! take heed, be not too rash; Re-
 pentance

‘ penitance may come too late, reflect before
‘ you give your self to *Bellgrand*: you are
‘ already mine by solemn Contract, and be-
‘ lieve that e’er long the Guilt of your per-
‘ jured Vows will embitter all your now
‘ promis’d Joys with him whom *Ariana* must
‘ needs be sensible is too great an Admirer of
‘ himself to love her as I have done, who have
‘ given up every Joy and Hope in Life, and long,
‘ long delighted in nought but the Thoughts
‘ of her: This *Ariana* but too well knows, and
‘ yet she would meanly bribe me, with the re-
‘ turn of what was only valuable to me, be-
‘ cause possessed by her, to quit a Claim,
‘ which (false as you are) not all the inviting
‘ Charms of your varying Sex, attended with
‘ Wealth and Power, could create a Thought
‘ of resigning the least part of my Title, regi-
‘ ster’d in Heaven too secure for her to tear
‘ from thence: Then think how often you
‘ have sworn by that Power, that not even
‘ your Father, whose Anger you dread a-
‘ bove all things, should hinder you from be-
‘ ing eternally mine; think on your thousand
‘ soft endearing Vows, by which, with bitter
‘ Imprecations, you have curs’d that beau-
‘ teous Frame, if e’er you proved false to
‘ me: Take heed, the avenging Powers may
‘ one day remember, when you’ll in vain
‘ turn those lovely Eyes to Heaven for Con-
‘ solation, Peace, or Blessings, whilst there
‘ lives on Earth so lost, so miserable a Wretch,
‘ as your forsaken

HONORIUS.

‘ P. S. Whatever regard my Love may
 ‘ have to you, don’t think but I will
 ‘ write my Injuries in the Heart of
 ‘ that Robber, that Invader of my Right,
 ‘ *Bellgrand.*’

Le Merchant read this Letter with an Astonishment natural to a Father, that never had suspected his Daughter guilty of such an Indiscretion. The Confidence he always had in her Conduct, caus’d him to leave her the entire Mistress of her own Actions; the oftner he look’d it o’er, the more he was incens’d against her. As to *Honorius*, whom he scarce knew, though he resented his Design on his Daughter without his Knowledge or Approbation, yet he could not help being a little touch’d with Compassion for a Love so violent, mix’d with so deep a Despair.

Le Merchant was a plain Man, and all the Actions of his Life were accompany’d with Sincerity and Virtue: This caus’d him to dread, much more than *Ariana*, the Vengeance with which *Honorius* threaten’d her Perjuries. What most surpriz’d him, was her Willingness to marry *Bellgrand*; and yet having given the other such favourable Proofs of Love, as Oaths and solemn Vows, at first he thought to have vented all his Anger on his guilty Daughter; but, on more calm Reflection, he imagin’d he should discover little Truth from her: and finding *Lyfander’s* Name mention’d in the Letter, he resolv’d from him to learn how far her Folly had carry’d

carry'd her in this Affair; and sending an Excuse to *Bellgrand*, went himself to *Lyfander*, whom he conjur'd very earnestly to acquaint him with all he knew concerning them; which the other did in Terms so advantageous for the unfortunate Lover, as caus'd the indulgent Father to fall into a Passion, mix'd with as much Grief as Anger, saying, Is it possible that what you tell me should be true? that my Daughter should so unworthily have contracted herself to an undone Man, who lays his Ruin to her Charge, and without she becomes a Partner of his indigent Fortune, must not only be esteem'd, but be in reality the basest of her Sex?

Lyfander, added he, who would be a Father? I thought *Ariana* never would have given me Cause of Grief or Discontent; how has she lost, in one moment, my Value, my Confidence, the fond Pleasure with which I flatter'd myself, she was Mistress of too much Sense to fall into those Follies, which I often found perplex'd other Parents? What shall I do, continu'd he, *Honorius* has already expos'd her to *Bellgrand*, and now if he accepts her, it will be only for her Fortune; that gilded Bait once secur'd, he may make this a Pretence to use her ill.

Very probable, reply'd *Lyfander*, for however busy I have been in promoting that Marriage, yet, in Justice now, I cannot think *Ariana* ought to proceed; besides, his Pretences are strong enough to create her a great deal of Trouble, unless he can be pre-

vailed on to resign her, which I believe impossible. And what, *answer'd* Le Merchant *in a Rage*, does that extravagant Bankrupt hope I'll give my Consent, or Daughter, as a Recompence for the lavish Follies with which he has enchanted her?

Lyfander heard him without Interruption, till the first Transport of his Passion was a little abated; and then reassuming the Discourse, said, I do not wonder, Monsieur *Le Merchant*, that the Solidity of your Judgment, and the steady Vertue by which you have steer'd all your Actions, should be shaken on so emergent an Occasion as this, where paternal Tenderness for an only Child opposes all you can think or do in favour of an unhappy Man; but give me leave to speak my Sentiments, who am disinterested, or, if Interest could byass me, it would be to accomplish the Marriage of *Bellgrand*.

I cannot reflect on this Lady's solemnly deluding *Honorius* into so desperate a Ruin, that not only his past but future Fortune, is just on the point of being cruelly wreck'd, by the faithless Hopes of her dissembled Love— At these Words, *Le Merchant* hastily interrupting him, said, What are those Hopes you mention, so nigh being destroy'd? That of an Uncle, *reply'd* *Lyfander*; who, hearing how wildly he has squander'd his own Estate on this fond Passion, is resolv'd to prevent the using his in the same manner, by cutting off the Intail, and is come to town to settle it on a younger Brother of *Honorius*.

Here

Here *Le Merchant* enquiring the Value of the Estate, and finding it considerable, tho' not at all equal to his Daughter's, fell into a more particular Enquiry of his Temper, Principles, and Genius; all which *Lysander* answer'd, in a manner that shew'd he interested himself in the Misfortunes of this ill-used Lover, telling the Father they were acquainted from their early Youth; where, on all Occasions, he shew'd a much sweeter Disposition, than most of his Companions, and had a Wit diverting, without any Taint of Satyr: and though, on several Occasions, he had given unquestionable Proofs of his Courage, yet he always found him readier to receive, than give offence: And he was, *added he*, generous without Extravagance, till he came acquainted with your fair Daughter; but from that moment he metamorphosed himself into every thing he thought would make him agreeable in the Eyes of that charming Lady; gay Equipage, Balls, and Entertainments went on in a Round of Pleasure. I often, *pursu'd* *Lysander*, wonder'd at the Change, but never knew the cause, till I heard it from himself in the wretched Place where he is; and indeed were you now to behold the Change from the gayest, the agreeablest, and sweetest Temper to the rack-ing Despair, the piercing Sorrow, and the most forlorn Melancholy that e'er possess'd the Soul of Man; he talks, he raves, he thinks of nothing but *Ariana*: And so great a power, I fear, *continu'd he*, she has over his Spirits, that her Loss will deprive him of his Reason.

son. *Le Merchant*, who began to be mov'd at this Relation, said, Let us talk no more, but go and see this unhappy Man: with which *Lyfander*, with no little Pleasure, comply'd.

They found him traversing his narrow Bounds, with the Restlessness that attends an afflicted Mind; though he was surpriz'd to see *Ariana's* Father, yet he was too much press'd by his Woes once to reflect, whether he came to compleat his Misery, or cause a more happy Turn in his Fate. *Le Merchant* accosted him with a Softness not usual in Fathers on such Occasions; and said, Sir, I find by this Letter, (which he held in his Hand) you have long had Designs on my Daughter, which, I think, would have been very proper to have acquainted me with; who, you ought to have consider'd, have a right to dispose of her, and without whose Consent your Hopes were very ill grounded. Sir, *reply'd* *Honorius*, had I had any other view, than obtaining the Heart of that too agreeable Lady, I should have address'd myself to you. I believe, *resum'd the Father*, somewhat quick, you expected her Person, and my Indulgence to follow this Heart with a Fortune. No, *answer'd* *Honorius*, Heaven is my Witness, that whilst Fortune favour'd my Hopes, I often urg'd her to be mine, without the least view of what might ensue: But now, miserable as I am, I would not have her abandon her Interest in you, because cruel Fate has deprived me of every Means, except my unbounded Love, to recompence the Obligation. Why then, *added he*, am I angry with
with

with her because she is to be another's? No, *continued he*, whatever Anguish I suffer for her Loss, in whom I have centered all and every Hope of Happiness, let not your Displeasure fall on her on my unhappy account; no, inconstant as she is, I cannot bear the Thought, that her gentle Nature should be ruffled by so terrible an Affliction as I know her Father's Anger must needs prove. How is it possible she should bear it, *pursued he*, when my rough Nature sinks beneath the weight?

Here his Speech falter'd, and he stagger'd backwards into his Chair all o'er convuls'd with trembling Agonies, nothing being more delightful to Parents, than perceiving in others the same Tenderness which they find in themselves for their Children. That passionate Care which the too generous *Honorius* expressed in persuading *Le Merchant* not to pour the Effects of his Anger on *Ariana*, wrought so powerfully on the Mind of the Father, that he wanted little of declaring, she is yours with my All: However, he softened his Resentment, and in very obliging Terms, began to enquire into every Transaction that happened between them; which *Honorius* could not be prevail'd on to give him any Light into, until he had first obtain'd a Promise from *Le Merchant* not to be angry with his Daughter, nor upbraid her on his score for whatever was past; and then (tho' with much difficulty) by the Persuasion of *Lysander*, he put into his hands a Packet of Letters, and the Contract he had receiv'd from her, at different times.

times. The first the Father look'd on was
in these Words:

ARIANA to HONORIUS.

‘ **N**OTHING could please me more
‘ than your Present, except the Contri-
‘ vance which you have laid for my seeing you
‘ to-night: As soon as Daddy is retired to his
‘ Chamber, I’ll fly to you; but don’t let the
‘ *Italian* Imp sing any more, her Eyes are too
‘ fine: methoughts whilst that enchanting
‘ Pipe of hers exerted all its Harmony, my
‘ *Honorius* gaz’d too attentively, yet *Nicoline*
‘ has offended neither. I am just going to
‘ dress, but have loiter’d the whole Morn
‘ with looking on the Nosegay you sent, I
‘ like your Fancy prodigiously; amidst the
‘ Flowers, the Pearls and Diamonds have
‘ a mighty agreeable Shake, and tremble
‘ like the Dew-drops on the gay Beauties
‘ of the Spring: I shall wear your Present
‘ to-day, but shan’t be able to look in the
‘ Glass, without thinking on *Honorius*, which
‘ will make me melancholy till I see you.

Adieu till Night.

ARIANA:

On

On reading the latter part of this Letter, *Le Merchant* said with Astonishment, Was it you that gave her that rich Nosegay, why this cunning, this deceiving, this covetous—I don't know what to call her, came with it to my Chamber, and express'd so great a liking to it, that imagining it would vex her to be disappointed of it, I gave her fifty Pieces to purchase it, besides what she said she would add out of her own Allowance. I remember well, *answer'd* *Lyfander*, I saw *Honorius* pay four times that Sum, telling me *Ariana* desired him to buy it, because his Skill in Jewels was superior to hers. It's true, *answer'd* *Honorius*, but why should we talk of it? could it become any one better than it did her? *Le Merchant* continuing to look on the Papers, read the following out aloud, as desiring to have some Particulars explain'd.

ARIANA to the Faithless
HONORIUS.

IF showing an intolerable Uneasiness,
when alarm'd with the Fear of losing
what you only pretended to love, were
Signs of your being violently touch'd with
that Passion, no one has given greater Proofs
that way than yourself; and yet *Honorius*
thinks it nothing to sting me to the Heart,
by caressing that insipid Heap of Folly Lady
M——, all the time I was present.
I despise you more for your odious Fancy
K in

' in chusing her, than your insolent Neg-
 ' lect of me. If Jewels and Jointure has
 ' wrought this Change in your fickle Heart,
 ' *Ariana* may one day seem as fair in your
 ' Judgment, as her comely Ladyship. I
 ' could tear my Eyes out for showing this
 ' Concern to him, who I am afraid, does not
 ' deserve it. Resolve never to see her more,
 ' or believe I will sooner drink Poison than
 ' ever see, or even think of, you again.
 ' Yet sure *Honorius* cannot be false to his
 ' *Ariana*, though you are unpardonably to
 ' blame to vex me so; for how is it possi-
 ' ble for me to see you look with calm In-
 ' difference on her, who never entertain'd
 ' a Thought of that fond Passion but in your
 ' favour. Send me word when I shall see
 ' you by the Bearer, which must be soon,
 ' for I cannot be easy till you convince me
 ' no one has a Share in your Heart, but
 ' your

ARIANA.

As soon as *Le Merchant* had finish'd the
 reading of this Letter, he look'd on *Hono-*
rius, as desirous to learn from him what
 was the Reason that induc'd *Ariana* to ex-
 press so much Uneasiness concerning Lady
 M——; but he was so far from taking
 any Notice, or even minding his Presence,
 that on hearing this Letter, which reviv'd
 the Thoughts of too many past agreeable
 Transactions, he broke into a Passion, say-
 ing,

ing, Is it possible that she, who show'd so tender a Concern, mix'd with so many obliging Fears, on only an imaginary Jealousy, can now think I can bear to see her another's, without feeling every racking Torment that possess the infernal Fiends, and, like them, no Time, no Fate, can retrieve. Oh *Ariana!* continu'd he, what Difference is there between our Conduct? You but show'd your Discontents to be redress'd, whilst my despairing Anguish is to be remediless. Some little Concern, a few reluctant Tears, before you gave yourself for ever away, might have soften'd the dread Anguish of my Soul; but so frozen an Insensibility seizes on my Heart, cold as the Icicles of Death.

Had you, said *Le Merchant*, interrupting him, any Design on the Lady M——, which the Influence of my Daughter caus'd you to reject? I know not well, answer'd this distracted Lover, what I design'd; my Heart's too full to utter aught wherein she is concern'd. Perhaps, resum'd *Le Merchant*, who found himself concern'd in *Honorius's Discontents*, my Curiosity may not be to your disadvantage, and be pleas'd to reflect it is *Ariana's* Father you oblige.

To which he reply'd, I am not so vain to imagine Monsieur *Le Merchant* would bestow his Daughter on a miserable Undone; and nothing else, added he, can make me entertain a moment's Thought of Ease or Happiness, till laid in my insensible Grave: thither let Despair and every Torment join

to send me, and free you both from the Discontents which I unluckily have created between the best of Fathers and a Daughter, who, however she may be to blame in what relates to me, always regards you with a just Duty and respectful Love, due to your uncommon Tendernefs.

Here *Lysander* put him in mind of *Le Merchant's* Request. *Honorius* answering, said, There is little more than what the Letter mentions, only an Uncle, who, by Right of Birth, knowing me to be his Heir, threatens to disinheric me, unless I make my Addresses to Lady *M——*, who happen'd, among some of my Relations, to speak so favourably of me, as caus'd them to imagine Hopes of my Success; which coming to my Uncle's knowledge, he press'd me in so violent a manner, that I could not tell well how to resist his Commands; though, alas! *added he*, they would have little avail'd, had not the charming *Ariana*, on pretence of taking something ill, refus'd to see me for above a Fortnight, in spite of all my pressing Sollicitations.

That, Sir, was the real Motive that caus'd me to seem to comply with my Uncle, and, after three or four Visits, had the Honour to wait on her to the Play, accompany'd with some of my Relations, and either by Design or Accident *Ariana* was in the next Box. The Presence of a Cousin, who I knew would observe, on purpose to acquaint my Uncle, caus'd me only to pay her the Complement of a distant Bow, tho' I never
laid

laid a greater Restraint on myself than in that space of Time, which seem'd tedious to me as Ages. What Effect it had on *Ariana*, the Letter speaks, I never saw her in so obliging a Humour as when we met; and to put me out of all future Pain, as she term'd it, she then, as I thought, generously contracted herself to me in the manner you see.

He had just finish'd the last words, delivering into *Le Merchant's* hand the Contract, when his Uncle enter'd the Room. The Anger that sparkled in his Eyes, spoke little Comfort to *Honorius*, and without paying the Civility due to the Appearance of the Gentlemen on each side of his Nephew, he seated himself, and shaking his Cane as much with Age as Passion, said, Well, I see you are caged at last. Are these the fine Lodgings (*looking round the Room*) you intend to reside in this Summer, or, for the more Conveniency of Air, perhaps you may take a Tour o'er the Water. Where is your gilded Equipage, hum!——I fancy you would be glad to go home in my old *Berlin*, and take a Dinner——which, let me see——not five Years ago you said look'd like a black Waggon. Where are your Friends, which you used to say 'twas a greater pleasure to serve than yourself? What are come of your Masques, your Singers, your Entertainments?—for, methinks, you look but melancholy.—I warrant inventing some Machinery of *Cupids* and *Graces* to divert your honourable
Mistress

Mistress—I have a strong fancy the Widow would now go down.

Honorius, without reply, let him run himself out of breath; but the Confusion that appear'd in his down-cast Looks, sufficiently shew'd what an additional Weight these keen Reproaches were to the too many Woes that already press'd too violent, long to be supported.

Le Merchant, who heard him with some surprize, told him, he suppos'd, tho by his just Reproofs he would make his Nephew sensible of his past ill Conduct, he did not intend him this generous Visit, but with a design to make him easy, of his present Inconveniency, at least.

To which the Uncle angrily answer'd, Not a Groat, not a Sous, except it were to buy him a Halter.—No, *added he*, let's see what his Mistress will do, whose Frowns and Smiles to my knowledge he has dangled after these four Years. What, *continued he*, (applying himself to *Honorius*) I suppose you are to be a Pensioner-Lover when she is married to *Bell-grand*, and supply the Husband's place, when he is out of humour, or out of the way.

At this *Honorius* stop'd him, and with Looks, which shew'd how much he resented his treating that Lady in so disrespectful a manner, said, Sir, Whatever liberty you take with me, be pleas'd to reflect when you mention *Ariana*, you speak of one whose Virtue is pure as unsullied Snow, and as free from taint as your Mother's Shade.

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This put the old Gentleman into such a Passion, that he wanted little of striking him, had not *Lyfander* and *Le Merchant* interposed. The latter, tho vex'd at the Reflection on his Daughter, could not help smiling to see what a Rage the old Gentleman was in, about his Mother's Ghost. By degrees they soften'd him to more Moderation, who entertain'd them with a tedious Complaint of his Nephew's Faults, and particularly enlarg'd on his obstinate refusal of the Widow Lady; nor did he spare to magnify how successful a Solicitor he had prov'd in inclining that Lady to favour him. Here *Le Merchant* took the opportunity of saying, I assure you, Sir, there wants nothing but your having the same favourable Thoughts for your Nephew you were wont, to match him more agreeably to his Inclination, and considerably more to his advantage than with Lady M——, whose Estate must cease with herself; and, I believe, I may add, *continued he*, far greater than he could expect, were the Estate he has already squander'd away, join'd with yours.

If the old Gentleman heard him with Amazement, how delightfully surpriz'd was *Honorius*, who stay'd not for his Uncle's Answer, but throwing himself at his Feet, said, Now, Sir, exert all that is good and noble in you to draw a guilty Undone—from the extremest Depth of human Misery, to so exalted a Height of Happiness, that I have not a Wish, a Hope beyond it. Oh Sir, blame not, *added he*, my past Ill-Conduct, but think on the numberless Joys I shall arrive at through you.—— I know

know the generous *Le Merchant* can mean no other than his lovely Daughter, when he talks of matching me agreeably to my Inclination. Oh ! did you know her Worth, you would think all your Estate well bestow'd on only her, whose very Foibles, *continu'd this transported Lover*, have Charms surpassing all the Perfections of her Sex. When she is obtain'd, I shall seek no other Delight, no other Joy ; in having her, my Happiness will be compleat. And, Oh believe me, who e'er would taste the truest Content, the most exalted Blessing of Life, it must be in the soft Society of those we love ! A Love inspir'd by stronger Causes than Reason can account for ! And where can that Passion meet with greater Approbation than in a Wife ? Law, Nature, and Heaven, not only approve, but give a Sanction to this Love. For this we are born, for this we hoard up Wealth ; then favour and assist me in this one, this All of my Happiness, and you shall find this Extravagant, this Bankrupt, when he has obtain'd this Treasure, the only one his Soul seeks, turn Miser, and gather immense Riches to preserve and guard my Chosen, my Heart's Desire, *Ariana*.—Here the Passions crowded too thick for further Utterance, and unable longer to support the Tumult they had rais'd within him, his Head fell negligently on his Uncle's Knees, bedewing them with Tears which forcibly broke their Passage from his Eyes.

If the old Gentleman felt his Heart relent at his Nephew's submissive, passionate Intreaties, much more did *Le Merchant's* who fancied

cied he saw in *Honorius* all that he promis'd of the fond, the indulgent, and the industrious Husband, busied with a tender Care for both *Ariana*, and their smiling Offspring: He rose from his Seat, and taking the Uncle by the Hand, said, Sir, your Looks tell me you cannot long resist your Nephew's just Request, then raise him to that Happiness I think he deserves. My Daughter shall be his, if you confirm it with your Approbation, and Estate after your Death.

The Uncle was too well acquainted with *Le Merchant's* Character, not to be sensible how very advantageous a Match it must needs be to *Honorius*, whom he had still a Value for, in spite of all his Wrangling, and very gladly gave into it; saying, Why now we talk with Sense and Reason. I am not against my Nephew's being fond of his Wife, tho I did not like he should be fool'd by a Woman; and since Monsieur *Le Merchant* has the generosity to accept of you for his Son, my Consent and Assistance shall not be wanting in any thing that can make you happy.

After *Honorius* had express'd his grateful Thanks in Transports of Joy to his Uncle and the generous Father of *Ariana*, he withdrew a little to compose himself, and recover the wild Disorders he was conscious he had shewn on such various Occasions. In the mean while, the Uncle and Father soon settled Affairs to their Satisfaction: And whatever Weakness some may esteem *Le Merchant* guilty of, in thus fondly complying with *Honorius's* Love, who think there is no Happiness

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but in vast Possessions, yet he had so much Skill as not to part with the old Gentleman, till he had confirmed under his Hand not only all he promis'd, but every Acre he had, on *Honorius* after his Death. For which purpose having freed the now happy Lover, they all went directly to *Le Merchant's*, where Dinner by this time waited their coming.

In the mean time, never did Morning pass so tedious as this to *Ariana*, the Humour of that Lady inclining her more to create Uneasiness in others than suffer the least in herself. The Maid had acquainted her with *Le Merchant's* taking *Honorius's* Letter; this alarm'd her with disquiets, which till then she had been a Stranger to, her Father's Anger being the only thing she ever dreaded: On this Occasion, she thought she heard him upbraid her with a Severity she was but too conscious she deserv'd. In vain did she rack her Wit in framing Excuses, they were all too weak to entertain a Hope of assuaging a Wrath she trembled at the thoughts of. It was in these Moments she repented the having favour'd *Honorius* so much, or used him so very ill. *Bellgrand*, and every Idea of Greatness, were quite expell'd by the terrible Apprehensions of her Father's Displeasure. She wonder'd he stay'd out so long, yet dreaded his coming home.

It was amidst these perplexing Fears, that she perceiv'd, looking through a Window which fronted the Street, *Honorius* and her Father alight from their Coach, with *Lysander* and the Uncle, whom she did not know. She
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immediately imagin'd he had expos'd her, and was come to confront her ; this terrify'd her so, that she receiv'd them all o'er pale and trembling ; whilst *Le Merchant* entering the Room with the now happiest of Lovers, presented him to her with a Countenance sternly sedate, telling her it was to *Honorius's* Intreaties, she owed his not using her in a much worse way,——who from this Moment, *added he*, you must look on as your Husband ; and the only means you have to reconcile yourself to me, is to make him amends in the best of Wives for the worst of Mistresses, and study how to know your Duty to your Husband better than you have done to your Father.

Unable to bear his Look and Words, so full of a Resentment so different from that paternal Tenderness with which he always met her, she fell on her Knees without uttering a Word. But the fond Lover soon prevail'd on *Le Merchant* to raise her up, more to her Peace and Satisfaction ; who quickly left them together, returning to the Uncle and *Lyfander*, who stay'd behind.

Honorius in Raptures told her all the happy Transactions of that Morning, and she was too perfectly Mistress of every insinuating Art, not easily to calm the Doubts her Unkindness had rais'd, nor was she displeas'd at his Success : for tho' Pride, Vanity, and Ambition, join'd with the dread of her Father's Displeasure, caus'd her to act so false a Part, yet it is certain, if she lov'd any thing besides herself, it was *Honorius*, on

whom she had the good Fortune even after Marriage to maintain the same Ascendant ; not that she did not stretch his Patience sometimes to the utmost extent, which she would then recall back with so agreeable a Flattery, mix'd with a thousand soothing Charms peculiar to that Lady. Their Marriage was defer'd no longer than the next day, and the difficulty of making an Apology was left to *Lysander*.

Thus did the subtle *Elisinda's* Contrivance by a lucky turn of Fortune, once in favour of Merit, change *Honorius* from the most desperate to the most happy of Men ; whilst it prov'd quite otherwise with the unfortunate *Lysander*, who generously strove to make his Friend happy, by thus blasting all his hopes in *Bellamira*, tho' with no less passionate Desires than those which possess'd the fond *Honorius*. *Bellgrand* not only receiv'd his Apology coldly, but express'd an extreme Discontent at *Lysander*, whom now he said, had been the intire occasion of his proceeding so far in that Affair : the Interest and Respect he had for him, chang'd to ill-natur'd Reflection, which the other perceiv'd with a Displeasure equal to his Love. In vain did he summon Reason and Courage to his Aid ; the more he strove to repulse that fond Passion by a hopeless Despair, it still with more Violence returned.

He quickly left *Bellgrand* ; and almost insensibly to himself, went to *Emelia's* Apartment, where that obliging Lady no sooner cast her Eyes on him, but she began
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to inquire of his Health, in a manner, that shew'd a more than common Concern for the Disorders in his Looks, which he excus'd as entirely owing to his Discontent for *Bellgrand's* unexpected Disappointment, relating at large all *Honorius's* History: on which *Bellamira*, who was present, said, You have given so handsome a Character of the Lover, that I am almost pleas'd he has succeeded, whatever my Brother's Displeasure may be for the loss of *Ariana*, who I cannot help thinking, *added she*, was extremely to blame to give him such Encouragement, without her Father's knowledge. *Emelia* just then happening to be at some distance giving Direction to one of her Attendants, *Lysander* reply'd, The Fault was not her encouraging, but her deceiving him; and yet *pursued he*, how happy should I be, could I even obtain a little of that pleasing Flattery to sooth a Despair too exquisitely tormenting to be express'd or thought. Oh! *Bellamira*, *added he, looking passionately on her*, How small a Trouble would a generous Pity cost you, and from how many painful Agonies would it free me, to think at least, whatever difference Fate has placed between us, I was not despis'd by the loveliest of her Sex! Were you in earnest, *answer'd Bellamira*, (*the Blushes o'er-spreading her charming Face*) my Pity would be of little use, if not attended with my Friends, which I believe *Lysander* is too sensible will be impossible ever to obtain. The Approach of *Emelia* prevented any further Conversation; who taking
notice

notice of the Confusion that appear'd in both their Looks, some time kept her Eyes steadily fix'd on *Lysander*; to whom she said, Now I perceive the force of Sympathy, I always imagining I only esteem'd you for your uncommon Merit; but this Moment I have found a more powerful Motive, you very much resembling a Person I once valued above all the World. She could not help ending these Words with a Sigh, as the Sequel of her History will show she had but too just cause.

To this Discourse of *Emelia*, *Bellamira* answering, said, How different are your Thoughts from mine, for I have often fancied *Lysander* not unlike you? Which obliging Conversation of the Ladies he return'd with a Respect that show'd how happy he thought himself in that generous Esteem, which *Emelia* on all occasions express'd for him, on whom now only his Hopes depended.

No sooner did he return home, but retiring to his Closet, he there at large reflected on what had passed. The Words of *Bellamira*, that her Pity would be of little use if not attended with her Friends, with the Blushes that accompanied them, he fondly imagined spoke in his favour; but then the cruel Conclusion, where she told him she believed he was too sensible it would be impossible ever to obtain, seized him with such an inexpressible Grief, as made him curse his narrow Fortune whilst attended with such ambitious Desires, meditating a thousand extravagant Schemes how to advance

vance a Fortune worthy her Acceptance. But that violent irresistible Deity, Love, still o'ercoming every Obstacle calm Reason opposed, he at length rallied up Courage enough to resolve to write to *Bellamira*, she being always furrounded with too much Company hardly ever to obtain another Opportunity of speaking to her; and indeed so very difficult was it for him to give her the Letter, that he paid *Emelia* four or five Visits before he could contrive to do it, as he thought, unperceiv'd: Tho' he unfortunately found his Impatience was like to prove very fatal; for *Elifinda* and *Stanissa* being with *Bellamira*, who from the Window called them to see a fine Equipage pass by of their Acquaintance, and they going to a different Window than that she look'd out at, *Lyfander* being nigh her, in a low Voice faltering with Fear, said, I conjure the beauteous *Bellamira*, if she has any of that tender Compassion so lovely in her Sex, by the Power she adores, to receive and read this, (putting the Letter into her Hand) which she took, telling him he ask'd by too great a Power for her to refuse his Request.

But just as she was slipping it into her Pocket, *Elifinda*, whose Spite made her more intent on them, than the Equipage, happening to turn her Head, observ'd *Bellamira*'s having the Letter; and as soon as *Lyfander* was gone, she hinted it to *Stanissa*, who, under pretence of settling her Clothes, took it out of her Pocket, whilst the other held her in talk.

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It was not long before the lovely *Bellamira* retir'd to her Chamber, impatient to read the Letter, favouring the agreeable Author much more than she ever intended to let him know; but, on examining her Pockets, and missing it, she quickly return'd where she left the Ladies, who were withdrawn, with as eager Desires to read it as she, though mov'd by very different Motives, leaving *Emelia* alone. The amaz'd Concern *Bellamira* shew'd in searching for something she seem'd to have lost, created a Curiosity in *Emelia* to know what it was; which still increasing by the Vexation the other express'd for the loss of what she could not find; *Emelia*, at length, pressing her in very obliging Terms to know what had caused so great an Uneasiness, *Bellamira* said, It is what I am extremely troubled at, because, if it should be found by any that are malicious, I shall be thought culpable of a greater Indiscretion, than I am really guilty of.

These Words making *Emelia* much more importunate to be let into the Secret, and the other having an uncommon Confidence in her Indulgence, together with the fear it would come to her knowledge by other means, did not long keep her in suspense, but own'd the Truth. On which *Emelia* told her, she had for some time suspected as much, with no small Concern, being very much pleas'd it was gone no farther before she had acquainted her with it; For no other reason, I assure you, *Bellamira*, added she,

she, but that I may either be the means to restore your Mind to its former Tranquillity, which I am a little suspicious *Lyfander* has disturb'd, or perhaps find Ways to make you happy with him; who, though I love you as my Child, I cannot help thinking deserves you, were Fortune half as kind to him as Nature, who has been too lavish of her Favours to him, for even the Frowns of the other fickle Deity to obscure.

Though nothing could be more pleasing to *Bellamira*, than *Emelia's* speaking thus favourably of *Lyfander*; yet, striving to disguise her Sentiments, *she* reply'd, And do you, Madam, ever think it possible for *Lyfander* to arrive at a height of Fortune fit for me to hear his Addresses, without becoming the Scorn and Jest of all who should be sensible of my condescending Love?

The Ingenuity of that young Gentleman seems to me, *reply'd* *Emelia*, to promise he may one day arrive at a Fortune worthy your acceptance: But withal *she* added, I would not have you depend on such uncertain Expectations, and give Hopes that may cruelly imbitter the loss of you, if disappointed in his other Views. If you will leave this Affair to me, I will either cure him by the hopeless Impossibility of ever obtaining you, or prompt him to seek you by Methods which ought to be approved by your Friends.—You have, *said* *Bellamira*, already shew'd so generous an Indulgence to my Weakness, that I cannot help discovering to you my Heart rather inclines

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to

to wish the last; and though I would not give him Hopes, I cannot be pleas'd with the thoughts that his Despair should be so extreme, as to cause my becoming entirely indifferent to him: not but since you have been so obliging to interest yourself in this Affair, I promise to do nothing in favour of *Lysander*, without your Approbation, and shall think myself happily secure in your impartial Wisdom. I cannot say, *reply'd Emelia*, I find myself so very impartial: However, I will try to make Reason my Guide in whatever shall relate to you two.

In the mean time, the Sentiments of *Elifinda* were of a different nature, who retired with a malicious Joy to peruse the stolen Letter; which contain'd these Words.

LYSANDER to the Adorable
BELLAMIRA.

BEFORE you turn your lovely
Eyes on these presumptuous Lines,
summon up all the soft Compassion of
your Sex, and pardon at least this Confidence in him, whom your irresistible
Charms have made compleatly miserable.
In vain have I strove to subdue a Passion,
too violently great longer to be oppos'd
or stifled. The tortur'd Wretch finds
some Ease in his loud Complaints, *though*
still continu'd on the Rack,—little other
Hope of Redress has the unfortunate *Lysander*—yet would feign tell the beautiful

' teous *Bellamira*——my humble, my ar-
 ' dent, my sincere Adoration. Oh! why
 ' has Fate caus'd so cruel a Distance?
 ' Why are you so high, and I so very
 ' low——since amongst all your number-
 ' less Admirers, none can ever love with
 ' Passion equal to mine. There being no
 ' Dangers, no Difficulties, nor Tortures,
 ' which I would not fly to encounter with
 ' eager Joy, to gain even the pleasing
 ' View or Possibility of ever arriving at
 ' so glorious, so great, so exalted an Hap-
 ' piness.——But whither does my wild
 ' fond Imagination carry me!——it's alrea-
 ' dy check'd——for, methinks, here I see
 ' you shake your Head, and with a scornful,
 ' yet charming Smile, say——How vain,
 ' impossible is his every Thought?——
 ' is his every Hope?——Oh *Bellamira*!
 ' be not so very cruel as to think it im-
 ' possible. You have seen, you have heard
 ' how the Charms of Ambition, mean when
 ' compar'd with yours, have often fired
 ' Mankind with a restless Emulation, bas-
 ' fled by no Difficulty, till they had reach'd
 ' an envied Height.——Oh then believe
 ' *Bellamira* as a sacred Truth, I would do
 ' Ten Thousand Thousand Times more to
 ' gain but one enlivening Hope; yes, Ma-
 ' dam, could I but once obtain the Hap-
 ' piness to know that *Bellamira* despis'd
 ' me on no other score but that of For-
 ' tune, I would soon push my Fate, to
 ' put an end by the eternal Shades of
 ' Death to this anxious Suspence, or in

' some degree make myself worthy to be
' for ever *Bellamira's* passionate Adorer;

LYSANDER.

Elifinda having read the Letter, with a spiteful Smile, said to *Stanissa*, Now, if I mistake not, I have an Opportunity to repay, with Interest, *Lysander's* insolent Neglect; nor shall he, *added she*, have even the Pleasure of feeding this exalted Flame with empty Hopes. I will put a stop to all his romantick *Platonick* Adorations, which, I suppose, his dreaming Passion has possess'd him with. She failed not to execute that moment what she threaten'd, carrying it to *Bellgrand*, and after some grave Reflections on the Inconveniency of being too familiar with one's Inferiours, she desir'd him to speak to *Emelia* about it, without taking any Notice of her discovering it, but as if dropp'd by *Bellamira* in going to her Chamber.

Bellgrand, complying with his Sister's Advice, acquainted *Emelia*, in very haughty Terms, with the presumptuous Designs of that inconsiderable Fellow, as he was pleas'd to stile him. *Emelia*, arm'd for this Encounter, told him, *Bellamira* had already inform'd her of his Address, and that she intended to send for *Lysander*, and make him sensible of his Error and her Displeasure. To which she added, That for fear of any other ill Consequence, she intended to return
into

into the Country with *Bellamira* within a Week. *Belgrand* fully satisfy'd with what *Emelia* said she design'd, left the reproving of *Lysander* to her, to whom he always paid a complaisant Regard, having secret Views of her Estate for himself and *Bellamira*.

Emelia accordingly sent for *Lysander*, who waited on her, alarm'd with Fears, that too soon prove Certaintys. She receiving him in her Dressing-Room as the most private, and accosting him with his Letter in her Hand, told him, it was immediately miss'd by *Bellamira*, and how soon her Brother had it; who, *said she*, has left me to acquaint you with his Knowledge, and he desires you would desist in your Address to *Bellamira*, who, I am certain, will never encourage any thing of this nature without his Approbation.

I need not go about to paint the Confusion and Despair which seiz'd *Lysander* on these Words, it being much easier to imagine than describe; an earthy Pale o'er-spread his Face, and so great was his Concern, that it was some time before he could recover himself enough to make her any Reply. When at last, with much difficulty, he said, What you tell me, Madam, ought less to surprize me, because expected: Men condemn'd to Death, should rally up all their Courage to receive the Blow.

At this, *Emelia*, who was moved by a more powerful Motive than she yet knew any Cause for, found herself so much infected with his Grief, that she generously told him,
If

If he had any probable Expectations from *Olarius*, or otherwise, she would, perhaps, second it with a Friendship greater than he could hope.

Lyfander, transported with this unexpected Goodness in *Emelia*, reply'd, I know not what the providential Powers design for me, but ever since I have had the Honour to know you, I have regarded you with the Respect I pay to guardian Angels. I never had the Happiness, *continued he*, to be sensible of filial Tenderness, yet in your Indulgence, unknowing to my self, I have entertain'd Hopes of receiving from you Blessings little inferior to that which fond Paternal Love bestows. For Heaven's sake, Madam, *reassumed he*, continue that generous Compassion you have already been pleas'd to express to me, you shall never repent it by any Offence of mine ; which alas, *added he*, is all I have power to promise. He then acquainted her with his only depending on the Liberality of, as he justly term'd it, the best of Men, without so much as shewing who his Parents were, otherwise than that *Olarius* had often told him, he was a Gentleman and his Friend ; and tho, *pursu'd he*, I cannot press my generous Benefactor to any thing, yet he has given cause to hope and expect whatever is in his power ; not three Days since, he purchas'd me an Employment considerably more Advantageous and Honourable than my former. In short, after much Discourse, staying with her above two Hours, he at last prevail'd so far with *Emelia*, that she gave him leave to write to her, and mention

tion what he pleas'd of *Bellamira*, whom, if she judg'd proper, should see it; but on this Condition only, that he would promise on his Honour never to write to that Lady without her knowledge: which he having assur'd her of, she farther added a particular Care to avoid its falling into *Elifinda*'s power, at the same time letting him understand, her Assistance should not be wanting, if any thing fell out to his advantage, if he would but acquaint her with it.

On these Terms she took her leave of *Lysander*, whom she would not suffer to see *Bellamira*; tho at the same time, she gave him greater Hopes than the fond Lover expected or imagined; and according as she had promis'd *Bellgrand*, within four Days she left the Town, who accompanied her, with *Elifinda*, to her Country-Seat. But what happen'd when they arriv'd there, and the many Difficulties which the Malice of *Elifinda* created to the Lovers, with the Adventures of *Emelia*, and the surprizing Means by which *Lysander* came to the knowledge of his Parents, are reserved to the Second Part.

F I N I S.

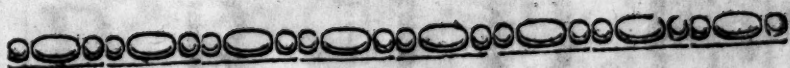


tion what he feared of Ballantine, whom
 it the judge's proper, should be it; but
 this Condition only, that he would promise
 on his Honor never to write to that Lady
 without her knowledge; which she having
 after'd her of, the latter added a particular
 care to avoid its falling into Ballantine's power,
 at the same time letting him understand, that
 Assistance should not be wanting in any thing
 tell out to his advantage, which would not
 acquit her with it.
 On these Terms of a Peace of 12
 years, when the war was to be
 last year; tho' at the same time, she gave him
 greater hopes than the fond lover expected
 or imagined a sad according as she had pro-
 mised Ballantine, within four days the left the
 Town, who accompanied her with Ballantine,
 for her Cousin's sake. For what happen'd
 when they arriv'd there, and the many dif-
 ficulties which the Malice of Ballantine created
 to the lovers with the Assistance of Fanny,
 and the surprising Means by which it was
 came to the knowledge of his Parents, are
 related to the Second Part.



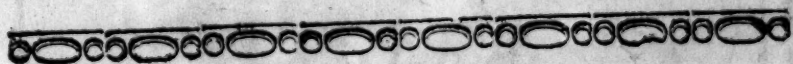
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THE PRUDE.

PART II.



THE Ladies beginning their Journey, *Bellgrand*, *Staniffa*, with *Elinfinda* and her Woman, filled one Coach; whilst *Emelia* and *Bellamira* followed in an open Chariot, with each of their Attendants on Horseback.

The Summer being advanced to its greatest height of Pride, like a wanton Prodigal, profusely threw all her Bounties round them, presenting to their view the Earth's choicest stores, which had been long hoarded within her Bosom by the cold Icicles of penurious Winter; the Sun's fiery Beams dispersing the deep verdure of the Spring into a thousand different Greens, which intermixing with beauteous Flowers, created a pleasing Variety wherever they turn'd their Eyes; whilst the pretty

PART II.

B

wing'd

wing'd Choristers of the Air, on their lofty Branches, saluted them with Nature's sweetest Harmony; whilst the swift Horses, in Clouds of Dust, fled the dinged Town, and by their eager Course seem'd to seek the untainted fragrant Country Air.

But *Bellamira*, insensible to all these Pleasures, often turn'd her beauteous Eyes towards the Town, *Lyfander* there having gain'd too secure a hold of her Heart for such trifling Amusements to interrupt the least thoughts of him; this Separation causing her more sensibly to feel his Power, imagining every motion of the circling wheels was making an eternal Division between them: in vain she strove to suppress the rising Sighs; the greatest Happiness she now wished, was alone to give a full vent to her Sorrows by Tears, often fancying she had too rigidly acted the *Heroine*, in submitting her self so intirely to the Conduct of *Emelia*, who did not want the penetration easily to discern the true spring from whence this unusual Melancholy in her flowed; which, after having first unsuccessfully strove to divert, she let her understand she was not ignorant of the Cause of her Pensiveness, conjuring her, by the Happiness she hoped for, not to indulge it; for tho, *pursued* *Emelia*, it's a pleasing, yet it's a fatal Fire, the more you give way to it, and feed it, the more it will devour your Repose. I am, alas, *added* *she*, but too well acquainted with the Danger, not to wish to save you from the Rock on which my Peace, and all my Happiness, hath long since been wreck'd, only leaving me a wretched insipid Life, insensible of Joy or Pleasure.

Bellamira

Bellamira never having heard *Emelia* make the least mention of her being touched with that weakness, tho so incident to our Nature, looking on her with some surprize, said, Is it possible, Madam, that you, who have on every other occasion shown so perfect a Command over all your Passions, shou'd suffer that one to tyrannize to such a cruel degree as you are pleas'd to say. Yes, *replied Emelia*, Heaven is my Witness, it's to the letting that one Folly gain too great an ascendant over my Soul, that I owe millions of tedious restless Nights and anxious Days: Yet, *continued that Lady*, her Looks are clouded with so sorrowful an Air, as but too fully confirmed the Truth of what she said; I was so far from giving way to any wild inequality, or combating between Inclination and unrelenting Friends, that I had even the cozening plea of Duty to contribute towards my indulging a Passion, the Excess of which has imbitter'd all my past Life. Did you, *pursued she*, but know the cruel disasters which attend my Love, that had the sanction of Law and Heaven on my side; you would shun the very Name, and dread every Thought of that deceiving pernicious Disease with as great a Terror, as you wou'd fly ill Fate, accompany'd with all her changing Scenes of Misery.

This Discourse of *Emelia's* reviv'd *Bellamira*, and rais'd an extreme Curiosity in her to know the whole Series of a Life, of which she had already heard several extraordinary pieces, *reply'd she*, How deceitful are Appearances: since you are so unhappy, as you are pleas'd to express, who seem to be loaded with all the

Blessings that Fortune or Nature can bestow, infomuch as to create the Envy of some, and at the same time raise the Admiration of almost the whole Province! For who could imagine *Emelia*, like the expiring *Phenix*, should languish in the consuming Flames of Love, that hath still resisted, with a steady austerity, the ardent Addresses of all the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry. You see, *resumed Emelia*, what a Confidence I have in you, you having drawn from me a Secret disclosed to none living but yourself, which I did to arm you against my Fate, you having it yet in your Power to controul the young beginnings of (I fear) your Love for *Lysander*: But alas, *continued Emelia*, how vain will be my Advice, you being of an Age more inclin'd to receive the impressions of that deluding Passion, than any grave Instructions to the contrary. To which *Bellamira* reply'd, Madam you very much wrong the regard I always pay to your Instructions, which penetrate so deep in me, as to make an eternal impression on my Mind; and am confident, *added she*, did you think it proper to let me know the Particulars of your unhappy Story, I should always wear them in my Mind as a Shield to defend me against the same Misfortunes. Could I flatter my self, *answered Emelia*, in the least it would have that good Effect, I should readily let you know them, however my weakness might be censured, for entertaining one so young with Love-Adventures.

Ah Madam, *answered Bellamira*, do not imagine it a Weakness; for I am certain, such extraordinary things as have happen'd to you must

must be both infinitely improving and diverting. *Cushema*, who attended you in the *Indies*, hath told me many Particulars of the *King's* violent Passion for you, accompany'd with the dangers of the *Queen's* Jealousy; and your flight with your *Uncle*; which hath rais'd in me so great a Curiosity to hear the rest, that nothing but the fear of offending you by my inquisitiveness could allay; tho' to obtain that Satisfaction, I would venture to incur a little of your Displeasure. Well, *reply'd* *Emelia*, one time or other I will acquaint you with them; not but those things *Cushema* hath been so busy in rehearsing, are the smallest part of the Vexations I have met with, and believe you'll be convinc'd, when I have divulg'd all that hath happen'd to me, I have no mean Opinion of your Friendship, by trusting you with a Secret that ought for ever to be bury'd in Oblivion. On which *Bellamira* said, Had you not mention'd it requires so great a Confidence in the disclosing of them, I would have intreated it might have been now, to divert the tediousness of our Journey, especially as we are now alone; for when you arrive at your Seat, too many Visitors will croud, for me to catch so lucky an opportunity in some Months.

Emelia perceiving her impatient Curiosity, and thinking it might divert for the present the Uneasiness she perceiv'd the separation from *Lysander* had created, began to recount the Transactions of her past Life in the following Manner.

Emelia's

Emelia's *HISTORY*.

I will conceal nothing from you of Importance, for which reason I must begin with my Birth; for tho you are not ignorant I am at distance related to your Mother, yet the little Knowledge you have of the Condition my Parents left me in, obliges me to acquaint you, that tho many of my *Father's* Ancestors were distinguish'd by Titles, yet he being a younger Brother, had little to depend on but his Sword, and in that Station marry'd my Mother, who was a considerable Fortune for him. But they did not long enjoy the Happiness, or know the Vexations of that State, my Birth fatally causing her Death; at which her Relations, being extremely griev'd, to comfort themselves for her Loss, took on them the Care of me, as a Part of her they never more, in this Life, were to know any thing of. *Berinthia* her Sister, then a Childless Widow, was the Person to whom I owe my Education, in whose Tenderness I never miss'd a Mother; she also took care my Father should render back part of my Mother's Fortune into her Power to provide for me. I mention this now, because you'll hereafter find I have reason to place all my Misfortunes to this account. My Father, tho he never marry'd again, living beyond his Fortune, dy'd when I was but seven
years

years of Age, leaving me only to depend on what my Aunt had taken care to secure; who, tho she had a considerable Jointure, yet being a perfect fashionable Lady, visited by Persons of the first Rank, fell into that unhappy Foible of Gaming, which in the end made her very uneasy, and prov'd my fatal Ruin; tho I think of it with less bitterness, because I am certain it was an unwary Injury, she taking an uncommon Care to give me all the Improvements I was capable to learn: I arrived to the Age of Fifteen, enjoying all the calm Pleasures that Youth and Innocence could yield in the gayest of Company.

But alas! I had not past above three Months beyond that Age, before I came acquainted with the Cause of all those irreparable Sorrows, Anxieties and Miseries I have since suffer'd. My Aunt, according to her usual Custom, going into the Country to spend the Summer, we had not been at her Seat above a Fortnight, before some young Ladies visiting me, I went to show them the coming in of the Tide, at a River that ran not two Fields from the House; the violent Noise it makes in its entering, is both surprizing and diverting, it roars like the wild horrid Cries of hungry Beasts eagerly pursuing their Prey, which is judg'd to be occasion'd by the meeting of two Rocks that almost stop its Passage, and causes it to push with greater force when past that narrow strait, it rushing with such impetuosity, as to overturn Boats and small Vessels in its way: but to save the watry Travellers from the Danger, it warns them by its Noise several Miles before its approach. This occasion'd
some

some Gentlemen that were diverting themselves at the Sport of Fishing, to draw in not only their Nets, but Boat, under a high Rock where we stood to view the Tide's entrance, which had a vast descent from the River. They in that Place lodg'd their Tackling and Boat for security, intending, by a Path contrived on purpose for such Uses, to mount to the upper Ground; but as I since learnt, they were longer detain'd there than occasion requir'd, in listening to our ignorant idle Talk concerning the *River*, and other trifling Things; and not being directly beneath where we stood, they had made themselves Peep-holes through the Greens to view us, whilst they remain'd conceal'd from our sight by the Reeds and Shrubs, and Rock; It unfortunately chanced, that I leaning to reach a Butterfly, the beauteous variety of Colours that was placed in its Wings inviting my Curiosity to a nearer view, my Foot slip'd, I in vain catching hold of the next growing Twigs; for they yielding to my weight, I fell into the *River*, where I had been soon inevitably lost, had not *Bellville*, one of the young Gentlemen before mention'd, leapt from the place of their Concealment after me into the *River*, and diving down caught hold of me, and with no small difficulty and danger drew me to the Shore, the Tide approaching so close as to be very nigh o'erwhelming us both; and would (cry'd *Emelia*, interrupting her Story) the Waves had devour'd me in their merciless folds, or bury'd me in the Entrails of the greediest *Monster* that inhabits the watry Element, before I had owed my Life to so cruel
and

and treacherous a Preserver. But why do I talk, *added she*, Prescience is not given to Mortals, else with my returning Senses I should have loaded him with Curses instead of the Blessings I then implored might be shower'd down on my generous Deliverer. But, *pursued she*, the Outcries of my Companions quickly reaching to my *Aunt* and her People, they made to the Banks of the River almost as soon as *Bellvile* had drawn me out, senseless, without Motion, and few signs of Life, to that Place, where, they have since told me, that with a tender inexpressible Concern, he endeavoured by all means in his power to restore my almost lost Life; moaning over me in terms so Passionate, as shew'd he was more interested in my Recovery, than what was meerly due to Compassion, on such Occasions. Whilst my *Aunt*, having learnt in how generous a manner he had saved me, first taking care to have me convey'd Home, the more conveniently to be relieved; with Expressions of Gratitude, equal to such an extraordinary Obligation, she invited him to her House, to have his wet Clothes changed, and himself refreshed after so violent a Fatigue; intreating *Bellvile* to bring along with him the Gentlemen that accompany'd him in his Diversion: Some of them were already of her Acquaintance, and all seem'd desirous to stay and see the event of my Recovery; which was not long. A Surgeon happening to be in the Neighbourhood, let me blood, and having receiv'd a little Water, I was soon, with Cordials, restored to Life, and my Senses; where the first thing I learnt, was my Obligations to the generous

TO

The PRUDE.

Hazarder of his own Life to preserve mine: my Aunt telling me at the same time, he desired to see me before he took his Leave, order'd me to raise my self in my Bed, and receive him as well as possible. But ah! *Bellamira*, pursued Emelia, how shall I describe the Charms of my Conqueror when he approach'd me! even in that rough *Dishabillée* there appear'd such an enchanting Softness in his Eyes, mix'd with such an ingaging Command in his Air, that I am assur'd I needed not so great a Prepossession in his favour, to have liked, to have loved him beyond all I had ever thought of that Sex. His Words and Eyes express'd an unspeakable Joy to see me so much recover'd. Tho my Weakness permitted him not long to stay; yet in that short space, he said so many easy, tender, obliging Things, how Happy he thought himself in having preserv'd me from so imminent a Danger, that I cannot help acknowledging to you, from that Moment I did nothing but think of him; and in return for Life preserv'd, intirely sacrificed my Heart, my future Peace and Happiness to him. For tho I was very young, I easily perceived there was something in the Languishment of his Eyes, and Manner of his Address, which I soon became knowing enough to interpret *Love*. When he took his Leave of my Aunt, he intreated she would permit him to visit me; saying, he was too much interested in what he had so happily saved, not to desire to see the full completion of it. Which, had she not been inclined to, Decency would have prevented her Refusal, considering the late Obligation, and the Knowledge she by this time had

had of his Birth; having learnt of the Company, he was the eldest Son of the Count *De*

—— I will forbear to mention the Name of his Father's Title, *said* Emelia, because it is now descended to him, and is too conspicuous not to be known; and some unhappy Particulars of my Relation being no ways to his advantage, I will only hide that Part from you.

He was then esteem'd the most accomplish'd Chevalier that adorn'd his Native Court, having visited most others for Improvement; besides, he had a stock of Learning beyond what is usual in Persons of his Distinction. He had already reach'd the six and twentieth Year of his Age, and just returning from his Travels, paid his Parents a visit; they at that time being in that Country, where their chief Seat and most Part of their Estate lay.

But tho I was ignorant what Impression this Adventure made on him; I will own, that as soon as the Dizziness, occasion'd by my Fall, permitted me to think, I imploy'd all my Thoughts on him, and the Accident that had happen'd; and often made my self uneasy, with the *fear* that *Bellvile's* saving me was meerly owing to his Gallantry; not imagining he had seen me before my Fall. Tho that fear was dispersed on his first Visit, he then taking occasion to make me sensible, what he had done was the Effect of the Charms (he said) he discover'd in me before my fatal plunging into the River: Which I was easily inclin'd to believe; for as young People are generally delighted with Show, and Appearances, so in my Eyes *Bellvile* seem'd to surpass himself, having

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changed

changed the negligent Dress he had on before, for Fishing, to the richest Habiliments that adorn a Birth-Day; which he set off by a thousand Graces, and such a becoming easy Pride, as made me consider him unparallel'd. Nor was I a little pleas'd, a Gentleman so accomplish'd should esteem me worthy of his particular Regard; he from that time declaring his Passion with all the Insinuations that are usual on such Occasions.

But I dwell too long, *continued* Emelia, on Trifles, and still too fondly repeat what then pleased me.

Not in the least, *answer'd* Bellamira; for methinks I see him with all those Graces and Accomplishments you are pleas'd to describe, charmed with your inimitable Beauty; which Time, that cruel Robber, hath not yet had power to plunder you of.

Emelia, with a confused Smile, was going to reply, when *Bellamira* re-assuming the Discourse, asked her, Whether this was the Person she told *Lysander* he resembled? It was, *said* Emelia, (immediately reflecting that was the Cause she so readily admired his Charms) and ought to warn you to shun a resemblance so fatal to me; for *Lysander* is of the same Sex, and may have a Heart as deceitfully Cruel: they are all smooth as Summer's Waters in pursuit, Beauty then concealing the ravenous Passions that closely lurk to devour the heedless believing Prey, when in their power, as you'll find immediately in *Bellville* a sad Instance of. His constant Visits quickly spreading round the Country, at last reach'd his Father's ears; and also several of my Aunt's Friends taking
the

the liberty to represent to her, how much *Bellville* was above my Expectations for a Husband, with the Impossibility, were he inclin'd, his Father being still alive; and if she suffer'd the Continuance of his Visits, my lost Reputation would certainly be the unhappy Consequence that must attend it. This so alarm'd her, that she resolv'd to forbid him, tho in as obliging a Manner as possible: Which she has since own'd to me, he received with inexpressible Concern; intreating her to lay aside this Resolution, protesting his Designs were Honourable: But *Berinthia* being immovable, he was at last forced to take his Leave, without seeing me, my Aunt having confin'd me to my Chamber, very uneasy at this cruel Separation; tho in that perplex'd Condition, with no small Satisfaction, I view'd him through the Window going to his Chariot, he often looking back with so deep a Melancholy in his Air, as caus'd me to imagine his Displeasure equal to mine, at least; nor do I question but at that time it was so. Being Violent in his Nature, he is Implacable in his Hatred; but whilst he loves, is tender beyond all that can be express'd or imagin'd of that Passion: I have often heard him say, he thought it resembled the Divine Being to reward Virtue liberally; and punish Offences. And indeed, *pursued that disconsolate Lady*, only in what related to me, he strictly followed this Maxim. But cruel Men do not think they swerve from the Rules of Morality, in loading our hapless Sex with Injury. Thus, *continued she*, we parted, as I thought Eternally; eight Days passing, the most tedious I 'till then had known: When,

When, one Morning as I was dressing, my Maid in her Attendance mixing a deal of nauseous Flattery ; at last asked me, If a Letter from *Bellvile* would displease me. My Looks giving her encouragement, she presently gave me one from him, to this Purpose.

BELLVILE to the Lovely
EMELIA.

Returning home full of a thousand uneasy Thoughts at *Berinthia's* having so cruelly deprived me of the only Happiness I could or can be sensible of, from the Moment I first beheld all that is Lovely or Desirable in *Emelia* : Yet in Addition to this unspeakable Misfortune, I find the same busy Spirits which created in her so fix'd a Severity, have likewise represented to my Father my regard for you, with so much ill-nature, as to occasion his forbidding me to entertain a Thought of that inexpressible Charmer : Which, alas ! is impossible to obey (whatever I owe to Paternal Duty) it not being in my power to suppress a Passion I am certain is eternally rooted in my Soul. Tho, to appease his present watchful Jealousy, together with your Aunt's unnecessary Caution, I would fain strive to prevail on you, in pity to the insupportable Anguish your Absence hath caused, to consent I should see you by the Means the Bearer will propose. I conjure you, do not refuse this one Request, to him who will sacrifice all Things to gain the smallest Interest in *Emelia's* Heart, it being intirely in her power, to make me the most Wretched or the most Happy of Men, but not in *Heaven's* to make me any other than her

Passionate Adorer,

BELLVILE.

Tho

Tho I was infinitely charmed to find *Bellvile* was not inclin'd slightly to quit the Thoughts of *Love* and *Emelia*; yet when I read that Part, where he desired me to meet him without *Berinthia's* knowledge; I was seized with a Trembling, as if Nature, in a convulsed Strife, was yielding me up to Death; so great a Terror did it fill me with: I being not so young, as to be heedless of my *Aunt's* Advice, who did not spare to represent to me, with but too much appearance of Reality, that *Bellvile's* only Aim was, the Ruin of my Innocence: Which, methoughts, this Letter had but too much the Air of, in desiring to see me in so obscure a manner. Wherefore, with looks of Resentment, giving the Maid to understand I would acquaint my *Aunt* with *Bellvile's* Design, and her being a faithless Partner in it; the Girl being frightned, by a thousand Intreaties endeavour'd to bribe my Silence, confessing, his Valet had prevail'd on her to deliver it to me, and, if it were possible, to get me to a Farmer's about a Mile from *Berinthia's*, under pretence of a Walk, where that lovely Seducer was to meet me (attended only by his Valet) disguis'd like one of his Father's inferior Servants.

When she had ended her Tale, and found my Passion to abate, she strove by many insinuating Arts to prevail on me to go; and indeed, said *Emelia*, it's hard to describe the War I had within me on this occasion. Love already too powerfully invading, inclin'd me to hearken to every thing that favour'd him; but then, on the other side, I dreaded even his Censure of such a fond Compliance to his Request.

quest. I remain'd in this Perplexity a whole Day, several times being ready to acquaint my Aunt; which certainly I had done, had I not fear'd her proceeding would have been so severe, as intirely to have stopt all Hope of a future Correspondence, the very Thought of which I could not bear; tho, fortunately, at last, Reputation, and the fear of venturing on Dangers I was so much a Stranger to, caused me only to answer his Letter to this Effect.

EMELIA to the Dangerous
BELLVILLE.

I Know not whether I ought to inform you with what Reluctance I am forced to deny the generous Preserver of my Life.

But your Request being so contrary to the Rules prescribed me (to guard what is, and ought to be, dearer to me than Life) I dare not venture on a Breach of them.

I have not acquainted my Aunt with your Letter, because she fears you much more than I do, which could you find the Means to vanquish; you might easily obtain from her what you seem so desirous of.

Tho I am certain, the Severity of our Friends will cause you soon to lose all Thoughts of Emelia; yet she can never forget how much she is indebted to Bellville. I am,

Your obliged humble Servant,

EMELIA.

I own, *said* Emelia, I was not so careful to hide my Love, as I was afraid too cold an Answer would have created in him the like Indifference; and with all the Impatience of a young Heart, too tenderly touch'd with that Passion, I waited my Maid's Return, (who went at the Time he had appointed to meet me.) But she only brought me the discontented News, that *Bellvile*, on reading my Letter, express'd an angry Concern at my not coming, and would not be persuaded but I had told *Berinthia*; whom, *he said*, he was certain had ordered me to write that Letter: and only coldly presenting his Service, bid her to tell me, I had robb'd my self of the sincerest of Lovers, by depriving him of every means to be such.

This threw me into such a disconsolate Grief, that I thought nothing at that time could have equall'd; often repenting my Timorousness in not venturing to see him. But those Thoughts would in a moment change into a just Indignation, to find on how slight an Occasion he could cease to love. But whatever Assistance I had from my Resentment, I could not reflect on the Charms of his past Conversation, without finding, it must be from Time only, that I could hope a Cure for this *early*, yet *too deep* Impression; which had so great an Effect on my Temper and Looks, as to occasion *Berinthia* to take notice of it: who soon got the Secret from me; and very much approving my Conduct in it, from that moment she descended from the Authority of a *Parent*, to that of a *Friend*; taking this opportunity of inforcing, how little trust was to

be put in that faithless Man ; who, had you met him (*said she*) would have received you with all the ardent Transports of expecting Love ; but finding you were not weak enough to fall into his Snare, you see he'll soon lose the Thought of you in other Amusements.

But to my Misfortune, *pursued that Lady*, I found her no ways Prophetick in what concern'd him, who was too violently bent on his *fatal Love*, to rest 'till he had found a more successful way ; which he did, by the Assistance of a neighbouring Lady : who, according to their Contrivance, as he hath since told me, persuaded my *Aunt*, and me, to go with her to a Person who was lately come into the Country, and was reckoned to have an extraordinary Foresight ; the People reporting very strange and surprizing Wonders of his Knowledge, tho he was Dumb. And that unhappy Inclination to Gaming, I am certain, induced my *Aunt* to go and inquire of this supposed *Seer*, whether the Planets would be more favourable to her for the future in that darling Amusement, than they had hitherto proved. But tho the Lady had taken care to give *Bellvile* Notice of the Day we design'd to go, yet he did not appear 'till some time after we were there ; that it might look the more like an Accident. Here, *said Emelia*, I cannot mention his Prediction, which in part happen'd, tho I am uncertain, whether I ought to impute it to Chance or Knowledge ; who all the while I was writing (for he could neither Speak nor Hear) fixing his Eyes earnestly on me, with much more Attention than he did either on my *Aunt* or the *Lady*, at last wrote my Fate in these Words.

Once

Once already have you escaped the Dangers of the liquid Element ; yet e'er the revolving Sun three times changes the Season to its present State, torn from all you love, in distant Seas and Lands, you shall struggle with greater Dangers.—— I see tempestuous Waves, a Wreck, Daggers, Wounds, Poison, all arm'd with Destruction, ready to devour you ; but Death shall not o'ertake you.—— You will return to your native Land, honourably Rich, and at last —— (but long—— long will it be first) calm Content, and balmy Peace, shall crown your Days ; and when you, childless, think to descend to the Grave, you shall be blessed beyond a Mother's Hope, with all blooming Excellencies, in a Son, as fully to compleat your fond Maternal Joy.

There being something so extraordinary in this Prediction, we were employ'd in talking of it 'till *Bellville* approach'd ; who express'd a Surprise mix'd with a seeming Shame, at being caught in such a weak Curiosity, and turning it off with a pleasant Ridicule, said several diverting things of himself on that Occasion, desiring my Aunt to assist him in what Question he should ask : She (*tartly answered*) bid him inquire whether his Mistress would not disappoint his next Affignation ? No, (*reply'd he, stung at what she said*) it shall be of more Importance ; which is, Whether I shall ever have the Happiness to obtain her ? Accordingly writing to that Purpose, the Seer, or Fortune-teller (for I am dubious which to call him) answer'd, You will, but not according to your present Desire ; tho Fate in all Things seems to crown you with Success, Marriage only excepted ;

which, could you beware of Jealousy, would be inexpressibly Happy: But I see a false Friend, robbing you of your too much loved Wife.—— Tho I cannot reconcile this Prediction of *Bellvile's* to the Event; yet what he told my Aunt, and the Lady, fell out exactly as he said.

At last, this subtle Lover, with a handsome insinuating Complaisance, took Care to inform her, he had a Bill of hers sent him from the Marquiss—— which she had given him for a Gaming Debt; telling her, the Marquiss owing him as much, he had discounted it, intending to wait her Conveniency for the Payment; or if she pleased to make another Trial, whether Chance would give it her back, or double it to him. Tho nothing could be more suitable to *Berinthia's* Inclinations than this Proposal, yet not being insensible of *Bellvile's* Drift, she answer'd him, she had already suffer'd too much to venture any more; adding, she would speedily take care to make him easy. On which, he tore the Bill in her sight; saying, he knew he had a Person of Honour to deal with, and would not be at the trouble to keep Paper. This Action of *Bellvile's*, join'd with his artful Address, so wrought on my Aunt, as immediately to change her Behaviour and Sentiments of him; which to compleat, he having accompany'd us to the Lady's House, where Cards being soon called for, he took care to lose back to her most Part of her Debt before they parted. Tho he hath since said, he did it with Design; yet he feign'd as dissembled a Concern, as if it had been intirely owing to his ill Luck.

I dwell longer upon this Point, *said* Emelia, because I would convince you how many various pernicious Ills, Gaming has occasion'd; *Bellvile's* Artifice working so powerfully on this *unhappy* Weakness in my *Aunt*, that contrary to all her former Resolves, I am certain she came to Town much sooner than she intended, that he might with the greater freedom visit us without his Father's knowledge: not that he obtain'd this Point, but by a thousand Protestations of the Honourableness of his Designs. And at last, I believe, finding every other Means impossible, he gain'd on my *Aunt* and me, to consent to a private Marriage, on this hard unhappy Condition, That both of us were bound, by solemn *Oaths*, never to reveal it 'till his Father's Death.

I cannot help, *said* Emelia, on this occasion making a few Reflections on Clandestine Marriages, which seldom are found Fortunate; it seeming as if Heaven design'd the Parents Approbation to confirm this sacred Knot. However fatally Inhuman it may be, to separate two Hearts united by the pleasing Force of Love; yet, too great a Disparity of Circumstances, after the first Transports are over, often causes the Person that has the Advantage, to look with a haughty Insolence on the other, who by that time is made too much an Equal, calmly to bear distinguishing Insults. Not, *said* Emelia, that I had the least Reason to complain of this sort of Treatment; for *Bellvile* was surprizingly kind to me, 'till the last fatal Shock; no Happiness being comparable to that which I enjoy'd in this secret Marriage, tho I often thought, the stolen Sweets too
much

much resembled forbidden ones. And indeed, *pursued this unfortunate Lady*, I am afraid there is little difference; both sides, by the Concealment, lying too open to the Allurements of the other Sex, not to cause a Repentance in one of them. And as Men are more liable to change, it too frequently happens (they having nothing to reproach them, but the hidden Stings of their sleepy Consciences) they leave the unhappy Wife abandon'd and despis'd, under the reproachful Title of *a forsaken Mistress*: Which might have proved my unhappy Condition, had I claimed a Right, he had too much the Power to conceal. The Inducement, which made my *Aunt* so readily yield to this fatal Match, being at her Death discover'd, which happen'd in less than a Year after; I then found, to my unspeakable Sorrow, all my Fortune squander'd away, by her gratifying that cruel Inclination to Gaming: And tho, when I acquainted *Bellvile*, in Tears, with my Loss, he seem'd to comfort me, by despising it; yet afterwards, he laid hold on the Indigence of my Circumstances to compleat my Ruin. Not but for the present he seem'd the most tender and indulgent, that ever wore the Name of *Husband*; out of his Allowance taking care to supply me in such a manner, as to create no suspicion of my Fortune's being lessen'd, which he advis'd should be conceal'd.

At *Berinthia's* Death, I was above half gone with Child, which was conceal'd by the Pretence of my going out of Town on my *Aunt's* Affairs. My then bewitchingly tender *Bellvile* omitted nothing that might express the height of Love, it being impossible to tell you with what
what

what Joy he receiv'd the little *Bellvile* in his Arms, saying, he was the only Rival that should share with me his Affections. But alas ! I was not long to possess so great a stock of Happiness, the remembrance whereof is still pleasing, amidst the many Woes that environ'd it.

But before I draw to the cruel Scene of our Separation, I must mention an Accident which he thought would have furnished him with the Means to accomplish the treacherous Design he had long been breeding to get rid of me ; It happen'd that as I was with him one Night at the Play, in a *Disshabillée*, placed, as we imagin'd, from publick View, we were perceiv'd by a Friend of his named *Marimont* ; who, tho I was afterwards extremely obliged to his Friendship, I cannot help thinking, the Character he had obtain'd, of a bright Genius, blended with an unquestion'd Judgment, was more owing to a Satirical ill-natur'd Turn, than a true genuine *Wit*, it being mostly employed in Ridiculing not only the Vices, but Foibles of our Sex : And having too often met with Success on that Theme, he carried it to so great a height, as to assert, we were all little better than Idiots. This, as I learnt afterwards, had created several Disputes between him and *Bellvile* ; whose pretended good Opinion of my Sense, caused in him a general Complaisance to most of the Fair, on that score.

But whatever *Marimont's* Pretences were, there was something he had seen in the unhappy *Emelia*, on that slight view, which in spite of the despicable Opinion he had indulged of
our

our Sex, caused him to resolve on being acquainted with me: And visiting *Bellvile* the succeeding Morning, immediately began to rally him, as if he thought he had an Amour with some young Person of Distinction; saying, I was indeed pretty enough to atone for the soft Nonsense he supposed made up a part of the Entertainment. On which, *said the griev'd Emelia*, my false, my greatly unworthy *Bellvile*, laying his Design deeper than the other's ludicrous Wit could reach, pretended to be so alarm'd, that he fell into a warm Vindication of my good Sense: Which the other opposing in his usual Satirical manner, the Debate at length ended in a Wager, That if after three Hours Conversation, *Marimont* did not yield, I was a Person of as excellent Sense as ever he had met in one so young, *Bellvile* would forfeit double what the other had laid. Thus you see, *said Emelia*, how those different Designs were working for my Ruin! *Marimont* falling into this Wager, to get acquainted with me; whilst the other as artfully inforced it, to be rid of me: dissembling to me the introducing of *Marimont*, as a Person whose Conversation I should be infinitely diverted with; and giving it the obliging turn, of still finding something new to amuse me.

When they came, *Bellvile* by Chance, or the more to enforce his Design, with a prodigious Gaiety addressing his Discourse to me; I happen'd to answer him with a freedom that caused *Marimont* immediately to yield up the Wager before me. That false Deceiver assured me, the only Reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, that he imagin'd I should be
over-

over-awed with the apprehension of having my Conversation criticized; by which means I might lose my native Sprightliness. Tho' continued Emelia, I was not very much pleased at his exposing me, yet I fondly imputing it to the extraordinary Opinion he had of me, imagined it an Act of indiscreet excessive Love.

Marimont from that time frequently visiting me, I at last began to fear from his assiduous Complaisance, and some unwary Words, that he had Views very unfit for me to encourage. And without mentioning my Suspicion to *Bellville*, I was often denied to him; and a Month had past, in which I was intirely freed from him by his going into the Country, when *Bellville* finding this Scheme did not take on my side, resolved to proceed in a more abrupt Manner.

One Evening, the last fatal Time I ever saw him, this false, yet lovely Deceiver, who in all his Actions had hitherto rather shew'd Increase of Love, came to me, his Visage pale, and every Feature express'd an inward Anguish: perhaps a little touched with Remorse at the inhuman Act he was about putting in execution, or the more artfully to compleat his Purpose; after he was seated for a considerable Time, he looked very earnestly at me without speaking a Word. Which surprizing me, together with the Disorder I fancied appear'd in his Looks, that seem'd infinitely concern'd, I began to enquire of his Health: to which he coldly reply'd, he was well; and still keeping his Eyes fix'd on me, fell into a violent Invective on the Inconstancy of Women. Alarm'd at this strange Behaviour in him, who never before had express'd the least turn

that way, I ask'd him, what late Instances he had met with of that nature, to occasion his expressing so feeling a Resentment, as if mightily touch'd by some unworthy Usage? To which this artful Dissembler reply'd, I am so far from fearing any Injuries of that kind, that I think my self blest beyond all that Imagination can form into Wishes, of your Sex's Excellences—you being attended with every Charm that can engage or secure a Heart. Besides, *added he*, if all my Senses are not deceitful, you love me too, far beyond my desert—your Actions seem to be accompanied with so open a Candour, as if your superiour Understanding scorn'd, or was an entire Stranger to all the trifling mean Dissemblings too frequent in your Sex. But (*continued he, making Pauses as he went on*) you may deceive me—it is not impossible—but you may be very false—and that charming Sincerity of your Soul, which has appeared to be so closely united to mine, that you could not help imparting to me all you knew, as to your other Self, may be a subtle Disguise to disarm Distrust from prying into blacker Crimes you would not have known.—Yet Heaven is my Witness, *pursued he*, I had rather still be thus pleasingly deceived, than one moment endure the tormenting Thought, that my *Emelia* should or can be Faithless.—I cannot tell you, *said that unhappy Lady*, with what an amazing Terror this Discourse of his fill'd me: Being frighten'd, I replied, For heaven's sake, let not that Fiend, Jealousy, possess you; for tho it's said to be the constant attendant of a Love too violent, yet I am certain it must be a Love that

that cannot be approved by Reason: else, how is it possible to harbour so ill an Opinion of that we are naturally so much inclined to like? And if you have any Cause of distrust, *added I*, do not conceal it from me, who am too secure in my Innocence, to fear the blackest Aspersions Malice can invent: Or if any Liberty of mine is displeasing, let me but know my Offence, that I may change it to what may be more agreeable to my *Bellvile*. To which that lov'd Deceiver replied, I believe you; nor perplex yourself with any Fears, it being impossible for me long, or indeed at all, to entertain a doubt of your Faith, Truth, and everlasting Love: what I have said, is owing to a Fit of the Vapours, which I find already begins to disperse; immediately turning off his Discourse to another Subject. Yet, methoughts, by starts, he was uneasy; after asking with an uncommon Earnestness, whether I loved him. In the Morning, he acquainted me, he was obliged to go out of Town for three Days, and begged me not to stir out till he returned: which, tho' I readily complied with, amaz'd at the Seriousness with which he press'd so small a Trifle, I could not help telling him I imagin'd he had some mysterious conceal'd Meaning in so earnestly intreating such and insignificant Thing. But he answering, that he was only possess'd, he hoped, with a foolish Fear, that some ill Fate would attend me if I did not comply with his Request; took his leave, still importuning me on no Occasion to go out till he came back: Which alas! *said the wretched Emelia*, was to be a long eternal Never.

Thus his feign'd Fears fill'd me with real ones; ordering myself to be deny'd to all Visitors, I retired to my Closet, and seriously reflecting on the Strangeness of his late Behaviour, resolv'd not to rest, when next I saw him, till I had discover'd fully the Cause of this unusual proceeding in him. These uneasy Thoughts imploying the Day, at last the Night approached, in which the treacherous *Belloile* was to act his Scene of execrable Villany, sending me a Letter in these Words.

My Dear Emelia,

SINCE I saw you, an unlucky Accident besel me: I am forced, contrary to my Morning-intreaties, to beg you would not delay a Moment, but come immediately with the Bearer of this to me; my seeing you, being of the utmost Importance. I know I need not say any more, to hasten Emelia to her Impatient

BELLVILLE.

Do not frighten yourself, but when you come, instead of your eternal Adorer, enquire for Gayfly; you'll know my Reason for it, when I see you.

I no sooner read this Letter, but too much terrified to have any assistance from Reason, I hurried away with the Bearer, without taking any of my Servants with me; imagining something of Consequence had besel him, perhaps unfit for them to know: And, according to my Direction, asking for Gayfly, I was received by an ancient Person, who told me he would be there immediately. And staying not above

two Minutes with me in a Parlour, that had the appearance of a Gentleman's House, left me by myself, where I heard several confused Voices whispering in the next Room: And so far did my frighten'd prepossess'd Imagination carry me, that I thought I heard *Bellvile*, louder than the rest, say, *Let me go, for I will stab her false Heart this moment.* On which, I made to a Door, that open'd into that Room; but finding it fast, the noise made in twisting the Bolt, brought the Person, who before had spoke to me, into the Room; who told me, if I would walk up Stairs, the Gentleman would follow me. I doing as she had desired, was indeed immediately followed by a ridiculous *Fop*, who making a careless Bow, approach'd in a Minuet-step to the Looking-glass, where singing and viewing himself for about the space of ten Minutes, he at last turning to me, said, *May the Furies blast me, if I don't think you prodigious handsome.* Provoked at the familiar Pertness of the Coxcomb, together with the concern at not seeing *Bellvile*, I made to the Door; which finding lock'd on the outside, so added to the Terrors that already had got possession of me, that like one bereft of Sense, I immediately fell a rapping and stamping, I am certain, loud enough to alarm the whole Neighbourhood. But no one appearing, and my Fears and Vexations increasing by the *Fop's* forward Nonsense, I wanted little of beating my Brains out against the Wainscot; crying, and tearing my Linnen, sometimes in Tears lamenting myself, I would say, *Where is Bellvile!—what does all this mean!—sure I am betray'd—undone—and he is murder'd, or else*

else I am certain he would have been here. To which the pert insignificant Fool,—without Sense or Comprehension of my inexpressible Concern, would answer, *Then Bellvile is the happy Man,—yet, there are Persons the Ladies infinitely prefer before him:—Not but that he is an accomplished Gentleman---* for so negligent a one--- but you are so passionate, there is no speaking to you.—*Who has provoked you?—Confound me, if I don't think you are a charming Creature.*—Then returning to the idoliz'd Mirrour, and reviewing himself, he would say, his Wig sat abominably to-day,—tho' *Peville* had fancy'd the Air excellently suitable to his Features and Complexion; only he was grown a little rustick of late, with hard drinking, which he vow'd had caused his Teeth to look of a perfect Aurora-Colour.

Tho' I despised the Coxcomb too much, to think any thing he said worth answering; yet, vex'd at his treating my *Bellvile* with such contempt, I renewed my Distractions to get away; little imagining he was doing an Act so far exceeding this Fop's innocent Folly, as must fire all that hear it with an abhorrence of him. In short, after teasing myself, and I believe the Fool, above an Hour, vowing if I could not get thence, I would throw myself out of the Window, he at last proved my Deliverer, by calling up the People; and saying, they had left him with a mad Woman, distractedly in love with *Bellvile*. And then, asking them where the Person was, that I came to speak with, they pointed to the Beau. But on my saying, tho' I enquired for *Gassy*, *Bellvile* was the Person I wanted, they answered

swered me, they knew none of that name. At which being extremely frighten'd, to find myself in a strange House I knew nothing of, I immediately run down Stairs, and making to the Street, called a Coach, and hurried home.

But my hapless Fate, which destin'd me to endless Miseries, ordered it so cruelly, that whilst I was absent, *Bellvile* had been there; and not finding me, pretended so great a rage, as to stab a Picture of mine, that hung in the Room, in several places, calling me by names too gross to be repeated; wishing me there, to be used in the same manner. And would to Heaven, (*pursued that afflicted Lady*) I had; for then Insensibility, or more perfect Happiness, would have succeeded that short Pain: whereas cruelly stabbed, by his inhuman Falshood, I feel each day more lively Pangs, than Racks, or Daggers can give, without the relieving hand of Death, to ease my eternal Inquietudes.

I cannot express to you the confused variety of my Thoughts on this fatal beginning of my Misery.—But that *Bellvile* should be false or treacherous, not once entering my thoughts; I imagined I had had some Trick imposed on me: And passing the Night restless, as if extended on Thorns and Briars, I waited, with the Impatience of a Wretch condemn'd expecting a Reprieve, the approach of Morn; and *Bellvile*, to clear my Innocence. But alas! instead of ought to console my distracted Uncertainty, I received the following Lines, to compleat my Miseries.

The

The wronged *BELVILLE*, to the unworthy perfidious base *EMELIA*.

AFTE R such apparent Proofs of your Falsehood, I think I pay too much respect in letting you know I am even acquainted with it—did I not intend, at the same time, to punish you, if possible, as you deserve; leaving you to make a Trade of what you have hitherto pursued only for Pleasure, where your tainted Beauty will soon become the Scorn and Derision of Fools, more despicable than him you have injured me with: Whilst Infamy, Diseases and Poverty, shall sink you beneath all Pity, and make you more wretched than I wish to see you.

At first I thought indeed to have ended you and your matchless Wickedness, by a thousand stabs in that false Heart; but I shall leave you to Heaven, and the Thorns of your guilty Conscience, for having so vilely injured him whose doating folly never knew a Pleasure equal to that of heaping Blessings on you.—But now I will turn them to Curses, and if you dare exert yourself, will make you a terrible Example of Ingratitude and Perfidiousness.

Do not pretend to answer or make dissembling Excuses, which I don't question but you are ingeniously contriving. I this moment shall quit the Town, and with it, all thoughts of you for ever.

Ah! (said *Emelia*) what an amazing Stupidity was I seized with, on the reading of this Letter! I remained deprived of my Senses some Hours, yet in that space of Insensibility I was happier than when my returning Senses made me more lively to feel the matchless Tortures, Sorrows and inexpressible Anguish I have

have ever since endured. But not being able to bear the insupportable Thought, that *Bellvile* could be false, I rather fondly flattered myself that some busy Person had contrived a wicked piece of mischief to part us; and calling to mind, how earnestly he had intreated me not to stir out that unfortunate day, I began strictly to examine the Letter that drew me forth. But there I found every Tittle resembled his hand, with the particular Cypher that he writ in all his Letters to me. This drove me beyond all that can be imagin'd of frantick Rage and Grief, to find he should avow his Treachery in so bare-fac'd a manner, and then insult me in so cruel a one, without leaving me the least glimmering of Hope to vindicate myself, and convince him of the Injustice and Barbarity of his Aspersions: which he was but too sensible I would, doubtless, pursue; it being impossible, by all my strict Inquiry, to trace the least Shadow of him, or where he was gone. Nor was I without the Thoughts of examining the People where he sent for me; but the Confusion that Hurry had occasioned, together with the Treatment of the Fop, and the Fright of not meeting him, had caused me neither to mind the Place, or ask the Names of the Inhabitants.

Thus left destitute of all Means to relieve myself, or Hope of Consolation, I thought to go and ease my insupportable Load of Sorrows, by moaning over my little *Bellvile*: But oh, added this unfortunate Lady, fully to compleat and finish the unrelenting Malice of my Fate, I found this inhuman *Father* had convey'd him for ever from me. Unable to bear this last,

this more than inhuman, this deadly Stroke, I swoon'd at the dreadful hearing of it : It being long before they brought me to myself, on the Bed which they laid me, without reserve, I gave vent to the insupportable Anguish of my Soul in bitter complainings to Heaven, of my too, too barbarous Fate ; the unrelenting Cruelty of the *Father* and this inhuman merciless Separation from my lovely, my only Child, more dear to me than Life, when attended with Happiness. But alas ! *said Emelia, pursuing her Discourse, in tears,* Complaints and never-ceasing Lamentations were all the relief I ever was to find ; it being impossible to describe to you the many torturing Agonies that harass'd my Soul, the most lively Imagination being too poor to conceive any Part of what I then endured.

Doubtless, *answer'd Bellamira,* your Afflictions were unutterable, and have already so infected me, that I feel the swelling Flood labour upwards to bear yours company. Not but, *added that young Lady,* I must have a fuller Conviction of *Bellvile's* being false, before I can think any other, but that there was some curst Engine of mischief, that undermined and shatter'd this tender Union of your conjugal Happiness. You will soon be convinced, *answer'd Emelia,* that destroying Engine was himself. But, *said Bellamira, interrupting her,* did you never hear afterwards, what became of your little Son ? Yes, *reply'd that sad Lady,* not long after I learn'd from *Marimont,* Death, in a little time, made eternal the barbarous Separation the *Father* begun ; taking him before his Innocence could be wounded with the galling Knowledge,

Knowledge of owing his Being to the worst of Men, and feeling the injurious Weight of his own and hapless Mother's Wrongs; whilst Nature and Fortune, oppose every Means of Revenge or Redress. But to pursue my dismal Story, *said that Lady*, I pass'd ten days bewilder'd in this distracting Grief, when *Marimont*, returning from the Country, made me a Visit. After some little Discourse, my Impatience being on the rack, I began to inquire if he had lately heard ought of *Bellvile*. He answered, that he heard he went out of Town in such a hurry, as prevented his taking any Leave of his Friends, or letting them know where to write to him; tho' perhaps on inquiry, he might find him out. I then, disguising as much as possible my uneasiness, told him I would take it as a favour, if he could get a Letter convey'd to him, relating to a Business of importance, that required his being speedily acquainted with. To which *Marimont* answered, he would imploy that Evening to learn where he was gone; desiring me to get my Letter ready against the next day, he then intending to wait on me with the Success of this Affair. Accordingly, on the morrow, he came and told me, he had found out *Bellvile* was gone to his Father's, who had sent for him on some earnest Business: and, if I pleased, he would convey my Letter under a Cover of his. This being what I desired, was immediately done; but on further Talk, he intimated *Bellvile's* speedy Journey into the Country, was thought to compleat a Marriage his Father had lately proposed to him: which being a severe Confirmation of his late perfidious Treatment, it roused

all my late insupportable Grievs to so great a height, that unable to sustain the Shock, I made to the Window, giving Vent to a Flood of Tears, I found were not to be suppress'd. But alas ! I could not so artfully conceal them, as to pass unheeded by *Marimont*, who civilly offered to withdraw. But it being impossible to support so great a Weight of conceal'd Woes, without having one Friend to consult, to ease, or chear me with the least faint hope ; and believing he had already discovered too much, I stopp'd him ; saying, *Hold, I conjure you, stay.* Grief and Shame hindering me from proceeding, I pointed him to a Chair, and, trembling, fell myself into another, without speaking for some time ; 'till he broke the Silence, by saying, he fear'd the News he had unhappily mentioned, had caused the fatal Concern he perceived ; which he 'endeavoured to moderate, by inforcing the Uncertainty of its being true. But I answering, the guilty *Bellville* had already given me but too convincing Proofs of his Falshood, to doubt this Truth, he expressed an Amazement that is not to be represented by Words ; saying so many handsome things of his unquestioned Honour, Justice and Regard for me, as led me to let him into the whole Affair (my Marriage only excepted) tho' Decency obliged me to own, too solemn Engagements had pass'd between us, for him to break, without fearing the avenging Powers would reach, and greatly punish his *Perjuries*. And when I related his late Transaction, and showed him both the Letters, he, like you, believed some cruel Enemy had possess'd him to my disadvantage : persuading me to moderate my

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my Grief, 'till I had an Answer, which he doubted not would restore me to my past Tranquillity. But oh ! it was so far from affording me any Relief, that he only vouchsafed to send me word, he had committed my Letter to the Flames unread, intending to serve every thing in the same manner that came from me ; which redoubling all my distracted Despair, *Marimont*, touched with so generous a Pity at my forlorn helpless state, undertook a Journey to *Bellvile*, on purpose to explain this *Riddle* of his Usage.

A whole Fortnight pass'd in that cruel uncertainty, tormented by a thousand Fears, Anxieties, and stupendous Sorrows ; yet a few glimmering Hopes still buoy'd me up from quite sinking beneath the Weight, 'till *Marimont's* Return, whose Looks declaring his Success, it was some time before either of us spoke. At last, with much difficulty, I rallied up Courage enough to bid him begin, and let me know the utmost Malice of my Fate, which could not be worse than I expected ; and if it is possible (*pursued I*) tell it me in Terms that may turn me into Stone, who cannot suffer more than I already endure. Would to Heaven (*answered he*) what I had to say, was as pleasing as I fear,—as I know it must be otherwise :—But to flatter or disguise, would but deceive you into more deadly bitter Sorrows. No (*said I*) go on,—go on—and give me to know it in the most terrifying manner, I am afraid I shall have Life to hear you out :——But go on (*continued I*) no Miseries can be greater than what I now feel. To which he reply'd, after some Pause, I dare
not.

not.——And yet you must know it.——

In short, with a reluctant Difficulty, he acquainted me, trembling whilst he related it, that that more than barbarous Man received his Discourse of me in a ludicrous manner, hinting as if I had bribed him by some extraordinary favour to become my Advocate ; and that, as he never designed me other than for his Amusement, he thought he had done me a particular favour, in bringing me acquainted with a Gentleman, who seemed so inclined to serve me: but I at first not understanding him, he had taken more proper Methods to be rid of me. And as for the Letter I pretended he had wrote, he was very indifferent what I thought of it ; only this, he would assure me, I should never have it in my power to make the like pretence again. *Marimont* added, that when he intimated to *Bellville*, I talked as if too solemn Engagements had pass'd between us to be broke, by ought but the vilest Perjury ; he flew into a scurrilous Rage, saying, At that rate, perhaps I might pretend I was married, which he would take care to punish with all the Severity of the Law, if I but dared to whisper it with the softest breath ; retorting, all my Pretences of that nature must be indeed supported by a dam'nd Perjury. In that (*reply'd I, hardly able to utter so much*) he has declared the Truth : But it is enough (*pursued I*) I need no more.—

I could proceed no further ; a Giddiness seizing me, I thought I heard *Marimont's* Voice a great distance off, and yet his Words sounded on my Head like the incessant Strokes of Hammers : I was insensible what more became

came of me, tho' I learnt afterwards, with much difficulty they got me to Life, it being above a Fortnight e'er I distinguish'd the bright Beams of Light from Darknefs; and yet my returning Senses were so cruel, to bring *Bellvile* first to my Remembrance, and all that he had done. But Youth and Nature assisting in spight of my insupportable Affliction, I at last o'er come it. Tho' it is certain, it was to *Marimont's* Friendship I owed my Preservation; who in that helpless State took care to have me visited by the best Physicians, with other particular Obligements; which tho' I took care to return when I recover'd, would have been an Act of excellent Generosity, had I not afterwards perceived it was not without the View of being paid by a far too lavish Price. I was perfectly well recover'd before he would increase my Afflictions by acquainting me with the death of my Son, who sicken'd of the Small-pox immediately on the change of his Nurse; and I suppose, for want of Care, was lost: Heaven thinking fit to take his Innocence, and reserve me only for much Sorrow and afflicting Misery.— Beginning already to be within the view of Want, in addition to all the rest, my Furniture and a few Jewels being all I had to support me, the dreadful Thoughts of what would become of me, often interposed amidst my Mournings for my lost, my false, but my still loved *Bellvile*.

In this forlorn wretched State, my only Consolation and Refuge was to beg the heavenly Assistance for Patience; whose Mercy not quite deserting me, soon pointed out a way to preserve me from perishing under the
meager

meager Gripe of Poverty, tho' my other Misfortunes were to know no end. It happening I had a Relation lately married to a Merchant who was going to the *Indies* in a considerable Employment, and she paying me a Visit, to take her leave before she went, luckily let fall, she would be glad of a Gentlewoman, whose Conversation was agreeable, to go along with her, tho' on the Terms of providing for her. I am certain it was not aimed at me, yet I immediately took the Offer; then informing her how my *Aunt* had left me, adding a later Loss had reduced me to such Extremities, as to make me think her Offer very providential, if she would accept of me: Which she did with a great deal of Pleasure, telling me I must prepare myself with all imaginable Speed, they being obliged to go to their Ship in less than a Week. Accordingly I sold my Furniture, and discharged my Servants, without acquainting any one with my Design; and *Marimont's* late Behaviour having disoblged me, tho' he happen'd to visit me the Morning before I went out of Town, I only told him, that hoping the Air and some Company I had chose to go into the Country with, would divert me, I had took this Opportunity to retrench my Expences, intending to return in less than a Month. He seem'd very much to oppose and blame what I had done, nor would he part from me, till I had told him where to write to me; omitting no proffers of his Friendship, to invite my stay. But finding him troublesome in his Importunity, I directed him to write to me to the Town where the Ship lay; which being populous, prevented his having any

any Thought of my intended Voyage. Thus I took leave of *Marimont*, and began my Journey, or rather Voyage, with my Cousin, disguising as much as possible the inward Anguish of my Soul. The inhuman Usage of *Bellvile*, like a secret Gangrene, prey'd on my Mind so severely, that I could not have any taste of Happiness, or even enjoy the common Comforts of Life. 'Tis certain, *Bellvile* would not have dared to act so arch a piece of Treachery, had Redress been within my power. But had I been inclined to break through my solemn Promise to the contrary, yet my *Aunt's* Death, and his procuerment of the Clergyman, whose very Name I was ignorant of, *Love* causing me then without any Suspicion entirely to confide in him; kept me from so doing. And indeed when I was throughly convinced of his unparallel'd Baseness, with Resentment great as my Injuries, I chose rather wandering to rely on Providence, than even be where his offensive Name might wound my Ears, and have him still triumph o'er me in his Wickedness, bereft of every Means to right myself. Tho' I had not the power to leave him for ever, without sending him the following Lines, directed to his Father's, putting them into the Post, just as the spreading Sails summon'd us on board.

EMELIA to the Unjust, and greatly
Barbarous *BELLVILE*.

FEARLESS read these Lines, which are the
last you will ever receive from the greatly wrong'd
Emelia; who was always too compliant to your
PART II. G Desires,

Desires, not to assist you in this last, of an eternal Separation, which shall be as far as distant Seas can sever us.

Tho' I suppose you expect I should upbraid your matchless Falshood in all the bitter Terms our injured Sex pour forth the Anguish of their Souls, I will endeavour to suppress the tortured Anguish of mine; and only tell you, your Contrivance was as Mean, as Inhuman; first, to draw me out by a Letter, then in a succeeding one, seriously pretend me the Aggressor.

Nor am I insensible you have secret Fears that I should aloud proclaim my Right, and confront you, tho' destitute of all Proof, but your faithless Self. But be not tormented with any Apprehensions on that score, since I have lost the Heart that gave me Bellville's Hand, there is nought else worth my Value.

Yet thou wer't once dearer to me than any thing the World can give me in Recompence for thy Loss. It was too hard, too severe, to rob me of a Husband and a Son in one Day: The lovely little Bellville might have been some Consolation to his afflicted Mother; I could o'er him have mourned my Sorrows, his smiling Innocence would have eased in some Degrees the mighty Anguish of my Heart. But perhaps you thought it Wisdom to dispatch his tender Infancy, whose growing Youth might often call his injured Mother to your Remembrance, and have created uneasy Thoughts.

But be not too confident, Repentance may come too late for atoning your Injuries, and Death may long before seize on the wretched

EMELIA.

The

The dispatching this Letter being the last thing I did on Shore, we all hasted to the Ship, and began our Voyage; the Wind from the most favourable Point filling our Sails, which, like expanded Wings, flew through the liquid Elements of Air and Water. But O! *Bellamira*, pursued that fair Unfortunate, what were, or how shall I make you sensible of the inexpressible Anguish, Grief, and Misery which I endured, standing on the Deck! Tho' I was the less minded, most in the Ship being touch'd with Concern to leave their native Country, exposed to the Dangers of the inconstant Seas. But my Afflictions were of a deeper Strain than to have any sense of such Trifles; my false, barbarous, yet my still lov'd *Bellvile*, only possess'd my Thoughts: nor could I see the Shore behind me, without imagining it a Sepulchre, where all my Joys were buried. My little *Bellvile*, on whose budding Charms my fond Hopes were fix'd, already, like the short-lived Rose, was mouldering into Dust; the *Father's* baneful Perjury having blasted the Tree, and beauteous Blossom: And whilst the Tears in torrents flowed down, complaining thus to myself, I said, How hapless is my Fate! must I then never more behold *Bellvile* again! the only Delight of my fond Heart: How can I part from him and live!—Then calling to mind his transcendent Baseness, Resentment for a moment would come to my aid; but alas, in vain! The softer Impression by which he had first bound me his, would still prevail o'er all my Efforts to drive the tortur'd Anguish of Love and him from my Breast: Tho I would

often say to myself, Whatever I suffer, *Bellvile* cannot know it; he cannot now triumph in my Misery, as he cruelly threaten'd. But then my wandering Thoughts still flying to what most had delighted them, when I fix'd my Eyes on the roaring Ocean, I would think, Is it possible that *Bellvile*, the same generous *Bellvile*, who, fearless of Dangers, dived into the bosom of the Deep to save *Emelia*,—should in so inhuman a way force her to wander on a more merciless one, to avoid being devoured by the meager Hand of Poverty, which he has turned her loose to?—

But this tedious Relation (*pursued* *Emelia*) having too much revived my past Sorrows, I will defer the rest till after Dinner; being certain we are not far from it: whilst *Bellamira*, whose Attention had hitherto hindered her, began to express her Detestation and Horror at her Husband's Usage, saying, his unparallel'd Wickedness exceeded all that could be thought of unworthy or base in that Sex. But *Emelia* looking on her with a discontented Smile, said, You are but little acquainted with the World, to imagine *Bellvile's* faithless Treatment without Example; for were all the Wrongs of our hapless Sex to be publish'd, the famous *Alexandrian* Library would be by far too narrow to contain the numberless Millions of our repeated Wrongs from Mankind, who successively have laid hold of our great Credulity, to undo us. The young Beginnings of Love are all agreeable, constant, tender, and seemingly sincere; whilst the Conclusion ends in Neglect, Scorn, and too, too often *Hatred*; of which my *Bellvile* is a cruel Instance. His
eager

eager Love pursued me first with endless Blessings, which being lessen'd by easy Possession, I soon became an Obstacle to his new Desires: This, join'd with the dread of his Father's Displeasure, caused him to look on me at length as the loath'd Object that oppos'd his Happiness; and having no Fears, but those which might arise from his too drouzy Conscience, you see how he shook me off, without Remorse or Pity.

Emelia's Discourse was here interrupted by their arrival at the Inn, where their Dinner was prepared; which no sooner was over, but they pursuing their Journey, seated as before, and *Bellamira* renewing her Solicitation, *Emelia* continued her Relation in these Words:

With prosperous Gales, surpassing our Hopes, we had already reach'd the *Bay of Bengal*, and were almost within the ken of our intended Haven *Pegu*, when the faithless Elements changing into raging Storms, made us sensible of their Instability; the impetuous Winds, in spite of our Mariners Skill or Opposition, driving us athwart, above a hundred Leagues: The Rain, Thunder, and Lightning were so extreme, as hardly to distinguish the Day from the dark Hours allotted for Rest. The bewilder'd Sailors, thus deprived of Stars and Sun, their friendly Guides, at last perceived themselves drawn in by an Eddy, or Stream, so violently, as must soon inevitably dash them on a Rock, or swallow them in Quick-sands: Hopeless, and past all other Redress, we endeavour'd to save our Lives in the Long-Boat; but finding we were not far from Land, first fired Guns as a signal of Distress; which proved

proved so successful, that the Inhabitants made from the Shore in their *Canoes*, which they turning and winding suitably to the Nature of the Stream, providentially preserved us.

It was then, *pursued* Emelia, that I began to see what Death was, the terrors having ever since been infix'd in my Mind : For tho' one would have thought my unparallel'd Misfortunes should have made me look with Contempt on the outrageous Winds and Sea, conspiring to devour me, the Effect was very different : In those Moments, all my Offences crowding with lively horror to my Remembrance, I trembled at the thought of so speedy an Appearance before the divine Tribunal ; yet that dread was not comparable to the fear which would often intermix of Annihilation ; that all the noble Faculties which now actuated this Frame, were to cease, and leave the then inanimated Clay to moulder into Dust : Never more to *think*, or be *thought* on, was more terrible to me, than all the Miseries my Imagination could form, of Here or Hereafter ; which makes me wonder, how Atheists can be so fond of indulging and spreading that empty Notion, so disagreeable to our very Natures.

But to return from this little Digression to my Story : We soon, by the Assistance of the Inhabitants, gain'd the Shore, where Crouds surrounded us, gazing with no less Admiration, than we on them. Their Features, Language, Complexion, Dress, and Turn of Limbs, were so very different from the *Europeans*, I could not help imagining but that I had already pass'd through the cold iron Hand of Death ; and was wafted o'er by the dreadful
Ferry-

Ferry-men, to the frightful Regions of another World. But tho' their Looks, Gestures, and Garb, were less pleasing than those Custom had habited me to; yet with Humanity more agreeable they brought us some of their choicest Food, which dire Necessity caused us to receive with rapturous Joy, tho' no less strange, and barbarous, than themselves. The very next Day we were convey'd to the City the King's chief Ministers resided in; on the way, we saw our Ship split on a Rock, and the Natives in their *Canoes* endeavour to gain as much of the Spoil, as the cruel Seas would render back: which melancholy Prospect caused the Joys our reprieved Lives had fill'd us with, to cease; especially my Cousin and her Husband, whose All in that cruel Rack was devour'd. This made our Hunger and Want of Necessaries, prey with greater Torments on our Minds; not knowing whether Fortune would allot us to Death, or Slavery: Yet in this helpless Condition, my Cousin had infinitely the Advantage of me; her tender Husband supported her in all her Sorrows, while my forlorn Self seem'd abandon'd by all on Earth and Heaven.

We remain'd three Days after we were brought to the City (our Food and Lodging severely hard) before we saw the Governour (who in that Language is stiled *Emer-Zemla*) as being next in Dignity to the *King of Golconda*, on whose Territories we were cast; which bordering on the Empire of the *Mogul*, their Customs, Laws, and Religion are much the same, only an inferiour Monarchy. Yet the King and his Favourites are immensely rich,
swallow-

swallowing up the Food, Liberty, and Happiness of the People: Millions of laborious Mortals contributing to make one luxuriously Great. The Habit of the Governour was as surprizingly grand, as the Peoples are meanly wretched; his Turbant and Robes sparkling with Gold and Jewels radiantly bright: He rested on a fine *Persian* Carpet, a Canopy of the richest Atlas umbrella-fashion o'er-spreading him; whilst several handsome Youths, with feather'd Fans, allay'd the Heat of the Air and Sun. He spoke to us by a *Portuguese* Interpreter, which my Cousin's Husband understanding; *Emer-Zemla* made a very particular Inquiry of what lately had happen'd of Importance in our Nation, which he seem'd to have more knowledge of, than could be expected from any one in such remote Parts; and indeed, methoughts, there was something in his Air and Looks, that did not altogether resemble the other Natives; when perceiving him, (whilst my Cousin and the Interpreter were discoursing) to fix his Eyes steadily on me, I was so frighten'd at it, tho' I knew not why, that being already oppress'd and faint with the Hardships I had undergone, I sunk down, and fell on the Floor without any signs of Life: Which caused those that were nearest me, to cry out, I was dead, (*mentioning me by my Name.*) The Governour compassionately taking notice of my Disorder, having first recommended my recovery to the care of his Attendants, began to ask several Questions concerning me, even so particular, as that of my Birth, Family, and present Condition; which having learnt by the Interpreter, he
ordered

ordered the chief Passengers with my Cousins and Self to be lodg'd in the same royal Palace he resided in; where, with great Respect, we were accommodated with all the choicest Varieties the Country could afford, presenting my Cousin and me with the richest *Indian* Silks and Chinces, for our Clothes.

In this uncertain State we continued a Fortnight, our Misfortunes being somewhat allay'd by his generous Treatment; when one Morning my Cousin and the other Gentlemen were call'd before the Governour, who gave them to understand that having had Compassion on their Misfortunes, he had interceded with the King not only to give them liberty to go where they pleased, but the third Part of what was saved from the Wreck should be restored to them, besides some Presents which *Emer-Zemla* in his Bounty said he would bestow on each of them; desiring only, in return, what they knew he could command, the leaving me behind. To which they all joyfully assented, except my Cousin, who, I believe, was a little touch'd at the Hardness of my Fate; which destin'd me the Sacrifice by which they were to gain Freedom.

And indeed when he return'd to us, he could not relate on what Terms they were to obtain their Liberty, without paying a few Tears to the Misfortunes of her who seem'd allotted by adverse Fate alone to endure the Burden of Heaven's offended Wrath.— But, *added* *Emelia*, how shall I paint to you my receiving this dismal News? Their departure being design'd that Afternoon, I gave vent to my Grief in so outrageous a manner, that

the whole Palace rang with my Complaints : Sometimes I would beg my Cousins to stab me to the Heart, rather than leave me with a barbarous People, so hopeless of Redress, as neither to understand them, or be understood. Then presumptuously would I enquire of Heaven, what were my Offences, alone to be singled out, and doom'd to such unheard-of Miseries. But my Complaints being as fruitless as the Pity or Concern of my Cousins, and the rest ; committed to the care of my Attendants, I saw them depart, expressing an inconsolable Grief at this cruel Separation ; whilst I imagin'd I had now nothing else but *Despair* and *Grief* to end my Days.

In this desolate Condition I remain'd till Night, so much o'er-come and press'd by my hapless Fate, that quite weary'd out with Woes, I thought Life would soon leave its wretched Abode, and yield me up a Prey to the remorseless Arms of Death. *Bellville* and all the cruel Transactions of my Life revolved in my Mind, with matchless Horrors ; when I perceived the Door of my Apartment open, and *Emer-Zemla* enter alone. I was too much alarm'd before with the fear of my being detain'd there perhaps, from something he might like in my Person ; which this Midnight Visit confirming, I now expected with beating Heart, and cold convulsed Agonies, the completion of my irretrievable Miseries. When approaching nearer, to my great, but delightful Amazement, he accosted me in my own Language, saying, I see you shake and tremble, but don't let one Fear perplex you ; I come with balmy Comforts, to heal your afflicted Mind, great

as unexpected. Ah! (*said* Emelia) from what an Extreme of Sorrow to Joy did these Words change me! when, in addition to it, opening his Arms to embrace me, which with reluctance I declined; he said, Fear not to receive, to fold in your Arms a Relation, a Parent; it's your Father's Brother that embraces you, and will be to you a Friend, a future Father, all that you can wish. I needed no more to fling my Arms about his Neck, and in Tears of new transported Joy, ——— and incoherent Words, expressed my Gratitude, to him, to Heaven; who, whilst I thought he was loading me with Miseries, had wonderfully turn'd them to Blessings. In those moments calling to my remembrance I had often heard mention made of a Brother younger than my Father, bred a *Merchant*, who went to the *Indies*, from whence he heard he was murdered, on some accident, by the Natives, who just before he went stood my God-father; Heaven allotting him (for it was indeed he) by his *Tenderness* and *Generosity*, to prove more than a Father, in shielding me from Fortune's future Injuries.

The first Sallies of our Joys being a little over, he began to inquire of his Relations and Friends, and what disastrous Fate had forced me to so remote a Climate. On which I acquainted him with my Fortune lost by my *Aunt*, nor did I conceal from him any part of *Bellvile's* usage. The Torrent of Tears that flowed on this occasion, he strove to moderate by such gentle Advice, and so many endearing Assurances of his Friendship, as gave my afflicted Soul greater Consolation than I had

known from the moment I was confirmed of *Bellville's* Falshood; nor did we part, before he let me into the most remarkable Passages of his Life, with the Disaster that occasion'd his deceiving his Friends with the cruel Belief that he was dead: which I shall slightly touch on, because you'll, by it, the better understand the Series of my Relation.

Abdalla, the then King of *Golconda*, held the Crown in right of his Queen, the youngest Daughter of *Cotub-sha* the preceding King; who having no Son, was forced by a cruel War, almost to the Destruction of his Kingdom, to consent to the Marriage of his eldest Daughter with *Suid Munwood* the second Son of *Oureng-Zebe*, he hoping thereby to add the Kingdom of *Golconda* to the Empire of *Mogul*. But *Cotub-sha*, bearing him a mortal hatred, and being extremely fond of his youngest Daughter, the Princess *Mashaka*, resolved to fix the Crown on her and her Heirs; and intirely devoting himself to Pleasures, left the management of Affairs to her: by which means, having greater Liberty than is usually allowed Ladies in those parts, her young Heart soon became captivated with the Charms of *Abdalla*, whose Father was an Arabian of a noble Family, but low in Fortune; and having a Soul above his Circumstances, resolved to travel, and seek Preferment in foreign parts. Being known to some Persons of Quality when he came to *Golconda*, he was by them introduced to the King; who, pleased with his Person, and Address, first gave him a small Government, in which he behaved himself so well, that he was soon advanced to the most considerable Employments

Employments in that *Kingdom*. In which, and his Prince's favour, he continued 'till his death: but then all his great Riches being seiz'd on by the *King*, who is the general Heir of all his Nobles, none of the Subjects in those Countries having hereditary Estates; young *Abdalla*, his Son, was reduced to a very mean condition. But having that which could not be taken from him, his Father's Spirit, Beauty, and Wit, he entered himself into the King's *Munsub* (or Guard) where the *Princess* seeing and liking his Person; soon contrived a nearer View, by getting him admitted into the *Seraglio*; where his Ingenuity and handsome Address made an intire Completion of his Conquest; she from that moment omitting no opportunity of seeing him, which was almost every night.

And it happening at this time, that my Uncle came to *Golconda* on Affairs of Merchandize, he fell into an Intimacy with *Abdalla*, who being liberally educated by his Father, had learn'd several *European* Languages; this caused him to have a friendship for the Merchants who visited those parts, and particularly my Uncle, whom he made his Confidant in this Intrigue with the *Princess*. He not having the Discretion to suppress the irregular Desires of Youth, prevailed on *Abdalla* to take him with him in one of his midnight Visits to the *Seraglio*, where it seems he made himself agreeable to a Mistress of the King's. But both the Lovers at last being caught, the Tears and Intreaties of the *Princess* so far wrought on the indulgent Father, that he not only forgave, but married her immediately to *Abdalla*, proclaiming him his Successor.

But

But my *Uncle's* Crime being of a deeper and blacker dye, and wanting so powerful an Intercessor, the *Lady* was that Instant put to death, reserving his Execution for the succeeding Morning, that they might inflict the more exquisite Torments. But *Abdalla*, not forgetting his Friend in his Advancement, persuaded the *King* the Crime had gone no further than Intention; which so far wrought on his mercy, that the Sentence of Death was changed to another sort of Punishment, which qualified him, with the Beauty of his Person, and the Interest of the now Prince *Abdalla*, to be a Guardian to the Fair; in which state, he continued till the death of the old *King*: but then the constant Friendship of *Abdalla*, who succeeded the other, soon raised him to the Title of *Emer-Zemla*, the chief Minister in Power and Honour next the *King*, in which state he had continued ever since.

I found by my *Uncle*, the shame of this Misfortune occasioned the report of his death; he contriving that the Merchants who accompanied him to that Kingdom, should believe he was murdered on the spot. Tho' he owned to me, he often had had Desires to return to his native Country; the Difficulty of accomplishing which, rather increased the *King's* friendship, and the confidence he had in his advice, not inclining him to hearken to his departure: Not but he now assured me, it should be doubly his Care for my sake, whose Looks (*he said*) when he first saw me, put him so much in mind of my *Father*, that he could not turn his Eyes off me: And understanding all that was said, immediately on hear-
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ing my Name mentioned, when I swooned, he imagined me a Relation; which, on Inquiry, finding to be so nigh, caused him to lodge us, without distinction, in this Palace: tho' he did not think fit to make himself known, till after the Departure of my Friends; fearing I should either desire to go with them, or press their being detained, the last of which, might have raised a Jealousy in the *King*. However, he ventured to plead for the Liberty of his Country-Folks, with the Restoration of part of their Goods; assuring me he had taken care to have them conducted safe out of the Kingdom; giving liberally to all, but particularly to my Cousin and her Husband, so as to cause them not much to deplore the Wreck: tho' to avoid the *King's* Suspicion, he refrained from the pleasure of conversing with them.

In Discourses of this nature, we pass'd the Night, till the Sun's fiery Beams o'er-spreading us, when he withdrew, I was left to a sweeter Repose than I had long before been acquainted with. Now confiding in his Friendship, I flattered myself with returning home; and being Partaker of his immense Wealth, I thought *Bellville* would even repent his injurious Usage on the score of Interest: tho' these pleasing Hopes were often intermix'd with the fear of my *Uncle's* dying, and leaving me again forlorn and helpless; which occasioned my repeated Intreaties to hasten our flight. Not that I wanted any Amusement a rural Life could yield; the Groves, Springs, Gardens and flowery Meads, incomparably surpassing ours. And tho' those of our *Northern* Climates complain of the extreme Heat, with the venomous Insects that
infest

infest them; yet there are so many Remedies for each, as hardly to be sensible of their Injuries. Yet the want of Conversation render'd it very tedious to me, in the Absence of my *Uncle*, who was too much employed in Affairs of State, to yield me much of his Company. This Solitariness causing me to indulge my Grief for the Loss of my faithless *Bellville*, to divert that Uneasiness, I studied the Language of that Country, making myself perfect *Mistress* of their Fables, in which their History is lost; they being much fonder of Allegory, than the plain Simplicity of Truth. Thus were three Years wasted, still pressing him to contrive our Departure; being sensible he had slipt several opportunities by his over-timidity; which was so great, that I believe he would never have had Courage to accomplish it, had not a fatal Incident drove him to it for a refuge.

For some of the Ministers envying my *Uncle's* great Interest with the *King*, and it not being in their power to charge him with Injustice which had often intrap'd them; they took hold of my being with him, and inform'd his *Majesty*, that an *European* Woman, of exquisite Beauty (for so they were pleas'd to stile me, the more to inforce their purpose) was hid by *Emer-Zemla*, and by the respect which he paid me, they imagined he had some extraordinary Inducement for it, which he had presumptuously concealed from his *Majesty*. The amorous *King*, whose Gallantry, in spite of his obligation to the *Queen*, admitted of other *Mistresses*, immediately fired with their Description of my Charms, sent an order to *Emer-Zemla* to have me brought to Court.

My

My Uncle no sooner received this *afflicting* Command, but he came to my Apartment, not to consult what was to be done, but to tell me I must obey. Tho' I was too much used to Fortune's severest Injuries, to wonder at any thing; yet this sudden Shock, after so long a Calm, prevented me from being able to speak for some time; whilst my Uncle placing himself over against me, I could perceive the Tears standing in his Eyes: And when he heard me complain of my hard *Fate*, that never was to leave persecuting me, he said, Oh! *Emelia*, your cruel Stars have now indeed determin'd you should know your helpless Lot, for nothing less than a *Miracle* can retrieve you. And why (*added he*) was I born, to see so near a Relation, a Child I may call her, thus torn from me, without one assisting Power to relieve her, from this miserable but certain Doom!——When, after some Pause, he said, Prepare, *Emelia*, prepare; for you must go; and as the least Cloud of Sorrow or discontented Look, will sentence us both to death, strive to disguise your *inward* Anguish with an *outward* Gaiety: Perhaps time may make it more supportable. *Destiny* has left you but two Lots to draw; therefore strive to grasp the best, which is gaining the King's Affection. If he looks on you with approving Love, the whole Nation will bow to you, the haughtiest Minister will be your humble Slave; by which we may still find a means to escape. But (*added he*) I am too well acquainted with the *Seraglio*, not to tremble for you, should your luckless Chance be either to be neglected or scorned.——I know the Disgrace would too

PART II. I soon

soon overtake me, to be able to redress you, whilst you'll be turn'd to the outward Apartment of the *Women*, to be begg'd by some Favourite, or else, in that imprisoned state, waste a wretched Life, barely supported with Necessaries; the Guardian *Eunuchs* Avarice robbing them of the royal allowance in such a shameful manner, that often pinching Want oppresses them; they being too sensible, those unhappy *Women* will never be admitted to the royal Ear to pour forth their Wrongs.

I was too much surpriz'd at what my Uncle said, not to hear him without interruption till he had done; but then with Resentment and Grief, answering him, I said, Uncle, I esteem my Misfortunes double, since I find there is a Probability of involving you in them; for which reason I would intreat, what ever I am to suffer, you would guard your own Safety, and leave me to my Fate, who am resolv'd rather to die than submit to this Tyrant: which, could I opiate my Conscience to an eternal Sheep, could not, even in this Life, yield me any recompensing Joys to atone for the Offence which I hope Heaven will give me fortitude to throw off with indifference, rather than continue it by so black a Course of Sin and Misery. My Uncle, already ashamed of his easy Compliance (an extreme Timidity being his fault) began to expostulate with me, by saying, Life was not given us to part with when we pleased; therefore we had no remedy but submissive Patience to the divine Will.

But these Discourses yielding no Relief, and the time of my Departure drawing nigh, determining

termining in what manner I would act, I comply'd with my *Uncle's* Advice, in being dress'd with all the advantage of Ornament and Art, not confining myself exactly to the Forms of their Country, yet keeping so close to what Custom had made agreeable to them, as neither to appear strange, or ridiculous. But I will not, *pursued* Emelia, trouble you with my Anxieties on the way thither, nor the trifling Ceremonies of my Guardians when I arrived, till the approaching Evening, in which I saw the King. They having first prepared me with a Bath and rich Odours, set out with Gems and all the Ornaments of a Bride, I was by two of the principal Eunuchs led to an outward Apartment, only separated from the *King* by a Curtain of thin Muslin, embroider'd with Gold and variety of Flowers, on both sides perfectly alike; to which they advanced so close with me, as easily to perceive his *Majesty* through it lying on a sort of Mattress, the Bed of that Country, raised three Steps higher than the rest of the Floor, with Ebony inlaid with Gold, Pearl, Agate, and other valuable Stones, and Wood; the Workmanship of which was so exquisitely fine, and the Lustre so extremely dazzling, (that tho' my bewilder'd Senses were quite o'ercome with Sorrow and Pain at so near an Approach to what I resolved to shun with Death,) yet I could not help gazing with Amazement on the beauteous Order and Art in which the Birds, Trees, Beasts, and Serpents, were in-trail'd, as naturally, as if the Originals had been present. Exactly between the Floor and arch'd Ceiling, by an invisible Hold, a large

Canopy o'er-spread *him*, composed of an Oval-fashion round; on the out-side of which, were Images of Boys, whose large plumed Wings waving to and fro, created a cooling Breeze: A thousand crystalline Lamps added a Lustre that surpassed the Day, and pain'd the Sight; whilst on the lower Floor, several Basons received Water, which was rendered to them, in murmuring Sounds, out of the Mouths of Crocodiles, Dolphins, and other Creatures not only carv'd, but painted in so lively a manner, that I beheld them with a secret Fear of their being what they only represented. Nor was his *tawny Majesty* less magnificently set out, than his Apartment; his Robes and Turbant being one entire Blaze of Diamonds and precious Stones. And indeed I cannot help owning, thus adorned there appeared a majestick Grandeur in his Looks and Manner, that awed and terrified me, tho' in careless Ease he seem'd to yield himself a Votary to Love. Harmonious Sounds concert-ed with the falling Waters, and all the in-chanting Graces of our Sex, with vocal Mu-sick, added an unresisting Softness to his Soul.—He lay like one intranced in Plea-sure; the Songs no sooner being ended, but there appear'd six Women lightly habited, who danced so excellently fine, that none I ever saw in *Europe* were comparable to them. Their sprightly Airs, easy active Motions, and speaking Eyes, were too forcibly skilled in all the Rhetorick of Love, to be resisted by any Heart that was not guarded with more than human Fortitude. Still as they approach'd, or surrounded the Throne, from large Jars strewing

strewing towards him rich Odours and Flowers, I could not help fancying they look'd like the Graces inspiring Mortals with new, but inimitable ways of creating and inviting Love. But tho' they danced with a Swiftneſs beyond Thought, yet ſo conſtantly were their Eyes fix'd on the *King*, that on a ſlight Movement of his Hand, they all vaniſhed in a Moment; and the Curtain being drawn the ſame inſtant, that was between us, the Eunuchs approach'd with me, to the foot of the Throne; which having kiſs'd in humble Reverence, they withdrew backwards, leaving me on bended Knees there, where I quickly ſunk down on the lower Floor, not to pay a Homage to it, but ſo extremely frightned, that quite deprived of my Senſes, I remain'd motionleſs; till the *King*, prepared by all theſe Pleaſures, perceiving ſomething in my Looks (tho' pale and wild with Fear) that pleaſed him, by a Condeſcenſion not known before, advanced from his Throne, and raiſed me in his ſavage Arms; ſtiling me by the names of the fineſt Fruits, and faireſt Flowers: He told me, I ſprang from celeftial Lillies and Roſes, and was ſweeter far than Jeſſamine and all their fragrant *Indian* Odours, the delicious flavour of non-parallel'd Pine-apple being on my Lips, which already he had made too near Approaches to. Embolden'd by this Softneſs in his Behaviour, I rally'd up Courage enough to throw myſelf at his Feet, and addreſſing him in the moſt ſuppliant manner, ſaid, Great Sir, permit a wretched Slave to ſpeak; tho, I am conſcious, what I ſhall declare will draw immediately your Diſpleaſure and Miniſters of
Death

Death on me : The latter I have taught my Soul with a thousand struggling Agonies to meet unconcern'd, rather than by a Deceit or Falshood, justly merit your Indignation. He listening with a fix'd Attention, reply'd, as near as I can express the manner of their Language in ours ; Fearless speak on, for *Abdalla* swears by *himself*, and all the sacred Deities, that hover round and guard this *Land*, which once like me they ruled, till summoned by the first Mover to more blest Abodes, Death shall not fell this tall Cedar, (alluding to the height of my Person, which you know surpasses most Women) nor change the pearly Lillies with which Nature has covered thee, till thou goest with me to the Fields of endless Bliss, where each Moment strong Desire, and Love renewing, thou shalt be my chosen, my selected, my only beloved——fairer than if thou hadst already drank of the celestial Spring of renewing Youth, and heighten'd Beauty : But till that Hour of Change comes, let us here begin to take immortal Joys, in thy Arms. I am, *said* *Emelia*, more particular in relating what the *King* said, to give you an Idea of their manner of Courtship. But gathering more Courage from this solemn Declaration, to preserve me, I still continuing on my Knees, said, Dread Sir, be pleased to hear, and then summon all your Mercy with the Remembrance of your royal and greatly generous Vow, to save a helpless Unfortunate——far unworthy of such Honours or your sacred Notice, my humble Fate having cast me beneath all such ambitious Thoughts ; my Vows and Person have long since been
given

given to an Inferiour, by Ties too solemn for ought but Death to sever. Here I stop'd, perceiving the Anger beginning to flash in his Eyes. He answering in a hasty Rage, said, And Death shall sever you — e'er I will be deprived of such a store of immense Pleasure: Name him quickly; thou foolish Woman, to fully the fair Idea I had received of thee, with the loathed Thought that another has possess'd thee: but quickly name him, lest my retarded Vengeance should fall on you. — Ah! answered I, that I expect; but for him, he is not within the reach of your mighty Power — but tho' Millions of Waves divide us, yet my Faith, my Truth, and Love, must and shall preserve me inviolably his. You ought to know, (*reply'd he, more enraged*) this is not the Language of a Slave, who can preserve no Faith, no Oath, but as your Monarch pleases; and if we shall think fit to lose the thought that your virgin Rose has been the spoil of a wretched Inferiour, with Gratitude and submissive Joy you ought to meet by condescending Love. But oh, *reply'd I*, by Education and Notions different, I am taught, that no Fear, no Slavery, Tortures, nor Death itself, will be an excuse for breaking through the bounds my Religion prescribes, where Adultery is in the foremost Rank of heinous deadly Crimes, Murder only excepted. I see, (*said he, interrupting me, with an Air strangely severe*) you mock my easy Compliance; but silence your Complaints, or Death in all his frightful Forms shall surround you, nor dare to damp my Joys with a Sigh, lest we ourselves (*taking up a short Scymiter that lay at the head of his Bed*)
with

with Wrath severe make this unstain'd Weapon drunk with thy Blood. To which, firmly fix'd on my Purpose, and enraged at his Tyranny, I reply'd, I cannot help it, I will not hold a short precarious Life by a Crime so deadly, hourly rack'd with the stings of Guilt, attended besides by a thousand restless Fears of Death, and you. And perceiving him ready to heave his Arm, and give the blow, encouraged by some extraordinary Power, I went on, saying, Strike—thou canst but triumph o'er my inanimated Clay—whilst I, swift as the Sun's refulgent Beams, shall mount to celestial Happiness.—More exasperated at the Boldness of these last Words—he struck the Dagger with such force, that the bright Metal sparkled in my Eyes.—But Heaven still guarding and preserving me, ordain'd it so, that the Weapon sliding from my Breast, with all its force went into my right Arm, of which you have often seen the Mark.—He had no sooner given this rash Blow, but repenting, with a stamp summon'd his Attendants; and perceiving the Blood to flow from the Wound, with relenting Pity stoop'd, and stop't it with his Hand; saying, What hast thou made me do, thou rebellious, but still lovely Fair?—And turning to his People, order'd them to fly with their swiftest Speed for the Physician; adding, he had destroy'd more Worth than his Kingdom could recompence. And perceiving me faint and uneasy at the dressing my Wound; all the while forcing me to rest by him, he strove to comfort me, by repeated Assurances of never more giving me any cause to fear the like Danger.

Danger. And bidding my Uncle to be called, who came with me to the Court, he said to him, on his appearing, Where, and how, came you by this excellent Wonder of her Sex? See, with what Unconcern she dares Death, which you and I once trembled at the thoughts of, whilst her undaunted Soul braves him with all his Terrors: and yet every female Grace sits triumphant in her Eyes.——Ha! (*pursued he*) what an unequal Softness is there! how could my more than barbarous Rage hurt such unparallel'd Beauty? Then turning to my Uncle, he said, Teach me, *Emer-Zemla*, instruct me how to warm that frozen Heart with Transports equal to those her Eyes inspire! Oh learn me all your Nation's soothing Arts, by which they captivate the Fair; and in return, Rule and Empire shall be thine, Revenge and Death shall be in thy power, thou shalt be *Abdalla's* self.

I heard all this, and saw his Officer with active Diligence, equal to his unbounded Expression of Love, endeavour to restore my drooping Spirits, and heal my Wound; whilst my *Uncle*, who with anxious Soul had waited without, impatient to know the Event, obey'd the King's Summons with pale Fear in his Looks; which being dispersed by what he said to him, he drew nearer the Throne with more confidence. After having paid the usual Homage, he began to address him in the following manner:——Since your royal Goodness has commanded me to speak, I will presume to deliver with Modesty and Candour my humble Opinion; esteeming myself blest, beyond Length of Days or Riches, if I am inspired

with ought that may add a happy Moment to my dread *Sovereign*.—Tho' I could not help smiling, with an amazed Contempt at this extreme Flattery in my *Uncle*; yet it was plain and artless, to what afterwards I perceived was addressed to me, being so fortunately advanced, as they thought, to the King's favour. But, having ended his long Preamble of Duty and profound Respect, he began to acquaint his *Majesty*, I was his *Neice*, and by what means I was saved, and found to be such: Adding, that the Men of his Country, being too indulgent to our Sex's Charms, the greatest amongst them (the *Monarch* not excepted) sought and obtained our Love only by submissive means; which indeed had this happy effect, that our Hearts being secured by those mild Indearments, it more bound our gentle Natures to strict Fidelity, than Guards, Watches, and Confinement: And more particularly as for myself, tho' his impartial Eyes were unsensible of Love, yet he could not help confessing my Charms superiour to most, (so great was his Flattery!) Not but the Women of his Nation surpass *all Nature* in the general esteem, a sweet harmonious Justness regulating their Features, with Complexions fair as the falling Snow, inliven'd with as beauteous a Tincture of Red, as the blushing Morn, without that separate settled Fixedness of too often the fading Lilly and languid Rose, less inviting in our neighbouring Nations: Adding, our sprightly Air and modest Mein was inexpressibly agreeable, neither tainted with an affected Gaiety, nor demurely formal. It would have made any one less interested than myself,
smile

smile to see with what Gravity he uttered all this; as if it had been some weighty Advice, in which the Preservation of the Kingdom was concerned. However, the *King*, thus taught to woo, by a thousand complaisant Arts, began to sooth my Pride, the fatal Foible of our Sex. And indeed so great was the Ingenuity and Passion of that *Monarch*, that I believe, had not my Soul been too strongly fix'd to my faithless inconstant *Bellvile*, I could not have resisted all the tender Obligements of that Prince. But when I was so happy, to find a certain Protection in my *Uncle's* Friendship, so great a Solitude rather increasing my Discontent for the injurious Usage of my Husband, I was so happy to make Devotion my Refuge: It was that (*pursued* Emelia) and that only, which inspired me with Fortitude to baffle the Terrors of Death, with so much Contempt, and resist a not disagreeable *Monarch's* Addresses, with the Power and Honour that attended it.

The *King*, being prevailed on to leave me to my repose, I was convey'd to the next Apartment; and *Emer-Zemla* staying with him, he renew'd his Sollicitation, with extravagant Promises, if he could win me to a Compliance; not omitting to insinuate Threats, if I continued obstinate: which my *Uncle* did not fail to enforce, with all the dismal Disasters that must attend my still resisting. But unmoved, I told him, I was resolved to wait and bear with Patience, whatever Heaven was pleased to allot; retorting so sharply on him, his want of Courage, and Vertue, that vanquish'd with shame, he left pursuing me. Whilst my Wound mending but slowly, I perpetually had the *King's* company,

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when

when Sleep, or the pretence of it, did not free me from him. And indeed in those Hours he show'd so excellent an Understanding, with such a Nobleness of Mind, that I began, almost, to fear him as a dangerous Lover, my Aversion now ceasing, which at first proved no small Armour to the Resistance I made. But in the mean time, all that had pass'd flying to the *Queen's* Ears, she was struck with such an implacable Jealousy, that she resolv'd my death; it being a very wrong Notion that we have, to imagine the *Asian* Ladies are so passive concerning their Husband's divided Love.—It's true, any Pleasure *en passant* with other Women of the *Seraglio* (who pay the Wife the Respect of a Mistress) they encourage, as we would a female Friend to make a third at Cards, or any other Amusement; but when once they imagine or apprehend they are like to gain a superiour Interest in the Hearts of their Husbands, they feel as many lively Pangs, and racking Tortures, outrageously opposing, or slyly undermining, as the most exasperated *Italian* Revenge can invent; their Passions being more violent than ours, take deeper root. Of this Stamp was the *Queen*, who in her Youth had been too busy in Politicks, not to be tainted with a subtle ill Principle in most of her Designs. The King's high Spirit had curb'd her in all State-Matters, since the death of her Father; yet he treated her with great Respect, as the Source from whence his Honours sprung: except in Love-Affairs, it seems he had often caus'd her to be violently uneasy, tho' never any thing comparable to this Adventure of mine, which she determin'd to get rid of, by
poisoning

poisoning me.——Having gained an Eunuch, the *King* assign'd to be one of my Attendants, to aid her in her Design, the Dish I drank Tea in, was poison'd; when Providence so order'd it, that *Cushama* by chance broke it, and my poor little Squirrel eating the Sugar out of the bottom, immediately grew sick and dizzy, and taking him in my Lap, he soon, falling into strong Convulsions, died. This so alarm'd my *Uncle*, that he immediately carried it to the *King*; who presently guess'd from whence the Mischief came: tho', to be certain, the *Eunuch* was threatened with the Rack; which to escape, he confess'd it was done at the *Queen's* Sollicitation.—This waking the *King's* care to preserve me for the future, most of his Officers were dismissed; and those whom my *Uncle* could best confide in, were placed about me in their stead. But my Wound mending apace, and the *King* growing more violent in his Sollicitations, which my *Uncle* perceiving I intended to resist with my first unalter'd Resolution, he, in earnest began to think of our *Escape*: and it fortunately happening that a *Dutch* Vessel was going to leave the Port, laden for *Europe*, he ordered it so, as to agree for our Passage; tho' he was too much a Politician to let him know he ran the danger of carrying away *Emer-Zemla* and myself, only making the Master of the Ship believe we were Merchants, who were afraid of being taken up about some Mismanagements in the Duties of Trade. He contrived that the Ship should sail in the Morning out of the Port, and dropping down about ten Leagues, they should lie by within one of the Palaces where the *King* then resided,

resided, and send their Boat to an unfrequented part of the Shore, to wait for us.

I thought, *said* Emelia, I should have gone wild with Joy, when my *Uncle* brought me this pleasing News; charging me at the same time to soften my Behaviour to the *King*, to prevent Suspicion: which I did so artfully, that *Abdalla*, charm'd with the Change, talk'd all in the Language of Raptures, staying with me so long, that I was forced to pretend a Fit of Illness to be rid of him. Tho' I cannot help owning, when I reflected on the uncommon Generosity with which he treated me, considering the Tyranny which they exercise in those Parts over our wretched Sex, when thrown unfortunately in their power, that I could not see him leave me, as I imagin'd, for ever, without being touch'd with some Regret.—— I immediately prepared for our Departure, my cautious *Uncle* not suffering us to quit the Palace till he was first sure that the Long-Boat waited for us on the Shore; and then pretending some Business of Consequence, I and *Cushama* followed him in the Habit of inferiour *Eunuchs*, that tend in lower Offices about the Court. We got off unsuspected, and swift as our Horses could carry us, made to the Boat; where a Christian, in whose Fidelity my *Uncle* knew he might confide, expected our coming, with most of our Treasure; and without difficulty getting to the Ship, with flying Sails we made from Shore.

Thus Providence allotted, when I least expected, my Deliverance; for who could have thought, that *Emelia* should in less than a Month be sailing to her native Country, when she received that haughty Command to be brought

brought to the Seraglio, from whence none e'er depart till Death has seal'd their fatal Mandate?—Or who could have imagin'd that I should return laden home, Mistress of immense Wealth, that saw me leave my native Country, forlorn, abandon'd, and destitute of Friends, or wherewithal to support me? Thus, whilst celestial Virtue is our Guide, let none distrust the all-liberal Hand of Providence, whose Mercy descends to relieve the poor, the miserable offending Sinner.

When we lost sight of *Golconda*, the Fears which had so visibly possessed my *Uncle* whilst he was active about his escaping, (that had not Love blinded the *King's* Penetration, he might easily have observed the violent Agitation of his Soul through his Visage) dispersing as we drew towards *Europe*, he frankly owning his Weakness, took me into his Arms, and said, My dearest Neice, I acknowledge it is to you I owe the now joyful Hope of seeing again my Country, join'd with the Happiness, that I have it in my power to recompence so near, so valuable a Relation, according to her Merit; who has show'd me the exalted difference between a steady Perseverance, when attack'd by imminent tempting Dangers, and only poorly wishing or desiring to do it: For even those who have no natural Turn or Impulse to *Vice*, often by an irresolute Indolence submit, fondly flattering themselves, that the Force and Necessity will palliate the Crime. I mention this, said *Emelia*, to show you how much he approved of that very *Constancy* which his weak Fears would have shaken. Nor was he less generous than

than his Promise; we no sooner arriving at *Venice*, than disposing of most of his Jewels to advantage, he divided his Wealth equally between us, from that moment making me intire Mistress of half, independent of him. Nor did he forget the Christian Servant that assisted in our Escape, or the *Dutch Master*; rewarding him as liberally, as if he had known the Risque he had run of carrying from *Golconda*, *Emer-Zemla* and *Emelia*.

I will not trouble you, *said this fair Historian*, with the Names of the Countries, or the delightful Journeys which we made throughout most parts of *Europe*, till our Arrival in our dear native Country: Where we had not been long landed, before my *Uncle* entering into a serious Discourse on the Incidents of my past Life, said to me, *Neice*, tho' I perceive you would disguise in silence the Anguish of your Soul, your perfidious Husband has still too great an ascendant o'er your Heart, for you to have any true Joy in Life; which fills me with Fears that this one Weakness may destroy all the Happiness Providence has liberally pointed out to you. Confess (*said he, perceiving the rising Blushes guiltily acknowledging the Truth*) are not your secret Wishes for a Reconciliation? To which I answered, (confounded at his quick Perception of my Folly) I cannot well tell you how my Heart is disposed toward him whom I violently Love and Hate at once; and fear, those opposite Passions, in spite of Resolution and Absence, will never cease tormenting the Repose I fain would find by Indifference and Insensibility: But this, Sir, I assure you, (*added I*) I shall never stoop

stoop to a thought of Reconciliation without (what, alas! is impossible) the finding him such as I at first imagin'd him, when Gratitude pleaded with all his other Charms for the surrender of my Heart. Not but I own I wish to triumph over him, by letting him see how much the injur'd abandon'd *Emelia* has been the particular Care of Providence; which perhaps may make him dread the contrary Effect on his Perjuries. Ha! (*cry'd my Uncle, on hearing this*) you have touch'd the very Point; I fear and tremble for you: Your Curiosity, (*pursued he*) has already made you enquire whether he has yet disposed of himself to another, and now you know your Fortune may make him desire you on the score of Interest, and assert his Right, who before deny'd you, with so unparallel'd a Baseness, that I wonder how it's possible a Woman of your Sense and Spirit can entertain a thought of remaining Love for the worst of Men; who work'd on your *Aunt's* and your Weakness, to become a Prey to his Desires; which after having fully satiated, without any Sense of Justice or Honour, or one remorseful Thought of Pity, the last feeble Remain of Love, did an Action that ought to make you think of him only with Detestation and Horror.—For what Happiness can you ever expect, or what Confidence can you have in him, in whose most endearing Caresses you fear Deceit; who when most he seem'd to love, was under-hand striking the blows of deadly Hate,—and whose Principle you know has dared to break through the most solemn and sacred Ties on Earth.—No, *Emelia*, (*continued he*) exert yourself, and by a noble
L Resent-

Resentment, resolve to hate and think no more of him : And as I believe you are safer whilst out of his Knowledge, change your Name ; and as your State is truly that of a Widow, wear the Title of one—— and let us chuse the most pleasant Part of the Country, to pass, I hope, our happy Days.— The Court and City being the only Places *Bellvile* can banish you from, vanquish all Thoughts of appearing there :—— which, I take it, will be very easy for you to do, whom I have found more inclined to be diverted with Reading than Conversation. Nor put it any more in *Bellvile's* power to create you new Misfortunes, which by wilfully running into, you cannot hope Providence will again appear so wonderfully in your behalf ; having no excuse for loving him, who ought to be abhorr'd.

These Reasons, join'd with my *Uncle's* Intreaties, caused me to subdue all Thoughts of seeing *Bellvile* ; and I retired with him, to the Seat he had purchased, where I have ever since resided. And my *Uncle*, who at his Death made me his Heir, more strongly laying the same Injunction on me, has prevented, more than my Resentment, the fond Desire I have still of once more seeing *Bellvile*, and running perhaps into a second Ruin : For such is my Weakness, that neither Absence nor all my mighty Wrongs can rase the first charming Idea from my Soul. This Folly I have suffer'd to prevail so far on me, that learning he went abroad on publick Affairs, I wrote a Letter as if residing in that Place ; only telling him, I was still living, and bidding him beware of entering into another Marriage, to add to his Crimes :

Crimes: For tho' I had been so barbarously used by him, I had preserved myself, without retorting his Injuries, by any other way, but by being concealed eternally from him. This I did, not to have reproach on myself, should he be guilty of so great a Crime.

And in this perplex'd State I have continued ever since, wishing to see him, and that he may find an excuse for all he has done; yet not daring to do it: Which is now more than ever increased, by seeing that faithless Charmer, in the Drawing-Room, when last we were there. But alas! how chang'd from the Young, the Gay, Inimitable *Bellville*! The enchanting Softness of his Eyes skilled no less than his Tongue in the persuasive Arts of Love, now sternly moved, regardless of the Fair; whilst his contracted Brows seem'd puzzled in hatching dark Schemes of State. Yet tho' his Complexion was fallow'd, and his easy Air and fine-turned Limbs grown into a heavy Corpulency; still methoughts there appear'd a noble Grandeur in his Mien.— Ah! Heavens, *pursued* Emelia, why have you given so many outward Excellencies, where there is so little Worth lodg'd within? And why am I doom'd to love—— to doat—— where all Virtue is wanting, that should give Approbance to my fond Passion? But (*proceeded that Lady*) unable to bear the sight of him, with trembling Limbs I withdrew, complaining to you and *Elisinda*, that I was seiz'd with a sudden Disorder. This, with what has since happen'd to you on *Lyfander's* score, made me resolve to leave the Town, and try, by retreating, to escape the Snares of Love; which

may again intrap me, and make you acquainted with Sorrows like those I have but poorly painted the least Part of.

Emelia had scarce finished these Words, when they perceived a Chariot with two Gentlemen and their Equipage in Mourning pass by them, and stop at *Bellgrand's* Coach. But how different were the Passions of their Souls, tho' both habited in the Weeds of Grief! The one being *Stanorius*, lately freed from the galling Chains of Matrimony; and the other, the generous enamoured *Marcander*, who was pierced with a Sorrow of a deeper Strain than outward Mourning could express.

Bellgrand and the Gentlemen knowing each other, and understanding they were to travel the same Road, tho' *Marcander* and *Stanorius's* swift Horses show'd they intended to reach a further length; yet they were easily persuaded to halt at *Bellgrand's*, and the Ladies intended Stage: especially *Stanorius*, who by this had learnt from *Elisinda's* longing Eyes—that a pleasing Duty was expected from him by that Fair, whose eager Soul was already contriving a Means to possess Joys more solid, and suiting better with her warm Nature, than such as her profess'd Austerity admitted of: To accomplish which, they had no sooner entred the Inn, but her excellent Engine, *Stanissa*, took care to consult with him, in order to have their Chambers join'd; which being done, they waited not long before Supper was brought, some of *Bellgrand's* People having rode before, to get it prepared.

But now Fate began to turn the Scales against *Elisinda*, who was not much longer to triumph

triumph in her dissembled Hypocrisy and Wickedness : for the beauteous *Bellamira*, like the refulgent Sun, darkening all her feebler Rays, struck the amazed *Stanorius* with too many pointed Charms, not to yield himself her immediate Victim, whose nice Discernment of the Sex's Foibles, hitherto had prevented all Esteem. But here Reason, commonly the Foe of Love, join'd his united Force, in acknowledging her faultlessly fair,—who was indeed free from all the little affected Vanities of her Sex ;——as Tossings of the Head, Shrugs, and swimming indolent Airs, which oftener create Ridicule, than gain the sought-for Admiration. Whilst *Bellamira*, insensible of her own Perfection ; made all her Charms appear the inimitable Work of Nature : and tho' *Stanorius* found his amorous Soul lost in this delightful Labyrinth of Beauty, yet he did not fail to call his usual Assistant, *ill-natur'd Observation*, to his aid ; to find if the Mind inhabiting within, was worthy of so fair a Lodgment, which now feeble Art made all her Charms return with double force : A becoming Modesty, nicely placed between an extreme Bashfulness and assuming Boldness, accompanying all her Actions and Words ; which tho' few, express'd her Thoughts so excellently just and pleasing, that he began as eagerly to desire an acquaintance with her Mind, as her outward Form.

But tho' his ravish'd Eyes wish'd eternally to be fix'd on that lovely Object, yet he often turned their now satiated Glances on *Elifinda* ; being not insensible how soon the Fiend, Jealousy, would enter a Woman's Breast.

But

But Supper being ended, the disconsolate *Marcander* withdrew,—who, blind to Beauty, and insensible to Joy, or the Pleasures of Conversation, chuses, by retiring alone, to indulge Love, Grief and Despair, which had been his inseparable Companions, ever since the death of the lovely *Morenia* ; when it happened that *Emelia* casting her Eyes towards his Seat, and perceiving something glitter, pointed to a Servant to reach it her ; which being done, she perceived it was a Picture in miniature, representing a *Huntress*, the Beauty of which, extremely charming her, she said, as she survey'd it, How just a Symmetry are in these Features ! How exactly proportioned are these fine-turn'd Limbs !—What a sprightly Sweetness is in those Eyes !—How many agreeable Smiles play about her Mouth !—Sure (*pursued she*) the Original is an unequal'd Beauty ; or else the Painter's Imagination has excell'd all I have yet beheld of Nature !—*Stanorius*, who, knew the Fair-one this Piece but faintly represented, reply'd, he was convinced by what *Emelia* had said, she must be a Stranger to the amiable Original, who had all the varying Charms of her whole Sex centered in herself ; each Action and changing Look, adding to her Beauty, new and inimitable Graces ; an enchanting Softness often in her Eyes in a moment would succeed the laughing Deities, that before revel'd there in wanton Mirth : Yet, when Anger had animated them, the sparkling Rays would flash around with such a beauteous Majesty, as would awe and make you yield yourself the Offender, tho' conscious the fault was her's.——Nor was her Genius inferiour, tho'

tho' less regular, than the Excellences of her Person ; there being something in it too exalted, too daring, and too full of fire, for the Timidity, and almost dull Discretion, with which the Fair ought to guard their Chastity.

Elifinda, stung at the Warmth with which *Stanorius* described all these Perfections, hastily reached her Hand to view the Picture ; which she had no sooner done, but with a pleased Spight she said, If I mistake not, the Lady which this enchanting Piece represents, was *Morenia*, the Daughter of the Baron de ——— and the adulterous divorc'd Wife of the injured Count *Vilayne*, whose Soul and Character is as abominably deformed, as her Person might be esteemed otherwise.——No doubt but her pious Abhorrence of that odious Vice——might have caused her to have run a greater length, had she not remember'd *Stanorius* was present ; who taking her up, said, Madam, you have too rigidly trod the Paths of Honour and Vertue, to be a Judge of the offending *Morenia*, whom I would not pretend to excuse in this Company, tho' I would a little soften her Faults, and put her in a light that might discover some sparks of Vertue ; which, through the black Cloud of criminal Love, might move your pity, at the same time that you blam'd the Conduct of this guilty Fair-one.——To which *Emelia* reply'd, I am already too much charm'd with this lovely Resemblance of the Lady, not to wish her Actions as amiable, who certainly must be attack'd with Temptations as much superiour to what our Sex often, but feebly resist, as I think her Charms surpass all I have seen : And since (*added she*) you incline
so

so favourably to mention her Faults, methinks I would hear them from *Stanorius*.——*Bellgrand* and the conquering *Bellamira* joining their Requests with hers, *Elifinda* was forced to yield, and be the painful Hearer of Adventures she approved of only in Action: Tho' after some time, fired with Thoughts more elevated than those of empty Conversation, she withdrew; chiding *Stanorius* with her Eyes, for imploying the precious time in insipid Talk, while more pleasing Joys waited his Approach. But so fickle is the Heart of Man, that he, who not many hours before stop'd the Course of his Journey, summon'd by her Charms, now found more pleasure in bearily gazing on *Bellamira*, than all her rised Beauties could equal. And her Absence giving him greater Latitude to enjoy that Happiness, he, to entertain the Company, began the Story of *Morenia* in the following manner.

The History of the Marquis de Montroville, Morenia, and the Count Vi-layne.

MO R E N I A's Father, the Baron de...
 Seat lying within a Mile of the *Marquis de Montroville's* Castle; a Title that will be revered in all Ages, for the great Actions of this young Hero's *Grandfire*, whose undaunted Courage, Fortitude and Loyalty, alone stem'd and opposed, for a considerable while, the rebellious Torrent of Confusion and Anarchy, that o'erwhelmed and devoured his bleeding Country; long

long supporting his *royal Master's* sinking Cause, and with him greatly fall, laden, as he justly term'd it, with never-dying Honours: Who, pursued Stanorius, (fir'd with a worthy Emulation, on making this little Mention of the great, the glorious *Montroville*) like him, would not rather nobly expire in the Service of their *King* and *Country*, than linger on the coward, cold, Death-Bed of Nature?

But as *Love*, and not *War*, is to be my present Theme, the young Marquiss *de Montroville* and his Sisters being inseparably in the company of *Morenia*, by the intimacy of their two Families they had, even in their Infancy, so tender a Friendship for each other, that their childish Endearments were often repeated to divert the Visitors of each Family. The Marquiss, but two Years older than *Morenia*, never thought he had learn'd his Lesson, till he had first taught it that young Lady; and when he was ungovernable and obstinate, if she was called to their Assistance, she never fail'd to calm and bring him back to a serene Compliance with his Duty. Thus, before they understood the Name of Love, their Hearts were join'd in an innocent amiable Passion for each other; which their growing Years blowing to a more lively Flame, they thought to make it eternal, by the most binding Vows that *Love* and they could invent, without any dread of Fortune's opposition. The Marquiss's Father having been long dead, they flatter'd themselves, from the smallness of *Morenia's* Fortune, that when *Montroville* should come of Age, he need but ask that lovely Lady of her Father, to obtain her.

But Time's flow Wings not flying so fast as their Wishes, the *Lover* had scarce reach'd to the eighteenth Year of his Age, when the *Dowager Marchioness de Montroville*, thinking it time for him to begin his Travels, had all things prepared before she acquainted him with it ; and then, in terms too arbitrary, let him know her Design, for him to think of ought but obeying her. Whatever reluctance he had for being thus cruelly divided from the innocent sweet Society of his adorable *Morenia*, whom he visited the next day with this unwelcome fatal News, I will not (*said Stanorius*) pretend to relate all the Conversation that had pass'd between these Lovers at parting ; tho' I have heard most of it mentioned by both : The amorous *Marquis*, by ten thousand Oaths of eternal Fidelity, endeavoured to persuade *Morenia* in his Absence to persist in the like ; telling her, that tho' he was forced by the rigour of his guardian Mother then to a Separation, yet nothing should make him cease a moment to adore her ; that her lovely Image was too strongly imprinted in his Soul, for ought but Death to efface. Which to confirm, he showed *Morenia* her own Picture hanging at his Breast ; telling her, whilst absent, on that alone he'd gaze : And presenting her with his, desired it might sometimes be look'd on, to put her in mind of her adoring Lover. *Morenia*, however, restrained by Modesty, no less charmed than he, with having such a pleasing Resemblance of her enchanting *Montroville*, received it ; and said, Tho' the Manner of my Dress will not permit me to wear it, as you do mine, yet till my Eyes are bless'd in beholding the

the Original, to this I'll pay my morning and evening Visits, and do you remember the Hours I go to or rise from my Repose, to this Effigy, as to yourself, I will unload the Fullness of my Heart, my Faith, my eternal Constancy.— Yes, (*pursued she, speaking to it*) do you tell my *Montroville*, whilst he is faithful, no Force, no Violence, nor all the Charms of his conquering Sex, shall create an inconstant Thought of ought but himself.— Ah tell him, *pursued she*, I will indeed preserve *Morenia* his, through every Difficulty.— But should he then at last be false!— The Violence with which she utter'd these Words, causing the Blood to gush from her Nose, frighten'd with the Imagination that it was an ill Omen, she said, See my Lord, I confirm my Truth, and Faith, with my Blood; and *Montroville*, in spite of all his doubts of my Love, and his Vows of eternal Constancy, will be false—to the forlorn *Morenia*; who dwelling in Obscurity, amidst barren Rocks and solitary Woods, will be neglected and forgotten. Ah! (*pursued that aimable Fair-one*) how can I expect the faint Image of *Morenia* should guard your Heart against the selected dazzling Charms of Courts? There some victorious Happy-one will soon drive every Thought, every Idea of hapless me thence.— But the lovely Marquis, by repeated Assurances, dispersing her Fears, the Lovers having first contrived to write to each other without being discover'd, were at last forced to separate. He began his Jouruey, his Thoughts fully possess'd with the Charms of that inimitably constant

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Lady,

Lady, who resolv'd to fall a Martyr to Love, rather than be false to her *Montroville*.

But whilst the young Lady was securely wrapt in the delightful Ideas of Love, and her engaging Lover; the Baron *de.....* her Father, having wasted his Estate considerably in the late Civil Wars of the Empire, had few other hopes of advancing *Morenia* in Marriage suitable to her Birth, but by her extraordinary Beauty: Which I believe, Ladies, (*pursued Stanorius*) you're sensible is not all that is requisite in this Age, tho' our first Parent thought it an Equivalent for the Empire of the Globe, with which he endowed his Consort: Nor would *Morenia's* Stars have been much less auspicious, had not Love, like the seducing Serpent, fatally wrought her Ruin. It happening that *Villayne*, who is esteem'd one of the richest Counts of the Empire, was one Morning at the Diversion of Hawking; a favourite one flying a-cross the Baron's Grounds, and not returning at the Falconer's Call, they imagin'd it was perched on a Tree, perhaps, in the Garden: which caused *Villayne* and his company to go to the Baron's, who waited on them to the Garden, where they found the Hawk perched on *Morenia's* Arm. *Villayne* charmed with the inexpressible Beauty of that young Lady, and surprized at the Accident of the Hawk, began fondly to imagine (being superstitiously Religious) that the Bird, directed by Providence, had pointed out to him *Morenia* for a Wife; tho' afterwards he was convinced, this fancied auspicious Flight of the Hawk was to occasion none of that flatter'd Happiness, unless the extraordinary
Patience

Patience with which he sustained her Injuries, were to qualify him for a more elevated one hereafter. However, staying Dinner at the *Baron's* Intreaty, he did not depart thence till he had proposed the Marriage; which was too much for the advantage of *Morenia*, not to be joyfully accepted by her *Father*, without once consulting whether his Daughter could love this future Husband: Which, alas! she was so far from pretending, that with a Courage unusual in one of her Sex and Youth, she strove by Denials, Tears, and Intreaties, to move her obdurate Father from endeavouring this Match. But in vain; he spurn'd her from him weeping, and when she persisted in refusing to wed *Villayne*, he swore to turn her forth a wandering Vagabond. And finding neither his stern Commands, nor her Mother's softer Soothings, could work on her unhappy Constancy; the inexorable Baron—who, from the tender Friendship of their Infancy, did not want to guess the too engaging *Marquis's* the entire Cause of this Aversion to *Villayne*, took a most inhuman Resolution, of having her lock'd up without either Light or Food till she was brought to consent. And tho' he formerly, by no signs of Dislike, suffer'd *Morenia* by all manner of uncontrouled Opportunities to exert her Charms on *Montroville*; yet now he resolv'd not to slip so vastly favourable an Offer, as the *Count's*, only for the wavering hopes of Youth's inconstant Love.

Morenia three Days endured this painful Fast, but at length Nature each moment preying on her for Relief, she at last thought and fix'd on a strange Resolution, to ease her
present

present intolerable Sufferings, and still preserve her Faith inviolable to her beloved *Montroville*.

No sooner had she determined what to do, but with Looks as chearful as her Soul was otherwise, she submitted to her *Parents* Will; whilst the penetrating Father, surprized at her outward Gaiety and sudden Compliance, had her strictly watch'd till the Ceremonies were past, and the fair Maid by her virgin Companions carry'd to her Bridal-Bed. Where, Ladies, (*pursued Stanorius*) I am forced to make mention of a very surprizing Scene between her and the *Count*, tho' nothing that will be offensive to your tender Ears.— This wretched Bride, or rather Victim, no sooner perceiving *Villayne* to make the approaches of an amorous *Bridegroom*, but throwing herself out of the Bed, fell at his Feet, which she bedewing with her Tears, said, Oh my Lord, if you are not more than greatly Good, *Morenia* is the most detestable, perjured, and the miserablest of Women! Oh, *pursued this lovely Hypocrite*, what shall I do! instruct me all ye Powers, to move his virtuous Heart; and you great Patroness, whose Vengeance else must fall on my Perjuries, inspire him to have Mercy, to save me from a Crime my Nature shudders at, and what I would fain by Death prevent. The *Count*, who is of a Disposition soft as Summer's gentlest Winds, could not behold *Morenia's* moving Grief, without giving way to the compassionate Tenderness of his Nature; bidding her proceed in Terms that made her think her Arts half successful: And that young Deceiver knowing *Villayne's* Weakness

ness lay (if I may call it such) in being extremely bigotted to Religion, she made him believe that in her Zeal to the Virgin, she had devoted some time of Youth to that great Patroness by a Vow of Chastity, which was not yet expired. The pious Count, on hearing this, however pleased he was to find he was like to be bless'd with a Wife as religiously zealous as himself; could not forbear sighing when he asked, how long it would be e'er the Expiration of it: which that subtle Fair-one fix'd to the time of *Montrovile's* coming of Age. And thus, instead of bridal Joys, by *Morenia's* Tears, and the Face of Devotion, the Count complaisantly left the Bed, and spent the Nights on the Floor, till he carry'd her home; where the Charms of her Wit and Disposition, with her pretended Piety, gained so great an Ascendant over him, that she and her Family became entirely Mistress of his Estate: Nay, so far did this Lady's Gaiety work on his easy Temper, that *Montrovile's* Health was often drank by the Title of *the Lady in the black Box*; she making him believe, she had there the Picture of one she knew he had a Respect for.

But to return to *De Montrovile*, neither the Charms of foreign Courts, nor yet the greater Foe to Love, *Absence*, had power hitherto to shake the Constancy of this Lover; who easily took the excuses she made, of her Father's cruel Violence and Force, together with how strangely she had prevail'd on *Villayne's* Weakness—so that by repeated Letters, full of the tenderest Assurances of Love, he caused her to persist in her unalterable Faith, and the long-expected

expected Time by each drawing nigh, the Husband no less wishing it, than the Lover, who was now arrived at his Castle, in order to put his design in execution; where by an assisting Servant, who had formerly belonged to the *Marquiss*, and ever since *Morenia's* Marriage had been her particular Favourite, it was agreed she should fly from her Husband with the *Marquiss* to a distant Town, and there by a second Marriage and Consummation, together with her Precontract with *Montroville*, they did not fear to baffle the *Count's* Pretences.

Whilst, unfortunately for this wretched Lady, a Letter from her, in which all this Scheme was laid, being carelessly by the *Marquiss* left in an upper Pocket, his treacherous Valet found it, and carried it to the *Dowager Marchioness*; who being a Lady of admirable Spirit and good Sense, had so great an Authority in the Country, that she immediately confined the young Lover, and sent *Villayne* the Letter. Which not being found above an Hour before the design'd Flight, the unhappy Husband did not receive it till *Morenia* was fled: But learning from it what Road she took, he and his Friends soon pursued and came within sight of her. Which when *Morenia* perceived, being an excellent Horse-Woman, she turned up a Mountain so steep and narrow, as hardly to be passable; whilst her faithful Servant, unfortunately for him, being before, and her Husband's Party hollowing to him, by Threats and Intreaties to stop, which must have prevented her going on; but her Request being more powerful in begging him still to continue their Flight, the unhappy Wretch was shot dead
on

on the spot, his Horse and self so incumbering the Passage, that, unable to pass further, this undaunted Lady was seized by her *Husband*, and his Friends; where, before them all, with a Resolution unterrify'd, she declared herself the Wife of *Montroville*; adding, how little in the three Years, he had deserved the Name of Husband.—The blushing *Count* could not deny the Truth of this Assertion, and the stern *Baron*, being present, resumed the Authority of a Father, and forced her home, to prevent her going greater lengths on that unhappy score.

The *Marchioness* being acquainted with all that had happened, and understanding by *Vilayne's* Confession, that *Morenia* was still a Virgin, and neither Ambition, nor the Manner of this Marriage pleasing her, she took hold of this very Secret, to ruin that ill-fated Lady in her Son's esteem; and in a grave Discourse with him, insinuated as if *Vilayne* had affirmed his Lady was then with Child by him. This wrought the Effect she wish'd: The *Marquis* cools in his Love, the Probability staggers his Faith, the roving Desires of his Youth grow uneasy by his Confinement, and his arbitrary Mother resolves not to give him liberty, 'till he is secured from that unhappy Lady, for fear he should find the Truth, and relapse to Love: In short, by her well-inforced Reasons and this Deceit, she so wrought on him, that in less than thirty days, he was married to a very agreeable Lady, that soon was to drive out the faint Remains of undone *Morenia*; who, all this while endured, unmoved, the Shock of her reproaching Parents and Friends

taunting Reflections, with Usage too severe to be mentioned. And when with reiterated Spight, they still rung in her Ears, the doleful Nell to *Morenia* of his Marriage, she has often vow'd she did not believe it, till confirmed by the neglectful Liberty they at length suffered her to take. The *Count* making no offers of Reconciliation, and that wretched Lady, finding by all her Inquiries the fatal Confirmation of the Truth; yet did she not suffer her great Spirit to bend to an absolute Despair: till one day forlornly straying out alone, she perceived, from the Field she was in, the *Marquiss*, only attended by his Domesticks, riding along a Road that join'd to it; and making towards him, she called aloud to have him stop: which he obeying, she said, My Lord, I am informed you are married, I want nothing but to be convinced from yourself—which before you speak, your Looks have satisfied me of; they express a secret Shame and Guilt for what you have done, which however the busy World may talk, *Morenia* can never feel on your score. You know, my Lord, I did not give my Love unsought, and when I received your Vows, and returned them, you see no Misery could make me break through the first Engagement of my Heart,—but you have done it—and I am now free, and will still be happy with *Vilayne*, without bestowing one Thought on the perjured *Montroville*. The confusion of the *Marquiss*, who by this had learn'd the Deceit of his Mother, with all that unhappy Lady had suffered, caused him, without interruption, to hear her out: but then it was too late to begin his weak Vindication. *Morenia*, turning
from

from him, fled too fast away for either his Calls or Pursuit to overtake her ; so that at last the *Marquiss*, like her, was forced to return home, and endeavour to drown the Remains of that Passion in a deep Despair.

Morenia, whose Soul was of a different turn to most of her unhappy Sex, who are generally found to pine after the fickle False-one, when his Desire is pall'd and fled, kept her Word, and from that Moment, never bestowed a Sigh or Thought on the inconstant *Marquiss* ; bending all her Thoughts and Wit to retrieve *Vilayne* back. In order to which, she wrote a Letter, informing him, that not being able to break through her Vows, she had indeed imposed on him ; but whatever cause she had had to complain of *Montroville's* Ingratitude, yet to him alone, she must impute all her Miseries, whose fatal Love interposing, had occasioned her being abandon'd by all that was dear to her : and in moving distressful Terms painting the Usage she had received from her Parents, intreated him only to send her to a Monastery, there to consume the remainder of her unhappy days.

But tho' that fair subtle Lady wrote in this manner, she was too well acquainted with *Vilayne's* Disposition and unhappy Dotage, for her not to be sensible, he could no sooner hear of *Morenia's* being in Grief and Distress, desiring his Aid, but Love and soft Compassion would drive away every uneasy resenting Thought. And as she judged, the fond *Count*, on receiving the Letter, flew to her Father's, and entering her Chamber, let her know he came to give her her choice, either of a monastic Life, or if she could be happy with him,

whose tender Love she need not doubt, he would do all that was in his power to recompence the fatal Loss he had occasioned. *Morenia* falling at his Feet, return'd him thanks; assuring him, all the Friendship she had had for *Montroville* should now be changed into a just Regard for the more valuable *Vilayne*, since he was pleased so generously to pardon what was past. Thus they were reconciled, and in less than a Year, she made him a happy Father.

Stanorius at this making a full stop, *Emelia* taking up the Discourse, said, I cannot perceive in ought that you have related concerning *Morenia*, but that she much more deserves our Pity than Blame; tho' her excess of Love, pursued in so violent a manner, with the Consequences that attended it, shows us how fatal that Passion is always to be, when not approved of by Friends: But *Stanorius*, who had perceived *Stanissa* enter the Room some time before, and leaning behind *Emelia's* Chair, with reproaching Eyes chide his idle Loitering, whilst *Elifinda* and other sort of Joys waited—replying to *Emelia*, said, Could I here draw a Curtain, and conceal a blacker Scene that is still behind; she would much rather, in my Opinion, deserve immortal Approvance than any Censure.—But since, pursued he, you're inclined to have Compassion on this unhappy Lady, I will leave you to-night in your present favourable Thoughts, perceiving Sleep already begins to take his Seat on lovely *Bellamira's* Eyes. To which that young Lady answered, he had mistook, for she had

had been all Attention; but *Emelia* and *Bell-grand* thinking *Stanorius*, tired by this tedious Relation, was willing to defer it, took this occasion to invite him to make a Halt in his Journey, and pass a Day or two at *Emelia's*: Which, for several pleasing Reasons, he accepted with a becoming Complaisance, knowing neither he nor *Marcander* had any extraordinary Business to prevent that Happiness. And all withdrawing to Rest, what fell out after, is reserved to the Third Part.

The End of the Second Part,





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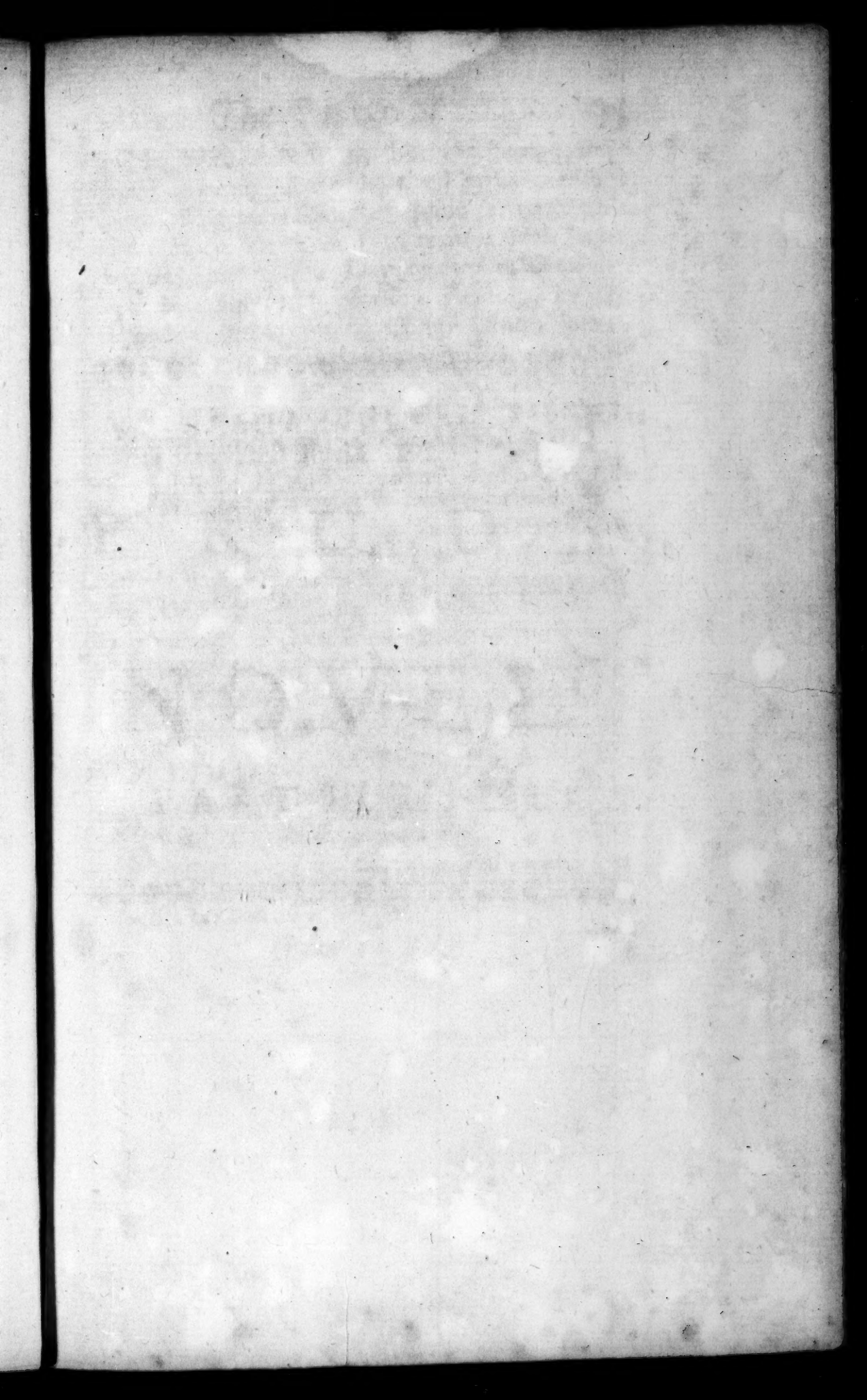
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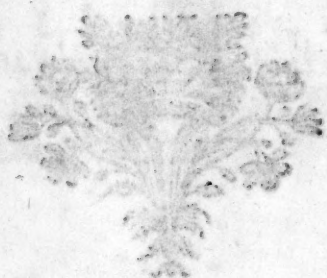
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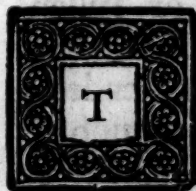
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THE PRUDE.

PART III.



THE Company rising very early the next Morning, met all at Breakfast, in which they took but little Time; it being agreed they should reach *Emelia's* before they dined.

The Intimacy between *Bellgrand* and *Marcander*, caused the first to mount with him in his Chariot; by which means *Stanorius* had the happiness to be placed by the lovely *Bellamira*; she, and *Emelia*, with *Elifinda*, filling up the Coach.

Where *Emelia* soon made *Stanorius* sensible, she was desirous to hear the rest of *Morenia's* Adventures; telling him, her Concern for that Lady, had employ'd her Thoughts most part of the Night, to find a Reason why a Love so

valuable and constant, should be so unfortunate ; but I have remarked, *pursued she*, our ill-fated Sex's Fidelity seldom meets with a better Reward. I am afraid, Madam, *answer'd Stanorius*, you are going to attribute the Cause of their Unhappiness, to a Crime we are all so generally tainted with, as will need an infinite deal of Wit and Skill to vindicate. If you mean, *resumed she*, the Inconstancy of *De Montroville*, you are not much mistaken ; tho' I should not have blamed him, if, after *Morenia's* Marriage, he had banish'd all Thoughts of that agreeable Lady ; yet, methinks, when he had suffer'd her to go so great a Length, and make such an *Eclat* on his score, it was as dishonourable a Retreat, as the withdrawing one's Forces from the Side we are engag'd to, just when they are going to begin the Battle with the Enemy. But, I have always observed, *continued Emelia*, Men rather chuse by outrageous Anger, or sullen Neglect, to make the *Forsaken* sensible of her lost Interest, than with any Humanity endeavour to soften the Disappointment, though it should cost them but a few plausible Excuses. The Reason, *answer'd Stanorius, with a Gaiety*, is very obvious ; for with how ill, how awkward an Air, must a Lover look, after he has been telling his Mistress, in the Language of Transports, of her unequal, numberless Perfections, and his eternal, passionate Adorations ; that all those chimerical Imaginations, those pleasing Ideas, are vanish'd ; and that, with his recover'd Senses, she appears now to him, meer Woman ! — You have, *said Elifinda*, I think, given a much better Reason for treat-
ing

The PRUDE.

3

ing our Credulity with Contempt, than any we can find, to excuse the Folly of believing you. And as, *pursued she*, I look on all who are called Lovers, to be tainted with vicious Inclinations, so I think Discourses on that Subject, too near the Borders of Vice. *Emelia*, who was not without Suspensions of her being better acquainted with that amorous Deity, than this Austerity seem'd to admit, *answer'd her*, she could not yield, in the least, to her Opinion, who have, *said she*, Nature and Religion against you in this Point; for, is not Love the great, the only Cement, between Husbands and Wives, Parents and Children? And how many miserable Marriages do we see, for want of that amiable Passion, to unite the jarring Strifes, and create a Harmony in their Actions, delightful to themselves and Friends? Not but I acknowledge, where Vertue is wanting, criminal Inclination may as nigh resemble innocent Love, as Hypocrisy too often wears Devotion's lovely Name, to screen the Baseness of their Wishes.

Stanorius, imagining *Emelia* was piqued at *Elifinda's* over-assum'd Modesty, turned the Discourse, by saying, he was afraid the Conclusion of *Morenia's* Story would too much confirm *Elifinda* in her austere Opinion, and frighten the fair *Bellamira* from every Thought of that Passion. On which, that young Lady said, If he could insure her, it would have that Effect, she should never cease importuning him, till she had heard it; being very desirous to preserve undisturb'd, the calm Content she now enjoy'd: and *Emelia* seconding her Intreaties,

ties, which *Elifinda* at last yielding to, he acquainted them with it in the following Words.



The Continuation of Morenia's History.

THREE Years had pass'd, in which *Morenia* made the *Count* a happy Father of two Sons, and a Daughter; the fond Husband, banishing all Thoughts of *De Montroville*, without Suspicion, or Discontent, enjoy'd a compleat Happiness with his lovely Wife.

But, as you have been pleas'd to observe, said *Stanorius*, addressing himself to *Emelia*, the Countess, not having Love like him, was unable to return his boundless Flame; and *Villagne*, being more charm'd with the Amusement of the Country, than the gay Diversions of the City, *Morenia* was depriv'd by this means, of all that Pleasure there is to be met with; which might have busied her idle Moments, and, perhaps, have preserv'd her from that fatal Passion; which, together with a nearer View of others Miseries on that score, and the continual Scenes of Falshood, Folly, Treachery, and Destruction that attend it, might have made her run to her doating Husband's Arms for Refuge.

But tho' the *Count's* House and Table were never without Company, they were generally too low, too mean for her elevated Genius: In this State her Heart was vacant, and ready to receive the first pleasing Impression, when her ill-fated Stars brought the Chevalier *D'Avimont* into that Country, with his Lady,

dy, whom he had lately married for her vast Fortune, and intended to fix at his Seat, whilst himself design'd to return, and enjoy the Pleasures of the Court, without having her too near a Spy on his Actions.

But those Thoughts were all dispers'd, from the Moment he first beheld the graceful *Morenia*, whose unequal Charms fir'd him with Desire to make that lovely Beauty fall a Victim to his victorious Arts in Love; for none ever had gain'd greater Renown that way, than the Chevalier *D'Avimont*. Many blasted Virgins lost their irretrievable Fame, and were ruin'd by him; and *Widows*, also, had rais'd him such Trophies, that he was stiled the common Subduer of the Fair; who wanted no Charm that was requisite for those pleasing Conquests: — An agreeable, easy Air, setting off his just-proportion'd Limbs, which rose to majestick Height; with such a peculiar Softness in his Eyes, as if the lovely Object, on which he gaz'd, had inspir'd him with all those amorous, tender Desires, which there seem'd sweetly to tempt. Nor was his Tongue less skill'd than his Looks, in the Arts of Love. — A diverting Wit — a pleasing Insinuation — with a submissive Complaisance, and Admiration of their very Foibles, as well as their Perfections; which first gaining their Esteem, too soon grew to Love — But tho' he knew how to create the greatest Passion in the Breast of the Fair, yet he was insensible of it himself. That Vanity, the Pride of subduing the Haughty, the till then Unconquer'd, was his only Aim; and like cruel Victors, he never fail'd to leave such Marks of Melancholy,
as

as might blaze around his Success; the innocent, and valuable, the conspicuous Merit, being the only ones he thought worthy to undo: He was of a Temper too covetous, to assault the experienc'd, the cunning, mercenary Dames. I often have heard him boast, the Ruin of eminent Beauty, without any Expence; whilst others have been forc'd to lavish largely, for Favours almost common.— Nay, ill-natur'd Fame has not spar'd, in malicious Whispers, to report, that he, by an over-match'd Skill at Cards, often left their Estates in as despicable a Condition as their Character.

Thus adorn'd with every Charm that could please the Eye, in spite of Reason, Duty, and Vertue, *Morenia* did not long sustain the Assault, before she fell in Love, and the Chevalier was victorious.— Though I have heard him protest, he never used more Diligence, found more Difficulty, nor employ'd so many subtle Wiles, as in the obtaining this Conquest; tho', alas! that *Lady* was too unskill'd and innocent, to imagine the Mask of Love could be worn by ought that did not feel his Power; whose too sensible knowledge of her Charms, conspires against her: the mighty Influence they had on the Count, caus'd her to think that all Mankind was touch'd with the like; and the Chevalier's lovely, languid Eyes, thus gazing on her with Pleasure, made her fondly imagine her excellent Form was strongly impress'd in his Mind; whilst his Sighs, his Silence, with his never to be repuls'd Importunities, Vows, and passionate Adoration, quite defeated the weak Guards of her Vertue.

At

At first, with Fears they warily stole their Pleasures; but, by degrees, growing more bold, and Madam *D'Avimont* perceiving her Husband's Affections daily changing, from Neglect to Contempt, did not let her Jealousy rest, till she had found the Cause; which she reproaching him with in vain, and finding neither her Rage, Tears, Threats, nor Complaints, of any effect; but still return'd with indignant Scorn, without one Spark of Affection, or Tenderness to ease her; which, unable to bear, she made worse, by struggling with it; and at last, hopeless of other Redress, she aloud complain'd to *Villagne*, how much they were both wrong'd: Which he, alas! was so far from believing, that he treated her as a frantick, jealous, mad Woman, spitefully envious at the *Countess's* exquisitely superior Charms. Though on acquainting his *Lady* with the ridiculous Jealousy of Madam *D'Avimont* (as he term'd it) the *Chevalier* withdraws his frequent Visits; and to proceed with more Caution (as they vainly fancied) a Part of the Garden-wall was broke down, by some pretended Accident, which he takes the advantage of, to enter at a Parlor-Window, and ascend up a pair of Stairs that came directly to *Morenia's* Chamber; who too often, on the Excuse of Illness, lying a-part from the *Count*, passes whole Nights with *D'Avimont*: where, one Night, there happen'd a Passage, which I will repeat to you, because I believe it will more perfectly acquaint you with the *Countess's* Temper, and undaunted Spirit, than my Description can: For, *D'Avimont* having been out late a drinking, and visi-

visiting *Morenia* instead of home, when they were a-bed, she perceiving he had a Ring on his Finger, which in the first Ingagement of their Love, she had given him, in exchange of another, which he had got made, of equal, if not superior Value, as she then thought; and understanding he had been in Company, *Morenia* fear'd would know the Ring to have been hers, and, perhaps, inform her Husband of it. Having first upbraided his Carelessness, she attempted to get it from him, at the same time telling him, she only desir'd it for some time, that if any unlucky Story should be told the *Count*, she might have it to show him. But he valuing the rich Present at too high a rate, to part with it, there arose a Quarrel between them; and at last, finding neither her Reasons, nor Intreaties could prevail, unus'd to be repuls'd in her Desires, she began to protest, that if he would not give it her, she would call her *Husband* in to them, whom at that very Instant she heard coming up the Stairs. But the *Chevalier*, despising so wild a Threat, persisted in his Refusal, which more enraging her, she rose, and opening the Door, desired her *Husband* to enter; and at the same time, screaming out with the violent Pain of her Head, she begs him to send the Lights away, pretending they added inexpressible Torture to her Pains; which he immediately complying to, she returns to her Bed, (the Curtains closely drawn) and desires him to sit by it; when, after some faint Groans, and other well-dissembled Agonies, as if she was extremely indisposed, she laying hold of *D'Avimont's* Left-hand, on which the Ring was, with

with her Right, she tells her Husband it was so swell'd, she could not get it off, and begging his assistance, gives him the Chevalier's Finger to pull it off, (at the same time covering with her Hand his.) The Ring yielding immediately to *Villagne's* Force, she gave it him to keep, till she could wear it: and still continuing to complain how very ill she was, intreats her Husband he would see himself some of the Servants hasten'd to fetch a Physician. The doating Husband dreading the Effects of her dissembled Sickness, needed no further Sollicitations to go, and hurry his People. He left her as soon as she had desir'd it; and, you may believe the *Chevalier* did not stay long after, who heard him chide *Morenia* for letting her Women lie at such a distance from her; at the same time promising to return in a few Moments. And so sensible was she that he would not be long away, that she made *D'Avimont* fly down Stairs, whilst she flung him his Clothes out of Window; and then having nothing to do but to dissemble Illness enough not to be suspected, she thought herself victorious over her Lover, for daring to dispute with her: Tho' it is certain the *Chevalier* took this Trick so ill, that it cost her some Trouble to be reconciled to him. Unhappy Lady, *pursued* Stanorius, had you then ceased, and broke off your criminal Correspondence, you might have still been the Countess of *Villagne*, still belov'd by your fond Husband, and none then would have dared to have tax'd your Fame, who after insulted you as the most lost, the most abandon'd of Women. But, *continued he*, when

Once begun, when once enter'd, how seldom do the Guilty retire from Vice, and return to Vertue, till Ruin and endless Miseries too late make them sensible of what then is not to be retrieved! This was *Morenia's* unhappy Case, who pursued this criminal Intrigue with *D'Avimont*, till the whole Country was sensible of her Infamy, her Husband only excepted. But at length, some Friends of Madam *D'Avimont*, having rous'd him to a Suspicion, a Plan was laid to catch them; and watchful Spies being set round the House, without any Friend to warn her of the Danger, they did not wait many Nights, before they saw *D'Avimont* entring after the accustom'd manner to her Chamber. He had not long been there, before the Count, accompanied by his Friends, also enter'd the same Way; and drawing the Curtains, found the guilty Pair a-bed together— from which Sight turning his Eyes, he went to a Table, where two of *D'Avimont's* Pistols lay, and taking one of them up, *Morenia* immediately throwing herself out of the Bed at his Feet, begg'd him to spare and not kill her, in the fulness of Crimes unrepented of: which caus'd him, a few Moments, to look on her without speaking; and at last giving the Pistols to his Friends, (who perhaps were touch'd with a little Pity for what before they had endeavour'd to expose, and ruin to all Eternity) with Shame, and with a deep Groan, as if his Heart was broke, he bid her put on her Clothes, and that Instant depart his House, which never more should let her in. At the same time turning to *D'Avimont*, he told him he was safe, and might, if he pleas'd, take his
Mis-

Mistress with him. But the *Chevalier*, hurrying on his Clothes, returned home, without a Thought of what would become of her; and in less than three Hours receiving a Challenge from the *Count*, to meet him the next Day, he accordingly went to answer it: But whatever Assurances four Ancestors had, of righting injur'd Ladies Honours, Perjuries, and all sorts of concealed Wrongs, by Justice still siding with the Victor's Sword, here *Villagne* was worsted, and ow'd his Life to *D'Avimont*, who did not want Sense to behave himself handsomely on that Occasion.

In the mean while, the wretched, undone Countess, obeying her Husband's stern Command, was obliged to depart, tho' she knew not whither to go, or what compassionate House would receive such a Load of Infamy: No Servant of the Count follow'd to assist, or comfort her in this Distress; which was the more extreme by the Season, a hoary Frost covering the Ground, the cold bleak Winds pierced her to the Heart. Thus benumb'd with Cold, and stunn'd with her Misfortune, she wander'd the tedious Night, till Day appear'd; and then the Dread of being seen, made her rally up Courage enough to seek for Shelter in some wretched Hut. All her Husband's meanest Tenants were forbid to receive, or take the least Notice of this miserable Lady; and so great was the general Detestation of all the Country against *Morenia*, for injuring so good a Husband, that not one of any Rank or Distinction, vouchsafed to take any Notice, or give her the common Relief, which Compassion demands from us

for the meanest, the vilest of Criminals, whose Sufferings were equal to hers. But now, alas! she whose Frown was dreaded, and whose Pity was sought in the most suppliant manner, is reviled and ridicul'd by the lowest, the most abject People of the Country.

The first News she heard after her departure from the *Count's*, was of the Duel between him and *D'Avimont*, to whom she sent to desire to see him; but instead of complying with her Request, he told the Bearer, that he began to be sensible of his Folly, and intended to give over all future Thoughts of it; desiring he would tell *Morenia*, that he intended not to be press'd any more on that score.

Tho', continued Stanorius, I will not pretend to describe her Grief, or Resentment, to find herself ruin'd by fatally loving one so little worthy of it; yet a few days after, more fully to be convinc'd of her Misery, she again sent to desire he would only supply her with as much Money, as would carry her to *Brussels*: But all the Answer she got, was, that he did not question but a Lady of her good Sense had taken care to provide against such a Misfortune as had happen'd, which, according to the manner of her Conduct, she must needs expect. This Reproach, at another time, would have made *Morenia* done some desperate thing to him; but now she was in a condition to have her Anger as much scorn'd, as her Afflictions were unpitied. Her Husband was so obdurate, that he would not be prevail'd on to give her the least Relief; and suing out a Divorce against her, desir'd all her Friends, that he might not

not hear her mention'd any more than if she never had a Being : Which *Morenia* being soon made sensible of, resolved by some means to get to *Brussels*, having a Relation there, whose Fortune she had rais'd. But, good God ! how surpriz'd was she, when endeavouring to sell the Ring *D'Avimont* had presented her with, which she carried from the Count's on her Finger, to find it was indeed like himself, a false glittering Pebble, on which she could not raise two Pistoles !

However, she at length got to *Brussels*, where the Malice of her Stars treating her with the same Severity they had begun to do in her native Country, that Friend, that Relation from whom she expected some Assistance, and who to her Generosity ow'd his Rise, and all that he had, instead of affording her that friendly Relief she expected, shut his Door against her, proclaiming her Infamy through the City ; so that she was gaz'd on by all as a Mark of Contempt and Scorn ; being reduced to such Extremities, that at last, to support Life, (in the destitute Habit of a Beggar) she haunted about an Hospital for the musty Victuals that were left by the Sick.

Ah ! said *Emelia*, here interrupting *Stano-*
rius, how has this Lady's deep and bitter Affliction, in a moment, turn'd my Indignation into Pity ! And sure, pursued she, the most severe Virtue could not help affording her some Relief, — tho' her Ingratitude to so tender a Husband, extremely heightens her Offences. — Not but, methinks, he is now too inexorable : It would have been a small matter to have allow'd her some little Pension,

sion, to have saved her from starving, and prevented her from having an Excuse to continue the same guilty Course. Your Opinion, *answer'd Stanorius*, is not only merciful, but just; and I do not question, *added he*, but if *Morenia* had fallen within the View of your Compassion, she would have been preserv'd from returning back to that unhappy State which then her Distresses forc'd her to.

For a Gentleman belonging to the Marquis *de Montroville*, happening to go to see a wounded Friend in the Infirmary, saw and knew *Morenia*, waiting for Food in that abject State I have represented; and being touch'd with Compassion for so uncommon an Object of Distress, the next Morning, in his Attendance on the Marquis, took care to acquaint him with it, *Marcander* and myself being present. *De Montroville* consulted with us how to relieve this Lady, without letting her know her Benefactor; he justly imagining her haughty Soul must feel a thousand uneasy Pangs, to be forc'd to receive a Favour from him of that kind. On which *Marcander*, who was of the same Country, and had heard such lavish Praises of her Beauty, undertook to carry her *de Montroville's* Present, and conceal from her the generous Donor.

But neither her Wants, nor Grief, being able to destroy all that vast Stock of Beauty, her patient Sorrow, and her flowing Tears, adding a distressful Softness to her Eyes, so greatly pleaded her Afflictions to *Marcander*, that from feeling all the Power of Pity, he soon became acquainted with Love's Force,
in

in so violent a manner, that even in the Grave she still keeps the same tender Impressions her Beauty and Misery first made on his Soul. *Morenia*, on beholding the Hundred Pieces he brought, (a mighty Sum to her penurious Distresses!) tho' not long before she had often thrown away as much on a Trifle, or idle Humour, said, Is it possible, that any one has so much Compassion for the lost, the despised *Morenia*!— I cannot believe it, *pursued she*, it's but a deluding, pleasing Dream— and I, alas! shall too soon be waked again to Want, and all the Terrors with which she haunts me.— And then more fully viewing the Money, and returning *Marcander* Thanks for his generous Condescension (as she stiled it) in visiting one so wretched, she said, continuing her Discourse, Who is it that has been so greatly good, to bestow a pitying Thought on the miserable *Morenia*? Oh, *added she*, I know it can be no other but the too much wronged *Villagne*, that would do a Deed so merciful as this; he was destin'd to load me with Blessings, whilst my accurs'd Folly has repaid his wond'rous Goodness, with nought but the blackest Ingratitude. But when *Marcander* had assur'd her it was not from the *Count*, her disappointed Hope of his Pity fill'd her with so violent a Grief, that turning her Eyes to Heaven, she said, Oh let me die, before I again endure the tormenting Pains of Hunger, that now prey on my vital Spirits! This Money will soon be wasted, and the generous Giver will grow weary of such repeated Favours, and I must again feel all those exquisite Miseries, that now have

have almost destroy'd me—quite, I hope. In pronouncing the last Word, she swoon'd away, and with much difficulty *Marcander* got her recover'd; who immediately had her removed, and provided with Servants, and all other things suiting her Quality. Her Beauty being restored by Plenty, and a more contented State of Mind, she became the Admiration of the Place where she had lately been treated with such Contempt; and after *Marcander's* Friendship to her, was visited by Persons of distinction.

It was then, *pursued* Stanorius, that I had the honour to be acquainted with her, and learnt from herself several Particulars I have related; who always, by accusing herself, vindicated the *Count* her Husband's usage of her.

But soon a deep Consumption seiz'd her, thought to be occasion'd by her past severe Hardships; with, perhaps, a secret fear that if *Marcander* should desert her, she might again fall into the same unsufferable Misfortunes, the very Thought of which was so terrible to her, that often on the mention of them, she has been ready to swoon. And indeed, so extremely had her Afflictions ruffled and bow'd her Spirit, from the gay, the extravagant Pleasures she once pursued, that she receiv'd her approaching Death with a calm Sedateness; employing the short Time, to obtain a more effectual Mercy, than that which the barbarous World refused to her Offences and Sufferings; intreating *Marcander* that he would let her Husband know, her last Breath was employ'd in desiring his and Heaven's Forgiveness.

But

But had you seen, *said* Stanorius, the afflicted *Marcander*, in the latter part of her Illness, all your Concern for her would have been lost, in endeavouring to console him, whose Grief and Care was so extreme, that he daily importuned the Physicians to exert their Skill in striving to save her; and hardly could he be drawn from her, to preserve himself by Sleep, or Food; and so insupportable was his Sorrow for her Death, that he saw not the Sun for above a Month. But Time, and his Friends Care, at length prevail'd on him; he suffer'd himself to be led into Company; tho' still so deep a Melancholy is fix'd in his Soul, that all his Joys and Happiness seem buried in her Grave. He did not fail to have *Morenia's* last Request carry'd to *Villagne*; but that incens'd Husband, now hating with a Violence as extreme as his former Love, shew'd no other Concern for her Death, or Repentance, than being married in a few days to an agreeable Lady, whose Vertues made him as happy, as he had been the contrary with *Morenia*.

Stanorius having finish'd the History of *Morenia*, the Ladies made Remarks on the several Passages, according to their different Tempers. *Elisinda* approved *Villagne's* rigid Conduct on the discovery of her Crime; *Emelia* blamed *D'Avimont's* unworthy Passion, and Usage; and *Bellamira* pitied the disconsolate Grief of *Marcander*: In which Discourse, most of the Time was wasted, till they arriv'd at *Emelia's*: Where *Stanorius* and *Marcander* were surprized at the Neatness of the

Building, with the well-chosen Prospect, which being seated on the Side of a Hill, the Front (only intercepted by a few pleasant Pastures) over-look'd a River, the breadth of which, was not so great, as to prevent the distant Shore from yielding a delightful Landskip to the Eye. The rising Hills, shining with golden Corn, caus'd the verdant Vales, and scatter'd Trees, by a confused Variety, at once to entertain them with Nature's chiefest Works.

But if they were charm'd with this delightful View, which seem'd rather owing to Chance, than a nice Judgment, how infinitely more were they, when entering the House, they found in Miniature, most of the many different Arts and Ways of Building, Statuary, and Painting, that not only *Europe*, but the World affords. They were from a large Hall led into several Apartments, the Adornment of which were so different from each other, that whilst they were diverted with the exquisite Painting, the majestic Order, and noble Grandeur of a *Roman* Model, they were insensibly led to the rustick Simplicity of a *Gothick* one, where Fancy appear'd agreeably confus'd with less seeming Art. Nor was *Emelia* so little pleas'd with her *Indian* Voyage, as not to have in her House a pattern of their ingenious contriv'd Baths, which, after their manner, were adorn'd with high-priz'd Cabinets, beauteous *China* Jars, and their gay Pictures.

The Gentlemen took but a slight View of the House, before they understood Dinner was ready, where they found all things order'd with a decent Elegance, suitable to whatever *Emelia* made her Care.

Dinner

Dinner being ended, she brought them into an Apartment, where, amongst other curious Pictures, was one that represented a beauteous Lady, just yielded up a Prey to all-devouring Death, surrounded by the weeping Graces, and every female Vertue expressing inconsolable Grief for her loss, whose Life had been strictly guided by their Rules; and the *God of Love* appearing nigher the Front, in deep Despair, had broken his Bow, thrown away his Arrows, whilst with folded Arms, and heaving Breasts, his swol'n Eyes were fix'd on a Tablet, on which was writ, *Pastora is no more.*

Marcander, who was pleas'd with every thing that sooth'd his Melancholy for the loss of the lovely *Morenia*, being wonderfully struck with this Piece, prais'd the just Propriety, with the Painter's excellent Skill and Fancy. *Bellgrand* said, the last indeed was incomparable, tho' he could not bear to look on it, it being but a stiff Copy of a very valuable Original which he had. And yet, answer'd *Emelia*, when I borrow'd it to have this Copy drawn, and they both had lain some time, you could not discover the difference, till you examin'd the wrong Side, and found it by the antiquity of your own Canvas. The Company smil'd at *Bellgrand's* fancied Nicety and Skill, so justly exploded by *Emelia*.

But whilst they were thus amusing themselves in a general Conversation, there being a Piece which represented the *Queen of Beauty*, holding in her Hand one of her Son's mischievous Weapons, where she seem'd to be con-

fulting with him, in order to have him strike
 the *God of War* with the keenest, (who tho'
 he lay sleeping, was closely arm'd, as readily
 prepar'd for an expected Assault) *Stanorius*
 perceiving *Bellamira* to fix her Eyes on it, (ad-
 dressing his Discourse to her) said, Madam,
 you see, tho' that dreadful God can alarm the
 whole World, with his tremendous Power,
 with how secure, how triumphant a Smile,
 the Goddess and her Son exult over a Hero
 too secure of her more victorious Charms.
 Now, I rather think, *reply'd Bellamira*, that
 pleased, that satisfied Air, which appears in
 both their Looks, is owing to the finding him
 asleep, whose sternness would certainly fright
 them away, were he awake. Were he, as
 sensible of your Beauty's Power, *resum'd Sta-*
norius, as that fam'd Deity is, you would
 know, that tho' he with outrageous Destru-
 ction made whole Nations groan, yet to your
 enchanting Form, and celestial Perfections,
 he would bow with pleased Submission, and
 no more employ his Arms, but to guard and
 protect you. Methinks, *answer'd Bellamira*,
 I would willingly owe my Security to some-
 thing less, who, perhaps, in his Anger,
 might without distinction destroy me too.—
 I perceive, *said Stanorius*, *with a discontented*
Look, the Soldier, the esteemed Favourite of
 the Fair, has something in him too terrible to
 please the delicacy of your Disposition. You mi-
 stake, *resum'd she*; for I both esteem and admire
 them, when they turn their Force, and un-
 daunted Valour, only against their Country's
 Foes; tho' even then, methinks, I would have
 them, when the remorseless Fury of the Fight

is past, let Mercy re-assume her Empire, not only to spare the Captive, but endeavour to lighten their Afflictions, by Offices of Humanity. I hope, Madam, *answer'd he with an Air of Gallantry*, that Mercy you prescribe to the Conquerors in War, you'll exercise to the wretched Slaves your victorious Beauty has bound in the never-to-be-broken Chains of Love. Were I mistress, *replied she*, of those Perfections your Flattery would insinuate, you have justly observ'd I am too ignorant of its Power, to be able to judge what to do with my imaginary Slaves.— Do not believe, *said Stanorius, with a more serious Look*, but your numberless unequal'd Charms, too much excel all Description to admit of Flattery; they dart so dangerously bright, that the Senses grow wild with Pleasure, and the o'erwhelm'd Soul is lost amidst their attracting Lustre.— This Discourse is beyond my Comprehension, *said Bellamira*; at the same time rising from her Seat, and joining with the Company, whilst an angry Blush, that o'erspread her Face, made *Stanorius* sensible her Heart was not like to prove an easy Prey.

Elisinda, all the time of their Discourse, observing them, and too plainly perceiving each Look and Action of his confess the Lover; Jealousy, with all her Train of restless Torments, in a moment seiz'd her: her haughty Soul could not bear to find herself neglected, and a present Beauty triumphing o'er her now despised Charms. Pride, Envy, and the Desire to be reveng'd, in an instant, rais'd such an Uproar in her Soul, that unable to contain, or command the struggling Passions,

sions, she immediately withdrew, to give them vent, and with her Confidant meditate Revenge.

When it was told *Emelia*, that *Lugenia* passing by her House, and hearing she was return'd, came to pay her a Visit; the Friendship she had for that Lady, caus'd *Emelia* to receive her with open Arms: But how surpriz'd was she, to see *Lugenia* habited in the forlorn Weeds of Widowhood! who, when she left the Country, had scarce lost the Name of Bride: Which *Emelia* expressing by an amazing Concern, the other, from the full Anguish of Soul, answer'd her in Tears; and her Grief being too violent to be stifled, she utter'd her Sorrows in disconsolate Complaints, contrary to the well-bred Silence observed on such Occasions. But *Marcander*, touch'd with her sad Plaints, and pitying Afflictions, that had so nighly resembled his own, seconded her Sadness, by saying, No Misfortune could equal the Loss of a dearly-lov'd Friend by Death; for if they were inconstant or false, a resenting Anger generally prov'd a Corrosive to cure the Disappointment; but from Death there was no Retrieve, no friendly Hope, nothing but Despair, and heart-wounding Anguish.— To which the fair Widow joining in Expressions full of Grief, began to tell how happy she had been, how very much belov'd, and now how more than miserable his Loss had made her: And this melancholy Talk now suiting better with *Marcander*, than the gayer Conversation of those who were not touch'd with Sorrows like what he and the disconsolate *Lugenia* sustain'd; they soon from
the

the affinity of their Woes, began to cultivate a great Esteem for each other.

The Weather being extremely hot, *Emelia* led the Company into an open Summer-house, which being built on the highest Eminence of the Garden, at once discover'd to their View, the Country River, and a Park, that joined to the Garden, where they could behold the neat-limb'd Deer, sporting in careless Delight, now fearless of the Hunter, and his voracious Train. *Marcander* was surprized and charm'd at the beauteous Prospect, with the Order, and Variety that appear'd thro' all the Garden: And tho' *Stanorius* was better acquainted with it, and saw, and knew the once delightful Window, through which, by the help of a corded Ladder, he pass'd to the fair *Elifinda*; yet, on those Occasions, he had taken such slight Views, that his Wonder was little less than *Marcander's*.

This well-chosen spot of Ground had formerly been a Wood, on the side of a moderately rising Hill, thro' which ran a Brook, which now helped by Art, in several Turnings winding about the whole Garden, towards the Bottom united its separated Streams into one great one, which in a delightful Cascade descended into a Canal where Statues of *Nereids* and Sea-Nymphs were placed; others bathing or sporting on the Banks, combing their green Locks; around which grew all sorts of choice Flowers, as confusedly scatter'd, as if it had only been done by the wild Hand of Nature.—Green Walks ascending on each side of the Cascade, were lined with the climbing Jessamine, and the well-known
Rose,

Rose, that every where diffus'd its Sweets ; — which at length fell into others, shaded over head by several Ways, and meeting here and there, at once entertain'd the Eye with beauteous Parterres, Flowers, Fountains, and green Arbours ; whilst the Ears were charm'd with a Chorus of almost all the winged Songsters. But that Wonder ceas'd, when advancing farther into the woodiest part of the Garden, an Aviary was discover'd, which *Emelia* had so artfully contriv'd, to preserve her imprison'd Musicians, that by removing the Covers, they had all the Advantage of the Sun, and Air, without suffering any thing from Storms, and the most inclement Seasons.

But tho' the general Conversation was on the delightful Beauties of the Garden, yet *Marcander*, and the lovely Widow, (whom *Emelia* prevail'd on to stay a few days at her House) by their mournful Talk, so sooth'd their Grief, that at length, amidst their Discourse on the Perfections of the Dead, they began to be sensibly touch'd with each other's, especially *Marcander*.

But Night, and the time of Repose advancing, *Elifinda*, (who in spite of *Stanissa's* Persuasion, that she might be mistaken) endured all the insufferable Torments of Jealousy ; her too skilful Discernment easily perceiving the cold Neglect of one Day's changed Love ; and the innocent Object being so nigh, added a treble Vexation, by seeing the Complaisance, the endearing Civilities, and Adorations paid to another, which once were hers. *Stanissa's* Observation, how unsuccessful his Addresses would prove, had no effect to assuage her
Re-

Resentment : It was enough she had Charms, and he a Heart susceptible of them, for her to resolve to pursue them both, with the deadliest Revenge, tho' her experienc'd Confidant did not fail to inforce, that *Stanorius* was of a Spirit too haughty to bear it, without severely retorting it, by blasting her Fame, with all the fatal Consequences that naturally must ensue ; telling her, she was too sensible it was easier to gain a hundred new, than to recall back one deserted Heart. Which wrought at last so far on her, as to suffer *Stanissa* to go and expostulate with him, and by that means either to be freed from the torment of suspecting, or certainly to be convinc'd.

Stanissa obeying her Order, (as soon as *Stanorius* was retired to his Chamber) visited him ; who at first but faintly denying the Charge, quickly owned the Revolt of his Heart : And so great was the Power of his Eloquence, and Gold, that *Stanissa* too revolts, is false to Friendship, and unmindful of her extreme Obligations to *Elifinda* ; now assisting his new Passion, acquainting him with all the Foibles, and Secrets of that Family, with Instructions how most artfully to wind himself into their Tempers : Nor does she omit to inform him, that she fears the agreeable *Lysander* had touch'd *Bellamira's* Heart, with *Emelia's* Friendship for him ; and how *Elifinda*, and she, got the Letter heretofore mention'd ; adding, she suspected *Emelia* secretly favour'd him, tho' she was certain her nice Honour would not suffer her to press in his behalf, unless Fortune should advance him to a higher Rank than there was yet any probability of : That

she indeed had the most Power over *Bellamira's* Inclinations, but that her Fortune was so entirely in her Brother's power, that unless she married with his Consent, she had no Pretences to any; and tho' he was very much influenced by *Elisinda*, yet she was certain the Knowledge he had of *Stanorius's* great Interest at Court, with the Hopes that so near an Alliance might introduce him into the Ministry, would over-balance all Persuasions against it. *Stanissa* also assur'd *Stanorius*, she was confident *Bellgrand* had so passionate a Desire to be a Statesman, as to be certain that one Foible in Courage, would make him invulnerable to *Elisinda's* Resentment, or Persuasions; from whom she advised him to conceal his Love, till he had first wrought on the Brother to consent. Nor did she omit to intimate, that if *Emelia* was to be drawn to his Interest, it must be by nicely insinuating an Admiration of her Conduct, and Compassion, with what an agreeable easiness she trod the rugged Paths of Vertue. Nor did *Stanissa* fail to promise *Stanorius*, that she would amuse *Elisinda's* Suspicions with all her Skill.

Stanorius having thus got the Clue to wind himself into all their Tempers, and *Bellgrand's* Affections, did not fail as artfully to put it into practice. It was pleasant to see with what Address he persuaded *Bellgrand* a peculiar Gravity in his Air would become the Statesman; that he was certain his Notions were so fitly adapted to the Spirit of the French, that once enter'd into Business, he did not question but he would equal *Mazarine's* Solidity of Judgment, quick Penetration, and
subtle

subtle Schemes : Which so exactly answer'd *Staniffa's* Advice, that he immediately grows grave, sententious, and mysterious ; all his Thoughts being now employ'd how to become a compleat Politician. And so transported is he with *Stanorius*, that without giving him the trouble to ask, he tells him he wishes *Elifinda* could be prevail'd on to marry, whose Fortune was considerable ; but if he would accept of *Bellamira*, to have the Happiness of his Alliance, he would double the Portion her Father had left her. To which the pleased *Stanorius* answer'd, by telling him, his obliging Proposal had only prevented his requesting it : and for fear of *Elifinda*, he did not leave *Bellgrand* till he had gain'd from him a solemn Promise, that no Sollicitations should make him revoke it.

But, alas ! how differently was this intended Marriage received by the Ladies ! *Emelia* is troubled and concern'd ; she pities *Lysander*, and tho' she owns *Stanorius* the fine Gentleman, and of unquestionable Birth and Fortune, yet she thinks his Morals too loose to make *Bellamira* a good Husband, any longer than his Passion lasts, which she is not insensible may too soon be worn out : Whilst *Bellamira*, by declaring her Hatred to *Stanorius*, and this Match, avows her Tenderness for *Lysander*. She weeps, she begs *Emelia* to intercede with her Brother, owning she had rather with an humble Fortune be happy with *Lysander*, than amidst the dazzling Grandeurs of a Court, wretched with *Stanorius*.

When *Elifinda* first from her Brother learn'd this distracting News, she flew into such an

outrageous Passion, that he imagin'd she was beside her Wits; who making *Stanorius's* Lewdness her Excuse, in bitter Terms exclaims against him, and repeats all his Intrigues and Faults; adding, Was such a one fit for her innocent Sister? But *Bellgrand*, who by this time was grown too great a Politician, to mind a Woman's Railings, only laughs at all she could enforce, against *Stanorius*; telling her, he had Reasons above her weak Discernment, and that trifling Women were not to be consulted in Affairs of Consequence; desiring her to mind her Devotions, and leave him to act as he should judge proper. This provoking her beyond all Patience, she did not omit in her satyrical Anger to let him know she could not think it was the Excess of his Wisdom that had caused him to make this Match. And finding him in a Humour so little inclined to hearken to Reason, she at last left him; when passing thro' a Gallery to her own Apartment, she met *Stanorius*, who, before she spoke, perceiv'd by the Anger that flash'd in her Eyes, she was acquainted with the designed Marriage: whilst she advancing hastily to him, said, Do not imagine, tho' you have obtain'd my Brother's Consent, that I will ever suffer this criminal Marriage; base Man, cry'd she, is it not enough, that you have wrought upon my easy Nature, but you must affront me in so near a Relation? A Sister! — Good God, said she, continuing her Discourse, can it be possible that such Wickedness should enter the Heart of Man? — What, can your black Soul be satisfied with nothing less than the horrid, the abominable Crime of Incest? — Are you not

not afraid the Fiends and Furies will haunt your guilty Soul; and drag you quick to infernal perdition, for even the very Desire of it? On which *Stanorius* looking on her with a scornful Smile, said, Had not your Ladyship talk'd in so pious a Strain, I should have imagin'd your Anger had been real; but, Madam, *pursued he*, you are sensible you and I are too well acquainted with each other's Opinion on that Point, for you to imagine I should have any apprehension or fears of Sprites and Goblins: And, *added he*, I will only presume to tell you, I can no more now resist adoring the amiable *Bellamira*, than I once could the fair *Elifinda*; tho' with this difference, as my Passion is infinitely more violent, and, I believe, more lasting, I would not advise you to oppose it, lest in my disappointed Anger, I should happen to discover the Reasons that induce you to so great a Cruelty.

These last shocking Words, so extremely increas'd her already high-wrought Rage, that she could only express it by broken Speeches, and stamping; and had certainly done some extravagant Outrage, had not *Stanissa* then enter'd the Gallery, and with a wild Concern in her Looks, desir'd to speak with her. At which *Stanorius*, with a low Bow, withdrew, leaving that Confidant to inform her *Thomaso* was return'd from his Voyage, and had had the Assurance to follow her to *Emelia's*, where he had made so insolent a Noise amongst the Servants to see her, as to cause them, *said Stanissa*, to call me to him; whom he treated with such a surly Impudence, that I fear he intends to be very audacious, unless you see him, and fully satisfy his Demands. Floods

Floods of Water thrown on raging Fires, could not more effectually stifle the impetuous Flames, than this News in a moment did *Elisinda's* Anger : Cold Fear, with a thousand intangled Thoughts, now distract her, so that she knows not what to do : See him she must, *Stanissa* having convinc'd her, he was come with a design to affront her, unless she comply'd with his Request. Nor was she mistaken, for *Thomaso* having spent the Money *Elisinda* gave him, and boasted of her Favours, was, by his lewd drunken Companions, persuaded to return home, and threaten her if she would not support his Extravagance : And not finding her in Town, he took the opportunity of following her to *Emelia's*, in the same vile Company, who were obliged to bring their Sloop into that Part of the Country, to deliver out some Goods not above two Miles from thence.— Thus was *Elisinda* forced to see him, and strive, by a soothing Compliance, join'd with her Money, to bribe his Silence : When after some Discourse about his return, and understanding the Vessel he went in, had brought him so nigh to *Emelia's*, she dismiss'd him with an Appointment to meet her that Night at eleven a-clock, under the Garden-wall, where she would come to him.

But tho' Love and *Stanorius* perplex'd the beauteous *Bellamira*, and tormented *Elisinda*, he began to exercise his Power in a more pleasing manner on the Heart of *Marcander* ; for the lovely weeping Widow had nigh dispell'd the sad Remembrance of *Morenia* ; her pathetic Sorrow for the Dead, so exactly sympathiz'd with his own, that from compassionating,

nating, he grows tender; his own Afflictions are forgot in being uneasy at those she endures. Her three Days stay with *Emelia*, wrought so great a Change in him, that at her departure, it seem'd as if his Life and Senses too were departed; and often forcing a Discourse of her to *Emelia*, that Lady at length entertain'd him with some Passages of *Lugenia's* Life in these Words.



The History of Lugenia.

TH O, said *Emelia*, *Lugenia* is now the only Child of the Chevalier *de Blanville*, who has a very considerable Estate, yet not three Years since, he had two Sons that caused him and Madam *de Blanville* to look on *Lugenia* as an Incumbrance on their Estate; which they resolving not much to lessen by giving her too large a Fortune, this was, I am confident, said *Emelia*, the real Reason that they encourag'd the Addresses of a young Gentleman named *Philamont*, who was infinitely more obliged to Nature for the Accomplishments of his Mind, than to the Liberalities of Fortune. However, his Love to *Lugenia* causing him not to mind the parsimonious Offers of her Parents, the Day of their Marriage was fix'd; when *de Blanville* received a Letter from the University, whither he had sent his Sons to study, in which was the afflicting News that one of them was already dead of the Small-pox, and the other in so dangerous a way, as to cause them to despair of his Recovery. This

This being a just Excuse to delay the Marriage for some time, *Philamont* soon perceiv'd by the change of *de Blanville's* and his Lady's Behaviour, that all his Hopes of having that young Lady, depended on the Life of her Brother: which filling him with a grief equal to his Love, he complain'd of it to *Lugenia*; who, ignorant of her Parents Sentiments, perswaded him his Fears were vain; and that their Coldness proceeded only from the extremity of their Grief, which had too much stunn'd them, to be capable of that Complaisance they usually paid their Friends: Tho', to calm his uneasy Doubts, she assur'd him (if her Parents should prove so cruel) neither their Persuasion, nor Force, should have any Effect on her Heart, which she vow'd to preserve inviolably his.

But tho' the amorous *Philamont* was for the present pacified to find *Lugenia's* Faith and Love unalterable, the News of their second Son's Death caused *de Blanville* and his Lady, after they had first acquainted *Lugenia* with their Mind, publickly to declare to *Philamont*, they thought him not now a fit Match for their Daughter; and at the same time making him sensible his Departure was desired, they would not suffer him to take Leave of that Lady, whom they had confined to her Chamber.

The abrupt and disobliging Manner in which they express'd their Mind to him, caused *Philamont* to quit their House with a Resentment great as his Grief; who immediately coming to me, express'd his Concern for that amiable Lady's Loss in such moving Terms,

Terms, that I thought him truly worthy of Pity. But tho' he painted their Usage in a manner that show'd his Resentment was deep, yet Love being predominant, he soon began to beg my Friendship, (knowing there was a great familiarity between that Family and me) to try what my Persuasion could do in his behalf. I promis'd him to employ all my Interest, tho' I despair'd of succeeding; when in the midst of our Discourse, his Man, who staid behind to pack up his Linnen, brought him a Letter, which he said *Lugenia* had thrown him out of a Window: *Philamont* opening it, found in it these Words.

The Unhappy *Lugenia* to *Philamont*.

I Know not how my Father has dealt with you, but fear, by his late Conversation with me, he has not scrupled to acquaint you with the inhuman Resolution he has taken, to part us for ever. — The very Thought is more bitter to me than Death would be; nor do I believe *Philamont* can bear it with much more Fortitude. How cruel a Monster is Ambition! and how does it break all Bands of Friendship, Love, and even paternal Pity! For, it's not a Month since he commanded me to receive, to regard, and love you as a Husband; and how readily did I obey that delightful Command! and how did it cause me to indulge a Passion I before would not permit my self to think on! I told my Father this, when he forbid me ever to see you again, and charg'd me to forget you; but that, alas! I neither can nor will do, so long as *Philamont* has any Regard for the wretched *Lugenia*. It's true, I owe my

Parents such Respect and Duty, as not to marry till their Consent is again obtain'd; which if they continue to deny, believe me, no ill usage shall force me to be another's, if I cannot be yours, who first lov'd me without any View of Interest—nor shall Fortune's fickle changing, ever alter me, so long as I find you faithful to your

LUGENIA.

If you can contrive to write to me whilst I am confin'd, I will look every Night out of the Window, and find means to draw up whatever Philamont sends.

The Lover, a little consolated with this Letter, resolv'd to wait till their Grief was abated, and then try what the Intercession of Friends could do; relying on *Lugenia's* Constancy, with whom he took care to keep a Correspondence by Letters, as she had directed.

The Parents continuing obstinate against him, especially *Madam de Blanville*, who never had a Value for her Daughter equal to that she had for her deceased Sons, they suddenly remov'd with *Lugenia* to Town, and carrying that young Lady to Court, her Beauty, such as you see (not but her Grief has made some disadvantageous Changes in her Person) join'd to her other Perfections, and great Fortune, gained a Crowd of Adorers: among which, her Father declar'd in favour of a Nobleman somewhat advanc'd in Years. And *Lugenia* finding neither her Tears, nor Intreaties could prevail on her Parents, she at last resolv'd to acquaint her designed Husband,
that

that her Heart and Vows were another's, and that unless Heaven and her Parents permitted her to be *Philamont's*, she should esteem herself the miserablest of Women. Her Intreaties and Reasons prevail'd on this Lover to desist from his Pretensions; which when her Father discover'd her to have been the Cause of, irritated by his Lady, he rashly commanded her to leave his House, and never to appear again in his sight; telling her, she had vainly flatter'd herself, that her being an only Child should cause them to indulge her in so ridiculous a Folly. Poor *Lugenia* is forced to obey them; but tho', *said* *Emelia*, she still held a Correspondence with *Philamont*, yet she had the discretion, instead of going to him, to come directly into the Country to me, and desire my Protection, till her Parents were appeas'd. I very much approving her Conduct, assur'd her she was welcome; and being sensible of her Afflictions, did all I could to divert her. But tho' I was not without Suspensions, that *Philamont* and she often wrote to each other, yet she never desir'd to see him at my House, knowing it did not agree with my Sentiments, to encourage Lovers against their Parents Approbation; not that I did not very much blame hers, for their ungenerous Behaviour to *Philamont*, join'd with their Cruelty to so valuable a Child.

But whatever my Sentiments were, *said* *Emelia*, *Madam de Blanville's* Vanity being extremely mortified to find her Daughter so obstinately refuse to become a Peeress, together with her Grief for the death of her Sons, the youngest of which was her Favourite,

that in less than six Months she died, without ever desiring to be reconciled to *Lugenia*. And *de Blanville*, exasperated, by the loss of his Lady, against *Lugenia*, complain'd she had broke her Mother's Heart; adding, that rather than he would suffer *Philamont* to inherit his Estate, he would marry, and beget a new Race. That Gentleman being told of this, it occasion'd his writing a Letter to *Lugenia* on that Subject; when the Servant that was usually entrusted to carry his Letters to her, by some means being intoxicated with Liquor, and staying in Company that pleas'd him, desired a Neighbour to deliver it, who by Mistake, or Design, went with it to *de Blanville's* House; and he knowing it to be *Philamont's* Hand, open'd it, and read the following Lines.

Philamont to Lugenia.

THO' your Complaints are only against Fortune's Cruelty, yet Fortune and *Lugenia* too conspire to make me miserable; and how little should I value that blind Deity's Favours, could I persuade you from your too steady Obedience to the cruellest of Fathers? — Alas! he has abandon'd that Title, and his Cruelty has freed you from all filial Duty, or Regard to him, who is so very insensible of what belongs to a Parent, as to use the best of Children with a Barbarity unparallel'd: Has he ever discover'd one Spark of Love, Tenderness, or even Pity in the midst of his inhuman Treatment; and would not he suffer you to want the common Supports of Life, were it not for the admirable *Emelia*? And so great is his Aversion, that tho' he is sensible *Madam de Blanville* never had such a Regard for you,

as

as to have any Concern for your Happiness, yet he charges you with breaking her Heart, vowing in revenge to marry, tho' one would imagine, his Age and Infirmities would rather make him think on those that should attend his Obsequies, than Hymen's Torch.

Dear Lugenia, do not chide, but think on the Reasonableness of these severe Truths: think, tho' you assure me your Heart is mine, how very wretched I must be, so long as my Happiness depends on the inexorable de Blanville, who, I am too certain, will refuse the adored Lugenia with his last Breath, to her passionate Admirer,

PHILAMONT.

Tho' Philamont is thought unworthy of Lugenia, I am told your Mother's Woman is the happy Person whose Children are to inherit de Blanville's Estate: but how little would that trouble me, could I prevail on your obstinate Vertue to become mine.

It's impossible, said Emelia, to represent what a Rage the reading of this Letter put de Blanville in; ordering his Chariot to be made ready, he came immediately to my House: being ver y much surprized to see him, I was thinking in what manner I should receive him, (because, ever since Lugenia had been with me, tho' I had wrote both to him and his Lady, yet neither of them answer'd my Letters, or visited me. He began first to entertain me with his Anger and Resentment, (occasion'd by Philamont's Letter) what I found most piqued him, was the scandalizing him about his Maid, and ridiculing his Intentions to marry After.

After he had shown me the Letter, in Words that express'd the violence of his Passion, he appeal'd to me, whether *Lugenia* was not very much to be blamed, for continuing to love a Man that had such disrespectful Notions of her Father : But I was so far from being of his Opinion, as to tell him my Sentiments were, that he had drawn this on himself, by the severity of his Usage ; and that I thought from *Philamont* he ought to take nothing ill, if he would but consider how very unhappy he had made that Lover, by disappointing the Fulness of his Hopes ; whose first Pretension to his Daughter was on equal Terms, and that their Affection for each other, was too solemnly confirm'd by his Consent and Approbation, not to be a Crime to part them now. And finding he was violently offended at *Philamont* for raising that Report about his Maid, I assur'd him it was the Talk of the whole Country ; which, together with my representing *Lugenia's* unalterable Duty and Regard for him, in spite of her Lover's continual Sollicitations to the contrary, so far pacified him, that before he parted from me, he saw and was reconciled to his Daughter, and in less than a Month, by the continual Sollicitations of *Philamont's* Friends, he was brought to give his Consent to their Marriage : And I believe, said *Emelia*, they would have been perfectly happy in each other, had Providence thought fit to have preserv'd the lov'd *Philamont* to his dear *Lugenia*, who own'd her strict Obedience, and steady Perseverance increas'd his Esteem and Admiration, at the same time that it fill'd him with all the uneasy Pangs of a despe-

desperate Despair ; which, *said* Emelia, I am of opinion was so extreme, as to occasion that ill Disposition of Health, that so soon after their Marriage put a period to *Lugenia's* Happiness by his Death.

Scarce had *Emelia* finish'd these Words, when it was told her the Chevalier *de Blanville* was come to visit and congratulate her return into the Country; who happening to find so much good Company at *Emelia's*, staid the whole Day, inviting the Gentlemen the next morning to a Hunting-match that was to be in his Park. They all readily accepted the obliging Invitation, especially *Marcander*, who, by that means, was in hopes again to see the amiable Widow : and the Gentlemen being intent on their Morning's Diversion, all the Company retired sooner than usual to their Rest, that they might the earlier rise to their Sport.

This gave *Elisinda* an opportunity with less difficulty to meet *Thomaso*, whom she design'd the Engine that should execute her horrid Revenge, for *Stanorius's* Insults. In vain did her Confidant advise her, by peaceably submitting to the Marriage, still to keep him her Friend; who, *said she*, I do not question but thus obliged, will readily assist you in getting rid for ever of the impudently troublesome *Thomaso*, by having him press'd for a Soldier, and sent to the Frontiers. But so far was she from hearkening to her, that she raved, stamp'd, and all her Features were distorted with the violence of her Passion, vowing either to be reveng'd, or perish in the Attempt : and to *Stanissa* hints her Hell-contrived

ved Design; but finding she starts at the horrid Wickedness of it, she remembers her always a Friend to *Stanorius*, and pretends to decline it. But when she met *Thomaso*, full of the infernal Mischief, she having learnt from him in the Morning that he came up the River in a Vessel, and enquiring the Strength of it, and whether his Companions durst be bold, and venture a little Hazard, to make their own, and his Fortune, *Thomaso* promis'd largely for himself and them, assuring *Elifinda*, by the help of her Ladyship's Gold, he can influence them to do every thing she desired; though he tells her, it must be speedily put in execution, because they were obliged to return with the Vessel in less than two days. Whereupon she order'd him to lie at Anchor about a Mile up the River, and conceal himself with the rest; only letting two of them appear, as if a fishing, and she would take care to bring them their Prey: adding a Charge to *Thomaso* to ravish her, as soon as he had got her a-board, and telling him she was certain that by that means lost and ruin'd, she would be brought to marry him, and her Fortune was large enough to raise him above any fear of future Wants.

This more than devilish Contrivance being thus laid, with other particular Instructions, too tedious here to be inserted, they parted; and the pious *Elifinda*, who had so nice a care of her Reputation, as not to admit of innocent Pleasures, for fear of being thought guilty of too much Levity, now, as if bereft of her Senses, is acting the basest of Crimes, with mean Villains, that had neither the Skill to manage, nor that Sense of Reputation that could induce

duce them to a Desire of Concealment : So great, so intolerable a Fiend is Jealousy, and disappointed Love in a Woman's Breast, especially one so lost to all Vertue !

But Night's humid Shades being dispersed by the Morning's rosy Beams, the Gentlemen went to their Sport, and *Emelia* was less that day crouded with Visitors than she had been since her return; and after Dinner she received a Packet of Letters, which she opening to read, *Bellamira* (who only was present) perceiving as she perus'd it, her Colour often to change from a glowing Red, to a deadly Pale, concern'd at her Disorder, began to enquire the occasion. On which that Lady answer'd, It's a Letter from *Lyfander* ; but some part of it has so nigh a relation to the Cause of all my Misfortunes, that the reading of it has again revived my past Afflictions with fresh insupportable Torments.—— These Words, together with the loved Name of *Lyfander*, raised so great a Curiosity in *Bellamira*, that having gained *Emelia*'s Permission, she immediately began to read the following Lines.

Lyfander to the Generous Emelia.

I Am certain, could you be sensible how great a Relief I find in that excellent Goodness which has permitted me to speak the Anguish of my Soul, you never would repent the generous Condescension.

Yet how infinitely great would the additional Blessing be, would you vouchsafe to honour me with the knowledge that yours, and *Bellamira*'s Health and Happiness, has been the peculiar Care of Heaven; and every protecting Power, (who sure are pleas'd with

their Charge) might gaze on her faultless Beauty, admiring Perfections that have so nigh a Resemblance to their own Excellency: And how happy, how blest'd was I, in beholding that matchless Charmer! And how very miserable am I now, banish'd from that delightful View! Torturing Racks are trifling Miseries to the Pangs the Wretch endures, that loves, adores, and yet despairs. Why was I made with a Soul to be sensible of such Perfections, to know no Happiness, but in obtaining, who am deprived even in Hope? But I must check the Reins of my Passion, for fear I offend; tho' I would endeavour, by a faint Description of my insupportable Pains, to move your Pity. I know too well my presumptuous Folly, without being able to find a Cure; the pleasing, but fatal Passion, already begins to prey on the Springs of Life, since Bellamira's departure, calm Sleep, and needful Appetite are fled; and soon, I hope, my Death will convince that lovely Lady, Lysander deserv'd her Pity, tho' Fortune was his Enemy; and cause the compassionate Emelia to excuse this Presumption.

But tho' Reason forbids the Hope, yet so extreme a Flatterer is Love, that I cannot help informing the generous Emelia, that since she has been pleas'd to own a Friendship for me, the propitious Powers have seconded it beyond my fondest Wishes: For the truly noble Count Claronville, who, from my Infancy, favour'd me with his particular Notice, which as I grew increas'd, has of late, by condescending to a more familiar Intimacy, express'd so great, so unequal'd a Friendship, that I want Words to declare its value. He this very Morning, (as he said) observing my late Discontent, and endeavouring to know the Cause, (tho' in vain) at length told me, nothing in his power should

should be wanting to compleat my Happiness; assuring me on his Honour, within a few Weeks my Fortune should be so vastly advanced, as to satisfy the Ambition of any Subject. This, only as it may make me worthy (in some degree) to think of Bellamira, has fill'd me with inexpressible Joy; for all the Count Claronville's Promises are sacred; he ne'er deceiv'd with flattering Hopes, his last Encouragement is certain Success to the anxious Suitor; Volumes might be writ on his peculiar Vertues to the admiring World, whose nice Honour, well-judg'd Resolution, and steady Courage, never were corrupted by Ambition, changed by Interest, or shaken by Fear.

But I am on this pleasing Subject too tedious, and perhaps may tire the excellent Emelia's Patience. This one Hope encouraging me to beg you would still continue the same favourable Sentiments to me, and intreat the lovely Bellamira not to resent this Presumption, if Fortune, and the more steady Claronville, should declare in favour of her unhappy, but eternal Adorer,

LYSANDER.

Bellamira having read the Letter, transported at the extraordinary Change that was like to be in *Lysander's* Fortune, said, I see his Perfections are too conspicuous not to be esteem'd and valued by the Ingenious, and the Vertuous; for you know, Madam, pursued she, the Count *Claronville* is the shining Pattern of all that's truly great and noble. I know, said Emelia, with a wild Distraction in her Looks, he is quite the reverse, the Cruelty of hungry Tygers are in his Nature—he cannot do a generous thing—it's all Artifice—he has so

habituated himself to deceive, it's now become natural—you'll see these extraordinary Caresses are to delude that unfortunate Gentleman into bitter Ruin; and yet, *pursued that heart-grieved Lady*, how many fair engaging Virtues seem to direct his Actions! Just so bright an Appearance betraying Angels put on, when they would corrupt the Innocent.

Emelia had doubtless farther explain'd the Cause of her Indignation to the astonish'd *Bellamira*, had not *Elifinda* that moment enter'd the Room; and after some slight Talk, looking towards the River, she began to praise the fineness of the Evening, the clearness of the Air, with the smoothness of the Water: And at length saying, she had a mind to divert herself on the River, she ask'd *Bellamira* to accompany her; which she being willing to do, the Pleasure-boat was made ready, tho' they went with fewer Servants than usual, because most of the Men waited on *Bellgrand* to the Hunting. Just as the Sisters were going, the heart-boding *Emelia* told them she had so great a Heaviness on her Spirits, that she would go with them, to try if the Air would disperse it. But tho' this happen'd to be very disagreeable to *Elifinda*, yet resolving it should not prevent her Design, and pretending to like that part of the River best, where the Vessel lay, the Men were order'd to row towards it; but when they came in view of the Fisher-men, who seem'd busy in catching their Fish, how wonderfully did *Elifinda* seem taken with them! She prais'd their Industry, and pitied the hard Labour by which they got their Bread, and provided for themselves and Families;

milies; and being desirous to advance more close, and observe them at their Business, with what Astonishment are *Emelia* and *Bellamira* seiz'd to hear themselves treated in a Language unfit for the tender Ears of their Sex! But *Emelia* immediately ordering the Men to row back, Fear and Horror were join'd to their Astonishment, to perceive four or five conceal'd Men suddenly appear, and casting their Hooks to the Boat, begin to drag *Bellamira* into the Vessel. *Emelia's* true Love and Value for that young Lady, was on this Occasion seen; who folding her in her Arms, said, You shall not part us, kill us both together, for I will not be separated from her. On which one of the Monsters said, Come then, (at the same time, giving her a pull up after *Bellamira*) the more we have, the merrier we shall be. *Elisinda* being left behind, by her Screams and Cries pretended mightily to deplore their Loss; but one of *Emelia's* Servants being struck down in her's and *Bellamira's* defence, she bid the other row away for fear of herself; and the Vessel parting from the Boat, began first to sail up the River, but when they were hid by the black Shades of Night, with all their Sail they made down the River.

Where we must leave them, and the distress'd Lady, and return to *Lyfander*, who ever since the Marriage of *Honorius*, had had so deep a Melancholy imprinted on his Soul, as visibly discover'd itself not only in his Looks, but all his Actions; and *Olarius*, whose tender Friendship quickly caus'd him to perceive the alteration, with a Concern great as his Love, began to enquire into the Occasion. But *Ly-*
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Lysander disguizing the truly anxious Pains of his despairing Love, feigns he is discontented at his forlorn State, his vast unbounded Obligation to *Olarius*, with being forced still to receive such unequal Favours, without a Hope to express his highly grateful Sense, by ought but Words. This makes *Olarius* think Ambition disquiets him, that he is troubled with an emulous Discontent for being placed so much beneath, in Birth and Fortune, the high Rank he always oblig'd him to converse with : And, without hesitation, acquainting Count *Claronville* with it, the Employment he heretofore mention'd to *Emelia*, was immediately got him. But how surprized are they both, to find, instead of this imagin'd Cure, his Discontents are so visibly increas'd, as to prey on his very Health ! This made the Count, who valued *Lysander* no less than *Olarius*, tho' not so familiarly acquainted with him, resolve to take him into the Country with him, about the same time that *Emelia*, with the beauteous Cause of his Grief, and their Concern for it, quits the Town.

The inimitable Accomplishments of that young Gentleman gain'd so great an ascendant on *Claronville*, that from esteeming, he grows passionately fond of him ; nay, so transported is he, that he does nothing but talk of him to *Olarius*, wonders at the vast Stock of Learning in one so young, yet untouch'd with Pedantry ; admires the justness of his Notions, the solidity of his Judgment, with the pleasing vivacity, and sprightly turns of his Wit. Ha ! said *Claronville* to *Olarius*, what an enchanting Manner he has, how graceful an Utterance,
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how modest, yet how very forcible are his Reasonings in every thing ! How perfectly fine, how accomplish'd a Gentleman does he appear ! Oh ! *Olarius*, cry'd the transported *Claronville*, you are fit to breed a Son for the greatest Monarch the Globe contains !

But this Admiration still causing a nearer, a tenderer Concern for that inimitable Youth, he resolv'd to press him close, till he had learn'd the Cause, and by that means a certain Cure : And understanding he was then gone into the Garden, either to amuse or indulge his Discontent without *Olarius*, he follows the Lover, whom he found lying on a Bank deeply musing, and he hears not *Claronville's* approach. He lean'd on his Arm, with his Eyes fix'd to the Ground. The Count stops, attentively viewing the Youth ; when at last he perceives the sorrowing Sighs break forth, followed by these Expressions : Oh why, just Heaven, have you given me such ambitious Desires, without being bless'd with one Hope towards obtaining them ? —

This convinces *Claronville*, that restless Ambition tortures the aspiring Youth, and his partial Love attributes it to the greatness of his Spirit. He immediately advances to take the disconsolate *Lyfander* in his Arms, and strives to disperse his Grief with such tender and solemn Assurances, that within a few days he shall feel no more uneasiness on the score of Fortune ; that tho' *Lyfander* wonders and thinks such unheard of Generosity improbable, if not impossible, yet it so soothes his Passion, that what he wishes he is willing to believe ; and the first moment he can dis-

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engage from that admirable Friend, he writes to *Emelia* the pleasing Promises, as is aforementioned. Whilst *Claronville* ruminating in his careful Breast, how to settle an Affair of the greatest Consequence, determin'd to go to a more retir'd Seat of his, about twenty Miles up the River, only accompanied by *Olarius*, *Lysander*, a few Servants, and six Men to row the Barge. The pleasantness of the Season caused them rather to chuse this short Voyage, than travel by Land: They set out late; and this being the Night which was to bring strange things to pass to the adoring *Lysander*, and the then distress'd, almost-lost *Bellamira*; they had not gone far before their melodious Strains were interrupted by terrible Cries and loud Screams of Persons that seem'd distress'd: On which, the Musick ceasing, they quickly perceived the Out-cries to come from a Vessel, which came sailing towards them. But how surprized were they all, when more attentively listening and distinguishing 'em to be Women's Voices, *Lysander* like one distracted rising from his Seat, cries out, 'Tis *Bellamira*! ——— 'tis *Bellamira* and *Emelia*! I am certain 'tis they. ——— And then drawing his Sword with eagerness, said to *Claronville* on bended Knees, For Heaven's sake, my Lord, if you have any pity for Vertue in distress, or would preserve *Lysander* from eternal Ruin, command the Barge this moment to their relief,——to save more Worth than the World contains besides. And being more convinced, as the Sloop and their Cries drew nearer, he would stamp and say,

say, That — that is indeed *Bellamira* ! Ha ! now poor *Emelia* screams ! What shall I do ? Instruct me, Heaven, to preserve them. And having obtain'd *Claronville's* consent, who naturally pitying the Distress'd, could not refuse his pressing Intreaties, turning to the Barge-men, he bids them to exert their Strength and Speed, promising to their swift haste, Rewards like a Monarch ; charging them, as soon as they had fix'd their Boat to the Vessel, for half the Men to follow him, whilst the others staying in the Barge, might reach them their Oars ; by which means they could annoy the Enemy, and defend themselves from all but Fire-arms.

But there needed none of that Care, for detestably base *Thomaso*, and his wicked Crew, were so intent on *Elifinda's* wicked Command, that they did not mind the Barge's approach, till *Lysander* had closed it to the Sloop ; who then, quick as Thought, catching hold of a Rope that belong'd to the Tackle, swung himself into the Vessel, where the first sad Object that presented itself to his view, was a villanous Russian dragging *Emelia* by the Hair on the Deck. With one Leap, *Lysander* reaching to him, struck him a-cross the Face with all his force, saying, Monster of Cruelty, behold thy Reward ! On which the Fellow stunn'd, let go his barbarous hold ; whilst the Count's Men following thick, hinder the rest of the Russians from revenging their Companion ; and *Emelia* looking on her Deliverer, whom knowing, she said, Haste, generous *Lysander*, sure Heaven has sent you to save *Bellamira*, who else this moment is lost,

undone, ruin'd by Ravishers. He no sooner heard that dear Name, but he flew to the Cabin, and finding the Door shut, his Rage adding unusual Force, with the second Stroke of his Foot, he burst it open; where he found that innocent, terrified Lady on the Floor, with her Nails defending herself against the brutal *Thomaso*, whom *Lysander* made sensible of his presumptuous Villany, by running his Sword into his Breast: And then turning to the frightned *Bellamira*, whom by raising from the Ground, he had the happiness to fold in his Arms, his extreme Joy was more express'd by Actions than Words; and in those moments tenderly embracing her, said, Am I so bless'd, so gloriously happy, to save my Heart's dearest, only Love; together with the greatly valuable *Emelia*! — But scarce had the unfortunate Youth finish'd these Words, when one of the ruffian Crew flying from *Claronville's* Men, then entering the Cabin, and seeing *Thomaso* well ring in his Blood, takes up *Lysander's* too soon quitted Sword, and stabs him in the Back. *Emelia* following the Fellow at the Door, seeing the Stroke given, with a great Scream cry'd out, *Lysander's* stabb'd! *Lysander's* murder'd! The Words going thro' the Sloop, quickly reach'd *Claronville's* and *Olarius's* Ears, who were till then in the Boat; but on this unhappy News, getting into the Vessel, with beating Hearts make their Approaches to him; where the Count finds *Lysander* wounded, and senseless, between the two Ladies. *Emelia* tearing her Linnen to stop his fast-flowing Blood, endeavour'd by her Prayers to bribe Heaven to save him; and

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Bellamira, with streaming Tears, wishes she could, by letting out Sluices of her own Blood, stay his. — This sad, and heart-wounding Spectacle, filling *Claronville* with Rage and Grief, he said, Unhappy Youth! what a Fate is this! to lose thy Life defending worthless Women in the company of Ruffians; and kneeling down to take, he thought, the dying *Lysander* in his Arms, said, Oh, my Child, my Son, must I then lose my only Hope, my *Belville*? — Here the Father's Laments were interrupted by *Emelia*, who falling backwards, with a Shriek so loud and strong, as though her Soul had gone from her with her Words, repeats, My *Belville*! The known, tho' long absent Accent of her Voice, struck *Claronville's* Ears; and turning his Eyes on the swooning Lady, if not in a moment, yet he soon discover'd there the Lineaments and every Feature of *Emelia*. What Skill can describe the Emotions of *Claronville's* or *Belville's* Heart! for they are the same at this time; Despair for a dying Son, and Amazement to find a long lost Wife — at once seizing his Soul, he was motionless as a Statue, and so he remain'd a long space. But, oh! as soon as he can recover his Faculties, and Utterance, he flies to the fainting *Emelia*, takes her in his Arms with eagerness, saying, 'Tis indeed my *Emelia*, my long-lost Love! Then pressing her close to his throbbing Heart, he said, Oh my Soul's delight! revive — bless thy Husband — thy *Belville* with one kind Look. — But finding her still senseless with Grief, and heart-torn Agonies, he turns to his People, begging them to help her.

And, indeed, in this distracted Scene, the precious and dearly-priz'd Life of *Lyfander* had been loft, had not *Olarius*, with less confusion of Mind, bent all his Care to assist that lovely Youth; and one of my Lord's Gentlemen understanding Surgery, he was immediately remov'd out of the Cabin, to have his Wound search'd and dress'd; the grieved *Bellamira* pursuing him with her drowned Eyes, whilst her unskill'd Care was employ'd in recovering *Emelia*.

But *Olarius*, thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of all this strange Perplexity and Astonishment, as soon as *Lyfander's* Blood was staunch'd, and Life reviv'd, forbidding any mention to be made of whathad pass'd, took him into the Barge, intending with some of the Men to carry him back to the Count's House, that more skilful Surgeons might be had; charging the rest (who had secur'd the Villain with Cords) to follow with the Vessel at some distance.

When the grieved *Claronville*, and the afflicted *Bellamira*, with all their Care, had a little recover'd *Emelia*; she, hearing the Count's passionate Expressions, first turn'd her Eyes on him, but when she look'd on the bloody ground, and found *Lyfander* gone, with a weak Voice, at the same time endeavouring to raise her feeble Limbs, she cry'd, Where's my Son? O let me go to him, and die by him! The Count strove to comfort her with some Hopes; told her he was only removed, to be preserv'd; but she minded him not, Groans, Sighs, and Sobs, hinder her from speaking a long time, when at last, with incoherent Words, she express'd her

her Anguish, by saying, Let me go to my *Belville*! Oh, my Child, would I had died for thee! How hard, how barbarous is my Fate, to know his Worth, to know *Lysander* is my Child, only to be sensible of exquisite Misery in his loss.—— Then continuing silent a few Moments, as if by reflecting her Woes increas'd, she said, renewing her distracted Talk, I am certain he is my Child, I know it by many Reasons. Then looking on *Claronville*, she said, Cruel *Belville*, how has thy faithless Inconstancy, in a moment, destroy'd thy Son and me! To which the passionate Husband hastily answer'd, My dear, and only Love, do not charge me with Crimes so very distant from my Nature; it's true, I have wrong'd you, and have been basely wrong'd—yet by the Powers Divine I swear, my faithful Heart has never ceas'd a moment to love you, nor has your long Absence caus'd one changing Thought. Ah! *reply'd* Emelia, could you convince me of this, I might still be happy, too happy for a Mortal: But no such Blessings, *pursued she*, are in store for me—Sorrows are still to be my Portion—Millions of Tears thy Falshood has cost me—and now they still must flow for my dear Son.— Too many, *continued she*, I paid his imaginary Death, to be forced to weep them o'er again for my *Lysander*. I hope, *said* Claronville, Heaven will be more merciful to us both,—but my Falshood was as imaginary as his Death; nor have my Sorrows been less than yours. Oh, *Emelia!* *pursued he*, when I have unfolded the black Scene of Treachery, that has made us both miserable, I am sure you'll pity your wretched Husband

band, however your Heart is estranged from Love. I fear, *said Emelia*, should you not be able to justify yourself, my Heart would own its weakness, and confess how much I still have lov'd, amidst Sufferings; and rather than think you could use me so very ill, believe any thing. You need not fear, *continued he, embracing her*, but without strain'd Fallacies I can clear myself. We both were betray'd; the truth of which, on my Honour, you soon shall be convinc'd of: But till then, rest secure, and do not rob me of a moment's Love, by an uneasy Doubt; our Joys being already too much perplex'd, in our Fears for *Lyfander*. Too, too much, *said Emelia*; but whilst we, by an equal sense of our Affliction, find some Relief in this Fellowship of Misery, that Lady, *continued she*, (pointing to *Bellamira*, who when she was releas'd from her Care about *Emelia*, having seated herself, by a Flood of Tears showed how sensible *Lyfander's* Wound had touch'd her very Soul) whose Grief for our Son is not less than ours, has none to console her: The dear absent Youth, in whom all her Joys and Happiness are lodg'd, perhaps this moment breathes his last.—— Oh, stabbing Thought! — Sure *Bellamira*, *pursued she*, we cannot outlive it. I hope, *answer'd that afflicted Lady*, I shall not; for the very fear of it has struck me with a most terrible Pain. A few moments *Emelia* forgot her own Grief, to moderate hers; and told *Claronville* how passionately *Lyfander* lov'd her, with how little less Tenderness she return'd it—extoll'd her worth, and at the same time lamented their general Misfortune in his Danger.

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In which sad Employment the time was spent, till they landed, which *Olarius* took care should not be before *Lysander* was first carried to the Count's House; where, according to his expectations, this distress'd Mother begg'd to see her Son; which he oppos'd by Entreaties, and too justly inforced Reasons not to conquer her tenderly passionate Desires, he assuring her, that nothing but Composure could save him, that the least disorder'd Passion, occasion'd either by Joy or Grief, would infallibly set his Wound bleeding a-fresh. This admirable Friend inform'd her, That as soon as he was recover'd, his first Question was to know if she and *Bellamira* were out of danger; and that having learn'd from him they were both under *Claytonville's* Care, and coming with him to his House, that News so transported *Lysander*, that the Surgeon fear'd it would have been fatal. Judge then, Madam, said *Olarius*, whether the more delightful knowledge of your being his Mother, and by that means the certainty of obtaining this amiable Lady, whom I find he passionately loves, will not raise in him a Joy too exquisite for him to support, and in a moment destroy what you and all of us so eagerly, so earnestly desire to save. *Emelia* yielding, waited with *Bellamira*, both tormented with a thousand heart-breaking Fears, to hear their Doom from the Surgeon's mouth. How do they tremble, and how do their Hearts throb, when he appears, before he tells them, the Wound indeed is very dangerous, but they hope not mortal, if right Care be taken! And how do their Hearts leap with Joy at the delightful Words,

Words, *they hope not mortal!* *Claronville's* Mind too is rejoic'd, and all his Thoughts are now employ'd on Love, and his dear *Emelia*.

Care being taken to secure the Villains in the Out-houses, whom for some reason they do not think fit to send to Prison; the Ladies, with *Olarius*, and the now happy Husband, by a short Repast, having a little refresh'd their harass'd Spirits; the Count, desirous to satisfy *Emelia's* Doubts, and compleat the Happiness of finding her, begins his Vindication in the following manner.

I must, my dear *Emelia*, *said he*, be forced to go back as far as my bringing you acquainted with *Marimont*; who dying, own'd that he being charm'd with your Beauty at the Play, began with me the Argument about Wit, believing your rare and exquisite Form had inspir'd me with those favourable Sentiments I always had for your Sex. You know, *pursued* he, how his Wile prevail'd on my Weakness; and having thus obtain'd the Happiness to converse with my *Emelia*, his Desires increas'd: And if Love could enter into a Heart so wicked, surely you inspir'd him with the most violent one that could possess the Soul of Man, tho' at the same time he found on your bare suspecting of it, that you with a Discretion and Virtue never enough to be extoll'd, shunn'd it and him, by refusing his Visits: Which convincing him therewas no way to gain your Love, but by making a Breach between us two, he at first try'd every artful Insinuation to possess me with an ill Opinion of you; and that likewise proving ineffectual, he at length formed
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in his mischievous Brain a Scheme that accomplish'd his cruel Purpose. Having by Bribes gained on your Maid to steal the Key of your Cabinet, by which means seeing all my Letters, he discover'd the Cypher we intended should be known to none but ourselves; which being what he wanted, (who, amongst other Ingenuities, could counterfeit any one's Hand) he begins to put in practice his Design, by telling a Coxcomb I had a Mistress I was extremely fond and jealous of, and that it would make excellent Sport, if one Night he would teaze me on that Subject: Which the unthinking Fool giving in to, according to *Marimont's* direction, he first began to hint, and then express it, in so plain Terms, that fired with his Insolence, I treated him in a manner that must have proved fatal to one of us, had not *Marimont* pretended to interpose; who urged, tho' it was very weak in him to boast, yet before I ought to express such a desperate Resentment, he would have me sure *Emelia* was worthy of it, by seeing whether you would come at his Appointment. The Spark, instructed by him, pretended a great Surprise at my doubting it, vow'd he thought you had been too free of your Favours to have them esteem'd such, for to his certain knowledge, you frequently met *Gay-fly* at a House that was maintain'd by accommodating such sort of Lovers.

It seems, *said* *Claronville*, that *Marimont* would not suffer this Fool to see you; he being too sensible of your Beauty's Power, fear'd it might influence him to unravel the Secret; and the Spark urging, he was sure you would

see *Gay-fly*, with whom you were more intimate than himself, at last by his confident Affe-
 severation, join'd with *Marimont's* suspicious
 Manner, whom I more relied on, I agreed, as
 they said, to be convinced. This was the oc-
 casion, *pursued the Count*, of my coming home
 in such a strange Humour; and had I not been
 infatuated, certainly what you said on that
 occasion, ought to have made me distrust all
 the World, rather than *Emelia*. I thought I
 had enough warned you of any Contrivance,
 by begging you on no occasion to go out that
 day; which *Marimont* learning from your
 Maid, he wrote that counterfeit Letter, which
 brought my *Emelia* to that abominable Place,
 and caused his barbarous Plot to succeed. With
 how great a Horror was I seized, when I saw
 you enter the House, and enquire for *Gay-fly*!
 I had that moment kill'd you, had they not
 with-held me with all their force. Then, *said*
Emelia, interrupting him, I was not deceiv'd,
 when I fancied I heard your Voice; you say-
 ing, *Let me go, for I this moment will stab her*
perfidious Heart. But I was so far from fear-
 ing it, *continued she*, that I endeavour'd with
 all my strength to open the Door between us;
 when a Person coming into the Room, desired
 me to walk up Stairs, saying, you would fol-
 low me. I know it all, *pursued the Count*, with
 your Treatment of *Gay-fly*; who, ignorant of
 your very Name, was brought thither by a
 Love-letter *Marimont* writ him; and the Usage
 he met from you on that occasion, has often
 help'd to heighten their barbarous Mirth. But
 you were, *said Claronville, pursuing his Discourse*,
 no sooner removed from my sight, than I be-
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gan to think all that was past a terrifying Dream ; and imagining some Fiend had taken your Form to perplex and torture me, I ran like one distracted to your House ; *Marimont* following me, (tho' his accompanying me was hid from you by the Maid, as he since told me.) Not but you, doubtless, heard in how wild a manner I behaved myself when I found you absent, my Rage being so great, that he would not trust me for four days by myself. I then endeavour'd, by hard drinking, to drown my Senses, and with 'em the tormenting Pangs your imagin'd Inconstancy had caused ; that cruel Fiend owning, in those moments, he often repented his Villany, but having enter'd, he must now go through with it. By me he was commission'd to visit you, and see in what manner you would behave yourself. I then withdrew to my Father's, to try there, if possible, to compose my afflicted Mind ; but with what increase was my Soul fill'd, when he came there to me, and inform'd me you were so far from regretting what you had done, or being concern'd at my knowledge of it, that now with a harden'd Confidence, you permitted *Gay-fly* openly to visit you, whilst all your Words and Actions express'd a scornful Hatred of me ? Sure, cried *Emelia*, on hearing this, *Marimont* could not be so inhumanly base, for he and Heaven only were witness of what I suffer'd ; and certainly my Afflictions would have pierc'd a marble Heart : Words cannot express what my Sorrows were—nor Imagination scarce form an Idea of them. I believe, answer'd *Claronville*, your Husband only could have an adequate Sense of what you suffer'd,

by the greatness of his own ; who like the stricken Deer, ranging round the Countries, sought every Diversion to sooth the Pain: (but how ineffectual!) it would not allow a moment's Ease. How often have I wish'd you present, only to revenge my exquisite Tortures, by murdering you! But certainly, in the midst of all these (as I thought) Confirmations of your Falshood, powerful Love had brought me to you before you undertook that cruel Voyage, had not my Mother fell sick; and her extreme Tendernefs not suffering her to part from me the few days of her remaining Life, I was detain'd by her Death; and the Night the Ceremony of her Funeral was performed, I received the Letter you sent me, of your fatal departure. What Astonishment and Doubts did it fill me with! and how different was it from the Idea I then had of you! your Resentment being express'd so natural, with such a self-assured Innocency, that I then began not to fear, but hope some deceitful Artifice! But, alas! what satisfaction had I in that hope, when there was no recovering you back! I came immediately on it to Town, and went directly to your House, ; then I flew to *Marrimont* with your Letter, who still carrying on his base Deceit, perswaded me you were only withdrawn with some Spark into the Country. In which uncertainty I remain'd almost two Years, when one Night it happen'd, that being out late, I was forced to return home a-foot, and the Moon giving a pleasant Light, I heard the clashing of Swords, and at some distance saw two Men engaged; when immediately one of them falling, I perceived the
other

other making off as fast as he could: and Humanity obliging me to go up to the wounded Person, I was very much surprized to find it *Marimont*; who knowing me, with a deep Sigh, said, *Belville*, you are the only Person I ought to be afraid of seeing, in this last moment of Life, yet I am glad Heaven has given me this opportunity to clear the Innocent, and to beg Forgiveness for a Crime which my Conscience has more sharply reproach'd me with, than all my other Offences. On which, said *Claronville*, he began to tell me part of what I have already related; when his Agonies hindering him from proceeding, I got him removed to a House, where his Wounds being found mortal, he had just Life enough to finish his sad Tale, and signed his Confession, which I got writ by one present; resolving, if ever I should have the happiness of finding you, by that means fully to convince you, by how base an Artifice I was drawn to wrong my dear *Emelia*.

At these Words the Count taking out of a Cabinet the Paper, shew'd it to *Emelia*; who having view'd it, express'd her satisfaction, to find, whatever her Sufferings had been, it was not either owing to the Cruelty or Falshood of her *Belville*. And he proceeding in his Relation, said, *Marimont* showed so sincere a Concern for having been the Author of all your Misfortunes, and painted your innocent Sufferings in such lively Terms, that tho' my Resentments were extreme, yet in those moments they were a little soften'd by Pity at his own sense of Shame and Repentance; he informing me of all your Distractions, your Illness,

ness, and his unsuccessful Attempts; and added, if he had known your design to leave the Kingdom, he would have prevented it, though with the confession of his Crime. But he said, that happening to be a few days out of Town, he had not Intelligence from your Maid till the day of your departure; and then you prevented his having any suspicion of your Design, by telling him you only went for a little time into the Country, for the benefit of the Air. He pleaded the Violence of his Love, for the carrying on this long-dissembled Villany, adding, that to the last of your Stay, he had hopes that your Necessities in time would bring you to a compliance with his Desires. But, *said* Claronville, however wretched he has made us both, Heaven and your Vertue prevented his Mischiefs from being crown'd by Success; for he died in less than three hours after his Confession; and by it, left me the miserablest of Men living. I once thought the Tortures of Jealousy too exquisite to be parallel'd; but here I found they were far surpass'd. How did I curse my too credulous easy Belief! As to my own Sufferings, (however great they were) I thought my Folly justly merited them.—But for you, my Soul daily felt Sorrows to think how many Miseries your helpless Innocence must suffer for my inhuman Folly;— I feared your destitute Fortune being insulted by those you went with, your enduring strange, unheard-of Misfortunes in a foreign Country; to which was joined, with no small anguish of mind, what hard Sentiments you must have of me. Nor were you deceiv'd, *answer'd* Emelia, Heaven knows the thoughts of your cruel Usage

Usage alone made me miserable ; whilst Fortune was lavish in bestowing on me her Favours. But, *pursued the now fully convinc'd* Emelia, you have so fully clear'd yourself, and so pathetically described your Sufferings, that I know not how to excuse my long Concealment ; which, perhaps, *added she, with Tears in her Eyes*, may be severely punish'd by the loss of our Son, of whom you have yet made no mention. No, *replied he*, I forgot to acquaint you, that knowing how fondly you loved him, when I was enraged against you, I had him remov'd on purpose to torment you : Where, as *Marimont* said, he did indeed sicken of the Small-pox ; but Providence preserv'd him to be my only Consolation, who, by your loss, was doubly dear to me. He was in his Infancy so very like you, that whilst I hugg'd the dear Resemblance, it still brought back to my mind, the stabbing thoughts of your loss ; tho' I often wonder'd what you meant by that Passage in your Letter, where you with stinging Reproaches complain of his death, till *Marimont* explain'd it ; who said your Affection hung so much after him, that fearing it might be an occasion of our meeting hereafter, he told you he was dead. But, my dear *Emelia*, *said Claronville, looking at the same time on* Olarius, this admirable Friend, whom I find you have forgot, though he join'd our Hands, knowing my sad sad Story, and supporting me with his Advice, ever since he was three Years old, undertook the care of educating our *Belville*, who from that time was call'd *Lysander*, I not thinking it proper to own him till my Father's death ; and then a Letter I
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receiv'd from you, giving me hopes I should one time or other find you, I delay'd it, and join'd with the Persuasion of *Olarius*, who extremely charm'd with his extraordinary Inclination to Learning, was afraid the knowledge of his Birth might make him grow indolent, and not mind what he might, perhaps, think he should not want.

Here *Claronville* went on to inform *Emelia* of their late Concern for his Melancholy ; with the Passage in the Garden between him and *Lysander*. On which that Lady smiling, said, she believ'd she could best explain the Meaning of those uneasy ambitious Desires : And then showing *Claronville* the Letter she had that day received from *Lysander*, on reading it, the Father was surprized, to find what Friendship this Mother and Son had contracted for each other ; with the odd Chance, that whilst the Son was striving to plead his own Cause in Love, he should so wonderfully inforce it : and looking on *Emelia* with Eyes that express'd the pleased Satisfaction of his Soul, he said, Who that ever was bless'd with the Name of Parent, would not think all their Cares fully recompensed, to find a Child have such noble, such exalted Thoughts of them, as *Lysander* here expresses ! But, pursued the Father, it's not the Name of Parent, or an austere Assuming, that can gain our Children to esteem, love, and revere us ; it must be, added he, by such fair Examples of Vertue, as those of my *Emelia*, join'd with Tendernefs, and a generous Preference of their
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Happiness, to our own, by which that filial Love, and respectful Friendship must be obtained, that so delightfully repays all our paternal Blessing. — And, indeed, *pursued he*, flattering myself I should find *Lyfander* such, who in all his Words and Actions has express'd so grateful a Sense of *Olarius's* Friendship to him, together with the late sudden Discontent that seized him; I resolved no longer to continue the Concealment of his Birth from him: And fearing some Difficulties would attend my owning him, from the next succeeding Heirs to my Title, and Estate, I had determined to withdraw from the hurry of Visitors to a more private Seat; where I might with him consult on the easiest Methods of doing it; intending to acquaint him with all my Misfortunes, and your Loss. We had begun our little Voyage with this Design, when Heaven, propitious to us, has wonderfully brought you to assist and compleat, I hope, the happy Discovery.

Emelia, seconded by *Olarius* and *Bellamira*, implored Heaven to make it such, by the preservation of *Lyfander*; nor was *Claronville's* Eyes so fasten'd on *Emelia's* still Angel-like Form, as not to pay a just regard to *Bellamira's* matchless Beauty: Her Birth, and excellent Worth being told, and described by *Emelia*, the fond Father, on that occasion, said a thousand obliging things, by which he shewed how much he not only approved, but admired his Son's Choice. Nor did *Emelia* forget, in a most engaging manner, to express her Obligation to *Olarius*, for his extraordinary Friendship, and tender Care in the Education of

Lyfander ; which he answer'd with Congratulations on her and *Claronville*'s surprizing meeting ; nor did he omit agreeably to compliment *Bellamira*, as the entire occasion of *Lyfander*'s late Melancholy, with the Pain they had been in about it. But in spite of the Pleasure this happy Pair found in unfolding their Souls to each other, after so long an Absence, Nature, and their late surprizing Fatigues, putting them in mind Rest was needful, *Emelia* was led by the Count to his Apartment ; and by that means *Bellamira* alone by herself, pass'd the restless Night, agitated with a thousand perplexing Fears for *Lyfander*'s Life : tho' at the same time she was charm'd with the thoughts, that now no Objection could be made against her yielding up her Heart entirely to the engaging Perfections of that enchanting Youth.

The next Morning all their Joys were increased, with the hopes the Surgeon gave them of *Lyfander*'s recovery. All their Thoughts were now turned on the surprizing manner of their being forced away, with what could induce the Villains to so bold an Attempt ; yet how much greater was their Surprize, to find a Sister capable of such an inhuman Deed ! when *Olarius* going with the Surgeons to see *Thomaso*'s Wound dress'd, he confess'd, in hopes of favour, *Elifinda*'s whole Contrivance, with every particular Passage of their long Intrigue. With how much difficulty are they brought to believe it ! till *Thomaso* gives them but too convincing Proofs of the Truth ; and though the Ladies were filled with Horror on hearing the Relation, yet the Count's and *Olarius*'s Astonishment was not much less, the
Fame

Fame of her unequal'd Piety having reach'd their Ears. *Claronville* detesting such an inhuman Wickedness, according to the Severity of his Principles, vow'd to make her a publick Example; but *Emelia*, with reluctant Pity, fears the exposing may harden her in her Offences: and *Olarius* joining in her Opinion, he yielded to their Persuasion, and *Bellamira's* Tears, who feels a greater Shame for her abandon'd Sister, than that Lady could be sensible of, for all her monstrous Crimes.

Elisinda returning back (as she imagin'd) from the accomplishment of her detestable Crime, with a pretended Concern alarms the whole Country with their loss; their Vertues causing them generally to be lamented. But *Bellgrand*, and the enamour'd *Stanorius*, being more sensibly touch'd, especially the Lover, who at the same time he is studying how to recover them, rages and vows Revenge on the Author; not being entirely free from suspecting the fair Dame herself. But she, with Arts superior, joining her counterfeit Grief to their real, pretends she had some Fears that they were carried away by their own Consent; especially *Emelia*, whose readiness to follow *Bellamira*, she, by giving it another turn, caused them indeed to believe it; having insinuated, that she supposed *Lyfander* was at the bottom of it. By which, with a thousand other invented Circumstances, she so fully possess'd them with that Opinion, as to make them resolve that very Night to go in pursuit of *Lyfander* and the Ladies.

But *Marcander's* Health having suffer'd too much by his late Discontent, to endure the

fatigue of their speedy Search, he staid, at his Request, with the Chevalier *de Blanville*, where he, and the lovely *Lugenia*, in each other find a sovereign Remedy for their inconsolable Grief.

The Lover and the Brother, eager in their Search of the Ladies, reach'd the Town; and having learn'd from *Olarius's* Domesticks, that *Lyfander* was gone with him to the Count's, they determin'd to make that Nobleman a Visit, (*Stanorius* and he being very well acquainted) to find if *Lyfander* is really with him, or had only order'd it to be given out, to disguise his absence with the Ladies.

But how surprized are they, and how confirmed in their Opinion, and *Elifinda's* feigned Suspicion, when, on their making some enquiry, they find the Country People full of a confused Story, that a Vessel was seized, and six Men brought bound to the Count's, with two Ladies, whose Description exactly answer'd those they are in pursuit of! On which they did not much consult, before they went directly to the Count's, and asked for the Ladies by their Names.

Emelia, and her dear *Claronville*, were by themselves entertaining each other with past Transactions, when they were told of the Gentlemen's pressing to see her and the Count. On hearing their Names, *Emelia* immediately order'd them to be brought up, and receiv'd them with all the Transports of Joy that such a happy Delivery could occasion: Tho', after the first Ceremonies were over, perceiving by *Bellgrand's* Behaviour, his Suspicions, she began to acquaint them with all that had past; *Elifinda's* pressing her Sister to take the Air on
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the Water that Evening, and how she, to divert an unusual Melancholy, chose to accompany them; with their being seiz'd and dragg'd into the Vessel, and lock'd up in a little dirty Cabin, where (to prevent their Cries) their Mouths were stopp'd till it grew dark, and they had gone some Leagues down the River; and that then two ill-looking Ruffians approaching with Lights, by their Behaviour, made them fear the worst Misfortune: She farther inform'd the Gentlemen, that being so much in the Villains power, she offer'd them very considerable Rewards, to release her and *Bellamira*; at the same time intimating to them, what Punishments they must expect, if they proceeded in their base Design: And how that *Thomaso*, a little startled, began to relent, till the Ruffian (that dragg'd or help'd her into the Vessel after *Bellamira*, and was the Person that stabb'd *Lysander*) plainly told her, he was too well acquainted with both their Circumstances, to part with either of them, till he and *Thomaso* became Masters of their Persons, and by that means of their Wealth. She then described what Danger they were in, till the happy moment *Lysander* came to their relief, and how fatal it was like to have prov'd to him.

Claronville then taking up the Discourse, told the Gentlemen, all the Persons belonging to the Vessel were under confinement, desiring them to hear from the Villains themselves the female *Machiavellian* that had contrived and set those Wretches on to act in that manner. Which Words of the Count's not only recall'd to *Stanorius's* mind, all his past Suspicions of
Elifinda,

Elifinda, but possess'd him with a thousand new ones : Tho' had *Bellgrand* been a Person of deeper Penetration, he had too settled an Opinion of her Vertue, to have a Thought that way.

But *Stanorius*, impatient to be satisfied in his Doubts, immediately accepting *Claronville's* offer to see *Thomaso* and the rest, with *Olarius*, they were passing through a Gallery to go to them, when an Accident happen'd that a second time alarm'd them with terrible Fears for *Lyfander's* Life : For *Bellamira*, who was sensible how much his happy Parents were pleased to enjoy a few hours undisturb'd in the dear Society of each other, often took occasion to leave them alone, and by it give a greater Loose to her own Thoughts and Passion ; which by her late Obligation to *Lyfander*, join'd with the knowledge of his Birth ; was increased to a height not to be described : In those Contemplations, how little does she fear her Brother's forcing her to marry *Stanorius* ! and what a flood of Joy over-power'd her Soul, when she heard he was out of danger ! and how often did she bid the lazy Moments fly, to bring the happy one, in which she may call *Lyfander* her own ! and in what a Series of uninterrupted Delights, does she hope to pass her days ! — Not but these charming Thoughts were often damp'd with intruding Doubts, that adverse Fortune may still raise some unexpected Difficulty, to sever them : Nay, she often trembled with the thoughts, that he, perhaps, like his inconstant Sex, may change ; and fear'd the knowledge of his Birth might cause him to cease that respectful

spectful Tendernefs which had made fo strong an Impreffion on his Heart.

In thefe pleafing, and fometimes perplexing Thoughts, as ſhe was wandering thro' feveral Apartments, ſhe was at length infenfibly led towards *Lyfander's*, who had not yet been fo blefs'd as to fee her; though the Count and *Olarius*, by degrees, had taken care to encourage him with the hopes of obtaining that Lady; which did more than all the Phyſicians Art towards his Cure.

Bellamira finding herſelf at his Chamber-door, (which flood half open) and perceiving all ſilent, ventures firſt to look in, and ſeeing no body in the Room, but the Curtains drawn cloſe, tho' ſhe trembled at the thought of what ſhe was doing, yet Love made her advance, and often ſtopping to liſten, ſhe ſometimes fancied ſhe heard him breathe as if aſleep; but her Ears not continually keeping the Sound, ſhe is immediately alarm'd with the frightful Thought, that perhaps he is dead. Long ſhe could not bear it, e'er ſhe gather'd the Courage to approach to his Bed-fide, and gently putting by the Curtains, there beholds him lying on the Bed faſt aſleep. How delightful was this View to *Bellamira*! and how many new Charms does ſhe diſcover in that engaging Youth! His paleneſs calling to her mind her late extreme Obligations to him, fills her Soul with a thouſand tender Transports un-deſcribable.— But this fair Gazer was not long thus employ'd, e'er the Glare of Light, that ſtruck full in his Face, by the moving of the Curtains, wakes him: which ſhe perceiving, attempted to fly away, had not *Lyfander* ſtopp'd

stopp'd her, and by a thousand Entreaties prevailed on her to stay a few moments. But tho' she could not tell how to refuse his Request, so suitable to her own Inclination, yet in Confusion often looking towards the Door, as if afraid of being catch'd in her innocent Visit, she said, I owe *Lyfander* too much, to refuse him such a trifle as my Company, did I not fear if *Emelia* should know it, she would never forgive me. Which words *Lyfander* taking in a sense as if that Lady was become his Enemy, said, (looking on her with a dejected Air) Then how deceitful are all Pretences of Friendship, since *Emelia* is so cruel as you represent! Or what inhuman Fiend, *continued he*, has so lately changed those favourable Sentiments she was pleas'd this very Morning to express for me: She then encourag'd me with such glorious Hopes, as Monarchs might only desire to aspire to. Do not doubt, *answer'd Bellamira*, *perceiving his mistake*, but *Emelia* esteems and loves you far beyond all that you can think or hope. Alas! *replied he*, *still dejected*, how little will it avail, and how very miserable am I, if she refuses to assist me in the only thing that can cause me to entertain a Thought, a Wish of Happiness? Do not fear, or talk of Miseries, *resumed she*, for I dare warrant you, Fortune waits to bestow on you her Favours in so lavish a manner, that I believe neither your Hopes, nor Wishes, can reach at a more extensive Happiness than is ordain'd for *Lyfander*. The serious manner with which she deliver'd this, causing him to look on her with Amazement, she proceeded to say, You would not question the truth of this, did you know
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with what difficulty I restrain from telling you things that would make your Wonder great as your Joy; but then, *pursued she*, beware of being too ambitious, and remember *Bellamira* only esteem'd *Lysander* for his Vertues.— The Blushes accompanying her Words, making the transported Lover to judge them still more to his advantage, throwing himself at her Feet, he said, Divinely excellent *Bellamira*, do not imagine I ever entertain'd an ambitious Thought but where you were concern'd: No, *added he*, the Powers above are my witness, that all my Hopes and exrtavagant Desires are center'd in you alone: — I could wish, I had the command of Empires, to convince you how much I prize you above them; and if I am so bless'd, to obtain your Esteem, I shall think myself far happier than the greatest Monarch the Earth contains. In a few days, *said Bellamira*, (at the same time obliging him to rise) I shall see how *Lysander* esteems me, and shall be convinc'd whether you'll prefer me to those whose Merit, perhaps, as well as Fortunes, are extremely superior to mine. But the passionate Lover answering her with Protestations that exprefs'd the Sincerity of his Passion, her Doubts were satisfied; and now believing how infinitely he loves, which increasing her Tenderness, she is unable longer to contain the fatal Secret: and looking on him with Eyes that show'd how much she participated in his Happiness, she said, Methinks, *Lysander*, I am too much indebted to you, not to wish to be the Person that should tell you the delightful News that *Emelia* is your Mother.—— On which the astonish'd Youth often repeating *Emelia*,

Emelia my Mother! without being able to utter more ——— Yes, said *Bellamira*, pursuing her Discourse, she discover'd you for her Son, when you lay wounded in the Vessel; and had you then, added she, been sensible, or could have seen her extreme Grief, how she wrung her Hands, and how fast the Tears flow'd, you must have own'd so great, so uncommon a Concern could have proceeded from nothing less than maternal Tendernefs. ——— Oh, Heavens! cry'd *Lysander*, (by what she said, beginning to believe it) is it possible that the excellent *Emelia* should be my Mother! ——— Oh! give me leave, added he, transported beyond himself, give me leave, my Soul's Joy, to throw myself at her Feet, and hear the confirmation.

Emelia and the Gentlemen happening just then to pass by the Chamber to go to *Thomaso*, he staid not for *Bellamira's* refusing or granting his Request, but immediately running to *Emelia*, and kneeling at her Feet, he said, If I am your Son, give me leave thus to pay my Duty. ——— Though somewhat astonish'd, *Emelia* throwing her Arms about his Neck, said, Yes, *Lysander*, you are my Son, ——— my Child. ——— Long did she hold him in her Arms; the Excess of both their Joys suppressing Speech, vented itself in a Flood of Tears. The Count looking on them with the same transported Delight, waited, as soon as *Emelia* had released him, to receive him in his Arms: When the Youth first broke the silence; Is then the generous *Emelia* my Mother? Am I so blest'd! ——— Oh! how excellently kind were you ever to me! and how did my Soul
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revere you, though ignorant of the Cause? And how, *answer'd she*, are all those bitter Tears recompensed, which I shed for your imagin'd Death, to find my dear, my only Child, the valuable *Lysander*! — But, *pursued* *Emelia*, (having a little recover'd herself, and first looking on *Claronville*, and then on *Lysander*) you are my Child, and as the greatest Blessing a Mother can bestow, I here present to you a Father, whose Worth you are too well acquainted with, not to make your Happiness compleat. — *Claronville* at the same time open'd his Arms to receive him. But the Youth being too much over-power'd by this additional Blessing, only said, My Lord, — my Lord! — and fell in a Swoon at his Feet. — On which, all their exquisite Joy, in a moment, is turned into dreadful Fears; his distracted Parents immediately had him convey'd back to his Bed; nor was *Bellamira* less grieved, being present at all that pass'd; and sensibly touch'd with her indiscreet Discovery, by her paleness and trembling shows a deeper Concern than any Sorrow could express. — Which *Stanorius* observing, together with the knowledge of *Lysander's* Birth, he is filled with Despair: — But though he loved his Pleasures, and was no strict observer of Morals, yet there was a Generosity in his Temper, that caus'd him to be sensibly touch'd with this Scene of paternal Love; and tho' his Rival, the Vertues of his Parents, and the Accomplishments of that Youth, made him interest himself in his Recovery; which was

so long before they attain'd the hope of, that Despair began to spread through the Company. *Olarius*, who preserved his Temper, when he saw him wounded, now giving him for lost, deplores the Misfortune, with bitter Invectives against the Person that had so unadvisedly acquainted him with it; which sticks so deep to *Bellamira's* Heart, that she swoons away; in which condition she is carried to her Chamber before *Lysander* is recover'd, whom they are forced to bleed, (tho' so lately wounded) e'er any signs of Life appear.— But as soon as his Senses are a little return'd, *Olarius* and his Parents are forced to intreat, and beg he would moderate his Joy, which was too extreme to be contain'd within bounds; he, with a thousand Protestations, assuring the Count his Father, he would endeavour to make himself worthy of the Honour, (since he was his Son;) nor did he omit, by a thousand grateful Expressions, to assure *Olarius*, he should still esteem him as a Father. To *Emelia* he said a thousand tender things of his past, regardful Love, and Admiration of her Virtues, and how secure a Confidence he always had in her Friendship. Nor did he forget, amidst these filial Endearments, to put her in mind, his Soul's Happiness was center'd in *Bellamira*, which he now hoped her Interest in *Claronville*, and that Family, may prevail on each to gain him that lovely Lady. And at the same time looking on *Bellgrand*, he said, he now had hopes they would not reject him with scorn, on the score of his Birth. On which that Gentleman took an occasion to intimate

timate to those next him, - what Symptoms he had always observ'd in *Lyfander's* Behaviour and Manner, of a Person of Quality.

But the violent Emotions and Transports of his Soul, having so disorder'd *Lyfander*, that the Physicians fear'd a Fever might ensue, the Company withdrew, and left him to Rest: Where, after some discourse on this Accident, by which means *Belgrand* and *Stanorius* heard most that had happen'd at the meeting of *Claronville*, and his dear *Emelia*, they both went with him to see *Thomaso*; who fully repeating all he before had confess'd of its being *Elifinda's* Contrivance, with their long Intimacy, *Stanorius* is shock'd, tho' he too well knew her, to doubt the truth. But *Belgrand*, who really lov'd and esteem'd her for her admirable Virtues, in spite of the Probability, cannot entertain a Thought of what he heard, and rather suspected it to be an artificial Combination to blast her untainted Fame; nor did he spare to express his Doubts in Terms that certainly had occasion'd a Quarrel between him and the Count, had not *Stanorius* put an end to it, by thinking on a Way either infallibly to clear her Innocence, or more plainly convince her Brother of her Guilt. To which they both yielding, *Stanorius* obliged *Thomaso* to write to *Elifinda* a Letter, wherein he tells her, That his Companions proving treacherous to him, they had forc'd him ashore, almost wounded to death, whilst they were fled out of the Kingdom with their rich Prize; and at the same time complaining of his destitute Condition, tells her, he was obliged to send this to intreat her Relief, and desire to know her further
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Commands; believing he might confide in the Bearer, who had been very kind to him in that deplorable Circumstance.

Stanorius took care to have this Letter sent by a Servant of his, whom *Elifinda* was unacquainted with, and in whose Integrity he could confide: And after some Instructions, he was dispatch'd away that very Night, that he and *Belgrand* might the sooner be satisfied by the manner of her Answer.

In the mean time, they accepted *Claronville's* Invitation to stay at his House, till the return of the Messenger: The different Cares that perplex'd each, made the Time tediously pass away, especially the uneasy Brother, and the despairing *Stanorius*, who plainly discover'd *Bellamira's* violent Passion by her extreme Grief; which, together with the knowledge of *Lyfander's* Birth, and the Temper of *Claronville*, made him believe it impossible now to obtain her: Nor did he question but *Belgrand's* Ambition would soon incline him to consent.— Thus finding Resistance would be in vain, he begins to reflect how little Happiness could be expected in a Wife, whose Heart is another's; all which joining together, tho' the Struggle is severe, Reason at last gains the Victory, and he resolves, as soon as the Messenger returns from *Elifinda*, to free that noble Family from all Perplexities, by generously resigning her to *Lyfander*.

But if *Stanorius* endur'd many Tortures in endeavouring to free himself from the Charms of *Bellamira*, that Lady was a thousand times more tormented, when she was recover'd from her faintness, and began to reflect on the Mis-
chief

chief she had occasion'd. *Olarius's* Reproaches (though he was ignorant of the fair Offender) made her think herself guilty of a Crime unpardonable: With what Horror was she seiz'd, on the bare Fear that it might prove fatal to *Lysander*! She could not support it, and had abandon'd herself to the most violent Grief; when *Emelia* came into the Room, and finding her so extremely disconsolate, that admirable Lady embracing her with tenderness, said, My dear Child, let me dry your Tears with the pleasing News that *Lysander* is reviv'd, and will, I hope, live to recompence this dear Concern for him.—— To which that amiable Lady reply'd, still in Tears, Tho' I interest myself in every thing that contributes to yours, or *Lysander's* Happiness, yet, alas! what hopes have I? My cruel Brother is come, and will insist on my marrying *Stanorius*; and perhaps, when he finds me resolv'd against it, will refuse me my Fortune; and can I then expect or think the Count will be so indulgent to his Son's Passion (should *Lysander* still esteem me) as to accept me without one? *Emelia* smiling at her Fears, told her, she need not be in any Perplexity on that score, for she was too well acquainted with *Claronville's* Mind, not to be sensible that he would not suffer her to be any other's but *Lysander's*; who, said *Emelia*, I assure you, already esteems you as a Child, and has often said, he thought it no small addition to the Happiness of finding me, that Heaven should appoint the Education of *Lysander's* Wife to my care. By which obliging Discourse, *Emelia* having freed that lovely Lady from every uneasy Fear, she then own'd all that

that had pass'd between her and *Lysander*, and how she acquainted him with the pleasing News of his Birth, being envious that any one else should have the Happiness to inform him of it.

But the next morning early, the impatient *Emelia* going to see her Son, found him extremely disorder'd for want of Rest; the violent Emotions of the Mind, occasion'd by his extravagant Joy, too often proving as prejudicial as those of extreme Grief. And tho' *Olarius*, who had never stirr'd from his Bed-side, had inform'd him of most that heretofore has been mention'd concerning his Parents, yet he prevails on *Emelia* again to acquaint him with several Passages, particularly those in which *Bellamira* was concern'd: and that fond Mother neither conceals from him that Lady's equal Passion for him, *Elifinda*'s Contrivance, nor *Stanorius*'s being his Rival; and closing her Discourse with Assurances, that neither the Brother nor Lover should hinder his obtaining the enchanting *Bellamira*; and to confirm her Promises, she assures him the Count his Father's Resolutions are the same. This had so great an effect on *Lysander*, that his Joys thus compleat, the restless Agitations of his Mind ceasing, and Sleep that had been long absent, now bringing her balmy Assistance to his aid, confines him in her refreshing bands. When he waked, he finds himself almost perfectly recover'd; which as soon as *Emelia* is inform'd of, she taking *Bellamira* with her, goes to him: But I shall not pretend to describe the delightful Conversation that pass'd between the happy Mothers, and the no less happy Lovers, who,
doubt-

doubtless, thought they were too soon interrupted by *Claronville*, who brought with him *Belgrand* and *Stanorius*: And those Gentlemen, in very obliging Terms, congratulating *Lysander* on the happy turn in his Fortune, with the other Incidents that had happen'd, which he answering with Expressions equally complaisant, abundance of agreeable, gallant things were said on all sides. When *Stanorius's* Man brought back an Answer from *Elisinda*, which being given to her Brother to open and read, he scarce look'd it over, but in a rage he flung it on the ground with violent Invectives, not only against *Elisinda*, but the whole Sex, accusing them all of Deceit, Hypocrisy, and Impudence. In the mean while, *Stanorius* took the Letter, and read these Words:

Elisinda to Thomaso.

Dear Thomaso,

Since you have escaped, and are like to do well, I am not much grieved at what has happen'd; a fair Wind to them! or rather, may angry Waves and tempestuous Storms combine to sink them in the Deep. ————— I have sent you as much Money as I believe you'll want, till you are recover'd; then come to me: tho' for fear you should be known by the Servants, I would have you send the Person now intrusted to fetch a Key of the Garden, where my dear Thomaso shall find his Maranda, and be convinced no Delights are to her equal to that of folding him in her Arms.

Tours,

MARANDA.

Or any body's else, cry'd Stanorius, (when he read the Letter :) But it's impossible to represent all that was said against that abandon'd Lady on that occasion. *Stanorius*, perhaps, a little piqued at discovering so despicable a Rival, resolving to be reveng'd, more inflames her Brother against her, by acquainting him, he was not ignorant of other Practices of the same nature: nor did *Lysander* spare to inform the Company of the Adventure of the Masquerade, which incens'd *Belgrand* to so high a degree, that with a Rage he vows her Death: And, alas! how soon will that unhappy Lady pay too dearly for her mean Pleasures! and how little will her Hypocrisy avail, to screen her from the all-seeing Judge! Her cruel Envy, and implacable Revenge, join'd to her other Crimes, has already condemn'd her; and who can see her very Lovers, the partakers of her past Pleasures, now become the Instruments of her Destruction, without trembling at Divine Anger? For the unpitying *Stanorius* having persuaded them, that nothing but the confronting her to her Face, can make her own her Guilt, and lay aside her long-worn Hypocrisies, he contrived that *Thomaso*, who in a few days was recover'd enough to undertake such a Journey, should meet her in the Garden, as she had directed; whilst her Brother, with the rest, should be planted in Places to hear all that pass'd between 'em. And accordingly *Stanorius's* Man, being first sent to fetch the Key of the Garden, and all this Company setting out with *Thomaso*, by design resolving not to arrive at *Emelia's* till it was dark; and then *Lysander* with the Ladies first enter'd the Gar-

Garden. ——— The Gentlemen surrounding *Thomaso*, follow him till they perceived from a Summer-house, a Light that easily directed *Thomaso* to *Elifinda*: who throwing her Arms about his Neck, received and welcom'd him with a thousand stifling Kisses, and the kindest Expressions of Love and Joy. But fatal would they have proved to *Thomaso*, had not that Company prevented a still horrid Design, if any can be, beyond that she practis'd on her innocent Sister; who, as soon as they saw the endearing Welcome she gave him, wanting no farther Proof to confound her, they all immediately enter'd upon her at several Doors. ——— *Belgrand* was the first that spoke to her, whose Resentment and Anger was so extreme, that *Olarius* and *Lysander* were forced to step between the incensed Brother, and that guilty Lady, for fear he should do her some fatal Mischief. — All that could be said on her shameless Vices, her pretended Piety, and assuming Virtues, whilst her blacker Heart was practising unheard of Crimes, was utter'd by the enraged *Belgrand* on this occasion. — Nor did *Stanorius* forget to reproach her with his Rival in so contemptuous a manner, as alone was enough to drive her mad. *Lysander* too, let her understand, he was afraid this Discovery would vex her worse, than his disappointing her at the Masquerade. Nothing could equal the Severity of their Reproaches, and Ridicule, ——— tho' the Ladies and *Olarius*, in suspense between Anger and Pity, stood dumb. — Whilst *Elifinda*, without speaking, cast

on each a wild furious Look. — And indeed, her haughty Soul being possess'd with Despair to find ——— to find herself disappointed in her Design: Unable to support it, she immediately (from a Table, on which there stood a Dessert with Wine prepar'd for *Thomaso*) pour'd into a Glass a large Draught, which drinking down, she said to them with Fury, I am now past Insults; and then with a violence breaking from them, she went directly to her Chamber. But her words amazing them all, they began to examine the Bottle from whence she took it; and finding the Wine in it of a darker Colour, and infinitely thicker than the rest, they began to fear she had done herself some desperate Mischief, tho' they could not guess on what occasion so deadly a Potion should be mix'd with the rest of the Wine.

But, alas! they were too soon inform'd; for that cruel Woman believing what *Thomaso* had wrote her, determin'd to silence him for ever with a Dose of Opiate; imagining (as she afterwards own'd) that when she was free from him, if the Ladies by any means should be found, they could not charge, or suspect her; telling them, she design'd, after she had given it to *Thomaso*, first to get her Letter from him, and then send him away, e'er it had cast him into an eternal Sleep.

Their Suspicion of what she had done, soon made all the Company follow her to her Chamber, the Door of which they were forced to break open, before they could enter: which so exasperated that desperate Woman, that now, in the most abandon'd Language, she falls on them

them, and ridicules their Simplicity, in reproaching her Actions, telling them they are all such, tho' yet undiscover'd, or else insipid Ideots; adding, if they had that Compassion and Humanity they pretended to, the only Favour they now could do her, was to leave her undisturb'd. — But I know, *continued she, with Fury in her Looks*, you are come to preach Repentance, and beg me with unfeignedness to take care of my Soul: but I, *pursued she*, disdaining such Nonsense, shall disappoint you, who always acted according to my Opinion. — Many horrid Blasphemies she then utter'd, unfit to be repeated; till at last, *Clarivius* persuading the rest to leave her, began to discourse her, and urg'd her Repentance in so pathetick a manner, mixing his Reproaches with so much Gentleness, and so tender a Concern for her future Happiness, that though at first she seem'd not to heed him, but restlessly tofs, and turn about, raging like one mad; that excellent Man's Diligence, at last brought her to a sense of her Crimes, with the horrid Reflection, how soon she was going to answer, where there was no Reprieve, that she began to have a sense of them, and with bitter Tears and Sorrows, to lament all she had done. Then owning, the Poison she had drank she design'd for *Thomaso*, how did she wish for Life in those moments, to repent and expiate her past Offences, by real Examples of Vertue, Piety, and Charity? — Which, alas! was now in vain, — her generous Friends, when they knew of what she had done, no Care nor Medicine was wanting; which at first she fully

lenly refusing, at last came too late to expel the Poison that had reach'd her Brain.

Emelia and the rest took care, as much as possible, to conceal her black Story, and the manner of her Death, from the World. Her Fortune fell equally between *Bellamira* and her Brother, who had her buried privately; and *Staniffa*, who was discover'd by her to have been her Confidant in her Adventures, was immediately discarded from their Friendship or Acquaintance.— As for the rest of the Villains, they were discharg'd without any Punishment; tho' indeed *Thomaso*, not caring to trust to their mercy, took the opportunity of their Surprise about *Elifinda* in the Garden, to escape away.

But whatever Confusion that Family might be in concerning *Elifinda*, yet the Respect all the neighbouring Gentry had for *Emelia* and *Bellamira*, could not prevent their being visited and congratulated on their Delivery, and the other happy Events. Amongst the rest, were the Chevalier *deBlanville* and his fair Daughter, with *Marcander*, who in this time had prevail'd on the lovely Widow, to join with him in Wedlock.

And *Stanorius* having, by an obliging Resignation of *Bellamira*, put the happy Lover out of all pain, *Olarius* join'd their Hands. Nor were their Parents less happy than themselves; *Emelia's* long Sufferings being fully recompensed by *Claronville's* tender Love; who daily made her sensible, how much he regretted his too credulous Belief, and rash Jealousy, whilst the Perfections of *Lysander*, and the fair *Bellamira*, made them the happiest of Parents: The Unity, and the regardful Duty with which

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Lysander return'd their Tenderneſs, made them the Admiration of all that knew them. That excellent Youth's grateful Behaviour to *Olavius*, ſo charm'd that Prelate, that at his Death he left *Lysander* an Eſtate ſo conſiderable, that it ſeem'd as if propitious Fortune was pleas'd to be auſpicious to them.

F I N I S.

